



Volume VIII  
Number XII

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY

## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1929

	PAGE		PAGE
COVER DESIGN . . . . .	Tom Meade	LITTLE ARTISTS	
GREETING PAGE		WHEN JENNY LIND SANG TO HER CAT	
THE KING . . . . .	Rose Waldo 633	Mary Newlin Roberts 660	
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington		Illustrations by Mildred Lyon Hetherington	
FRONTISPIECE	634	OUR BOOK FRIENDS . . . . .	Avis Freeman Meigs 662
Drawing by Alexander Key		CHILD LIFE KITCHEN	
WITH SANTA . . . . .	Marjorie Barrows 635	CHRISTMAS DAINTIES . . . . .	Clara Ingram Judson 664
Drawing by Alexander Key		Silhouettes by Mary Royt	
IN MUSIC LAND		GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE . . . . .	666
CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND CHRISTMAS CHIMES		CHRISTMAS STORIES	
Henry Purmort Eames 636		SANTA CLAUS CAPS THE CLIMAX	
Decorations by Corina Melder-Collier		Constance J. Wardell 671	
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MISS COLUMBIA		Illustrations by Mildred Lyon Hetherington	
SERIAL, PART I . . . . .	Frances Cavanah 638	CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS	
Illustrations by Clarence Biers		Illustrations by Mary Royt	
PUZZLE—PICCOLA . . . . .	Helen Hudson 641	Miriam M. White 674	
PLAYS AND PAGEANTS		CAUTIOUS CREATURES CONTEST	
SANTA-THE-THIRD . . . . .	Marjorie Barrows 642	David Newell 677	
Illustrations by Hazel Frazer		OUR WORKSHOP	
NURSERY NUGGETS		A DOLL'S WARDROBE TRUNK AND A SOLI-	
THE KITE THAT FLEW OVER THE SEA		TAIRE PUZZLE BOARD . . . . .	A. Neely Hall 678
Ethel Calvert Phillips 646		INDOOR PASTIMES	
Illustrations by John Gee Curley		CHRISTMAS PINES . . . . .	Bernice Powell Peabody 679
CHIP'S CHUMS . . . . .	Marjorie Barrows 649	A CHRISTMAS LETTER . . . . .	Nancy Clinton 681
Silhouettes by Hazel Frazer		GAMES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON	
THE WILLOW WHISTLE		Decorations by Esther Friend	
SERIAL, PART IV . . . . .	Cornelia Meigs 650	Harvey Haeberle 689	
Illustrations by Katharine Wireman		THE LUCKIEST CHILD . . . . .	Eleanor Hammond 702
GOLDEN EAGLE		LIGHTING THE TREE . . . . .	Clara Fahrenbach 706
SERIAL, PART II . . . . .	Bertha Marilda Rhodes 652	YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S . . . . .	Marie Driggs 707
Illustrations by Corina Melder-Collier		A LITTLE TOWN IN ENGLAND	
ADVENTURE STORIES		Nancy Byrd Turner 709	
A KNIGHT CAME FLYING . . . . .	Bess Ann Elliot 655	IN JUDEA . . . . .	Mildred Bowers 710
Illustrations by A. F. and M. S. Hurford		JOY GIVERS' CLUB . . . . .	712
PARTIES			
A PICNIC-PARTY UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE			
Illustrations by Clarence Biers			
Jean Walden 658			

ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.

TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address.

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

H. B. CLOW - - - - President  
F. L. McNALLY - - Vice-President

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
536 S. Clark Street  
CHICAGO

ANDREW McNALLY - - - Secretary  
GUSTAV HESSERT - - Treasurer

270 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK



559 Mission Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

CHILD LIFE and its editors receive manuscripts, and art materials, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

Copyright, 1929, by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND CANADA

MADE IN U. S. A.

# ADD-A-PEARLS



## — at Christmas ...

### Girls Want A Lasting Gift

A NECKLACE of genuine oriental pearls of her very own! What girl does not thrill at such a thought. And today through the ADD-A-PEARL IDEA it is possible for girls everywhere to possess an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE. It may be started with five, seven, or more genuine oriental pearls on a fine gold chain. Each ADD-A-PEARL on the original necklace, as well as all additional pearls, is a gem of the finest quality obtainable. Ask mother and Dad to give you an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE this Christmas.

### Additional Pearls

Additional ADD-A-PEARLS are attractively mounted on special cards in a gift box. They may be secured in units of one, two, three or more pearls in the various sizes.

### To Parents

Invest in an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE for your girl this Christmas. The beauty of these exquisite genuine oriental pearls, in addition to the increasing value of the necklace each year, make the ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE an ideal gift. The initial necklace started with five or more pearls on a fine gold chain grows every year when relatives and friends give additional pearls on all gift occasions. It is truly "The Gift That Lives and Grows".

An ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE may be started for as low as ten dollars. Additional pearls two dollars or more. Consult your jeweler.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago





## THE KING

WHEN earth was filled with fear and doubt  
A little star came shining out  
Above Judea's hills and trees,  
And shepherds fell upon their knees  
To watch the star the whole night long  
And all the sky was filled with song.  
The Magi, who were very wise,  
Set out beneath those singing skies,  
For they had waited long to bring  
Their treasures to the Baby King,  
The King, who came to show the way  
To joy and peace that Christmas Day.

*Rose Waldo Editor*





## WITH SANTA

MARJORIE BARROWS

ON CHRISTMAS Eve, on Christmas Eve  
I always love to just pretend  
That Santa takes me in his sleigh  
'Cause I'm his special friend.

And I'll sit down in Santa's lap  
And hold his jingle-reins, you see,  
And when we bump into a cloud  
His beard will tickle me.

The reindeer'll scoot right through the stars,  
Though not a single toy will spill,  
And when they reach the children's homes  
They'll all whoa very still.

We'll wriggle down each chimney, then  
Right near the sleeping girls and boys  
We'll put the books and dolls and sleds  
And all the other toys.

And Santa'll let me light the tree  
And fill the smallest stocking, then  
He'll take me to the chimney and  
He'll boost me up again.

On Christmas Eve with Santa Claus  
These things I just pretend to do,  
Then I'll give him a good-bye hug  
And fill *his* stocking, too!





# THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS IN CAROL AND CHIME

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist, Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians, Late of Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.*

"I pray you all that may be here  
For to sing and make good cheer,  
In the worship of God this year.  
Tyrlle, tyrlle, so merrily the shep-  
herds began to blow."

Believe it or not, children, I get  
as excited as you do when I can  
count the days until Christmas.  
Only twenty-four December days,  
and then—I'll be repeating to my  
own children:

"'Twas the night before Christmas  
When all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a mouse . . . ."

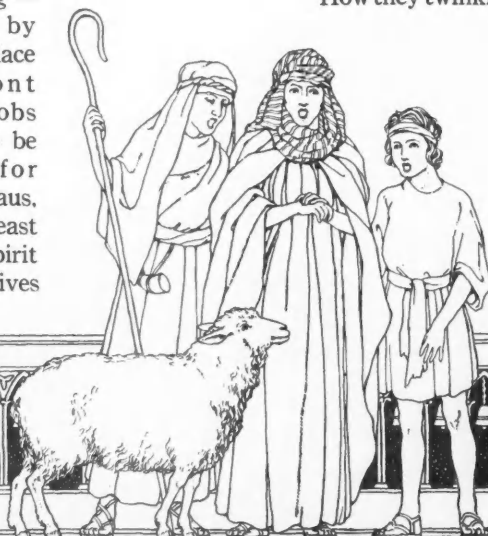
My parents recited this best-  
known of Christmas poems every  
Christmas eve, and a host of  
American fathers and mothers  
recite it to their children, as I do  
to mine. Just to think of Christ-  
mas Eve with the stockings—little  
and big—  
hanging by  
the fireplace  
and front  
door knobs  
(so as to be  
handy for  
Santa Claus,  
or at least  
for his spirit  
of love), gives

me the happy shivers and the feel-  
ing that I must ring out the joys of  
Christmas away ahead of schedule.

For nineteen hundred and twenty-  
nine years the birth of the Holy  
Babe, Jesus, has been celebrated  
throughout Christendom by the  
singing of Christmas carols and the  
ringing of Christmas bells. The  
very word *carol* means a *song of  
praise*, and for over six hundred  
years English speaking people  
have used this word to express the  
Christmas spirit. When a whole  
country or city is rejoicing over a  
victory or a special blessing there  
is a custom, hundreds of years old,  
of ringing bells. One poet said:  
"Hear the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells.

What a world of merriment this  
melody foretells.

How they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,  
In the icy air  
of night.  
While the stars  
that often  
sprinkle  
All the heavens,  
seem to  
twinkle  
With a crystal-  
line delight."



CORINA MELDER-COLLIER

But how  
did Christmas  
carols begin,  
some one is asking.  
Well, very learned  
men say that all our  
Christmas songs and cus-  
toms are but echoes of times  
long past when history and  
legend were acted out in the  
church, as well as on the stage.  
This was done so that all the  
people might understand and en-  
joy the great past events of which  
they could not read, for there  
were very few books and far fewer  
schools one thousand years ago.  
Painting and pageants, plays and  
ballad-singing were both books  
and schools for most people of the  
Middle Ages.

The birth of Jesus is still drama-  
tized in all countries. It was from  
just such a simple play as the  
dramatization of the Nativity that  
our carols sprang, and to this day  
joyous songs and merry bells are  
as much a part of Christmas Eve  
and Christmas Day in thousands  
of homes as are Christmas trees  
and presents.

In Edmondstone Duncan's  
"Story of the Carol" is this fasci-  
nating description in old English  
of some of the old cere-  
monies:

"Three masses every  
priest doth sing upon  
that solemne day,  
With offerings  
unto every-  
one, that so  
the more may  
play.

This done  
a wooden  
childe in  
clowtes is on the  
alter set,  
About the which both  
boyes and gyrles do  
daunce and trymly jet:  
And carols sing in prayse of  
Christ, and, for to help them  
heare,  
The organs aunswer every verse  
with sweete and solomne cheer.  
The priests do rore aloude; and  
round about their parentses  
stand  
To see the sport, and with their  
voice do help them and their  
hande."

Carols and bells fill the old  
Christmas folk-plays throughout  
history. The Coventry Nativity  
Play in old Merrie England rings  
with the songs of angels, the shep-  
herds, and the gentle mothers,  
who, at the time of Jesus' birth,  
stood in such fear of King Herod's  
soldiers. Very happy is the shep-  
herd's song:

"As I rode out this enderes night,  
Of three jolly shepherds I saw  
a sight,  
And all about their fold a star  
shown bright;

They sang, 'Terli,  
terlow';

So merrily  
the shep-  
herds their  
pipes can  
blow."

Then the  
mothers sing:

[Continued on  
page 680]





# THE ★ DISAPPEARANCE ★ OF ★ MISS ★ COLUMBIA

BY FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place," etc.

## PART I

IT WAS the day before Christmas at Fair Oaks, the little farm nestling among the clustering hills of western Maryland. And what a Christmas Eve it was, thought Sarah Sterling ruefully, as she brushed aside the tears that she might see where to place the raisin eyes of the gingerbread man that she was making. Last year at this time Father had already brought in the cedar tree and Mother was trimming it with gleaming strings of corn. She had been busy wrapping up a present for each of the small darkies on the place, children of the faithful black slaves who tilled the land. This year they were too hard pressed for money to think of that and Father was away, as he said, helping the President make history. He was not even to spend Christmas with them but must stay with his regiment, which at the close of 1861 was guarding the Union forts on the Potomac.

"Well, Teaser, at least the pickaninnies shall have their gingerbread men," said Sarah, addressing the little yellow and white ball asleep before the kitchen fireplace. The shepherd puppy unwound himself and stretched and eyed her wistfully, as she popped her pan into the oven. She tossed him the expected scrap of gingerbread, and he gulped it eagerly and waited for another.

"And if there won't be any music at the church to-night, I reckon I know some carols of my own," said Sarah, and in a quavering voice she began to sing:

"It came upon a mid-  
night clear,  
That glorious song of  
old—"

The puppy  
threw back  
his head and  
howled. Sarah  
turned on  
him indig-  
nantly.

"Who said anything about a duet?" she asked.

Teaser subsided into a shamed silence, and his little mistress took up the song again:

"From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold—"

*Bang!* The great knocker on the front door boomed another interruption. Sarah dried her hands on her apron and went to answer it, with Teaser trotting at her heels. A Union officer stood on the porch, the gold buttons of his uniform flashing in the winter sunshine and his arms piled high with bundles.

Sarah gave one startled gasp. "Father!" she cried, and an instant later, he was somehow holding her and the bundles, too. Mrs. Sterling heard the confusion and rushed down stairs; and it was with some difficulty that he finally freed himself from their embrace and laid his packages on the marble-top table in the parlor.

"Look-a-here! If a few of you wives and children and puppies will stop hanging on my neck and yipping at my heels and give a hungry man a bite to eat, I'll explain how I happen to be here."

Sarah made him a laughing curtsy as she led the way into the kitchen. "I'll get you a snack, Lieutenant Sterling, but it won't be the feast you would have had if we had known that you were coming."

"Anything will  
seem like a feast  
after all the hardtack  
I've had to eat in the  
army. And it's  
not Lieutenant  
Sterling any  
longer. I'm a  
captain now."

"Oh, Father!"  
Sarah's dark  
eyes glowed  
with happiness.  
"That's the



nicest Christmas present you could bring me."

"You may change your mind about that when you unwrap one of those packages in there on the table." His eyes followed her approvingly as she moved about the kitchen preparing his bacon and corn dodgers. "Doesn't my Sarah look grand in that new-fangled garb of hers?"

Sarah tossed her dark braids, flaunting at the ends bright bows of red.

"Oh, these Garibaldi blouses are quite the rage, Father," she explained, proudly conscious of her full skirt with its wide dark band, and the red blouse patterned after those worn by the Italian soldiers. "Which would you rather have—peach preserves or apple butter?"

"Well, if you want to know how much I *don't* like hardtack, suppose you try me on some apple butter and homemade bread."

About his promotion Captain Sterling had very little to tell them, except that "there had been a little skirmish on the river the other night." Perhaps he had been rather brave, as they insisted, but he had been in a tight place and there were only two things that he could do—be brave or be a coward. After thinking it over—those Confederate chaps hadn't given him much time—he had decided that Sarah would want him to be brave. As a result, his colonel had recommended that he be rewarded with a captain's commission.

Mrs. Sterling smiled tenderly at his laughing account—smiled with tears in her eyes—for she guessed, as did Sarah, that real heroism in the face of great danger had won him the promotion.

About his leave of absence he was more specific.

"The colonel seemed in the mood for doing me favors after the fireworks the other night, and when he found out I had some business to transact down here, he said I might have two days off to kiss Sarah and to sell my land."

"Sell your land?" His wife's voice was troubled as she looked out over the broad acres that had been handed down from father to son since the first



George Sterling had settled in Frederick County in 1732.

"Just the east twenty—the plot that adjoins neighbor Mackey's farm. He was down to see me at camp the other day and wants to buy."

"Must we sell, George?"

"Well, we need money mighty bad, and we either have to sell some land or sell some slaves."

Sarah's dark eyes grew round with fright. Ever since she could remember she had lived in dread of the day when they must sell one of their faithful servants. Money was often scarce on the Maryland plantations, and as the number of slaves grew the debts accumulated in order to maintain them. To men like Captain Sterling who were unwilling to sell their blacks to unknown masters, who might or might not be kind to them, the problem was often a distressing one. Slavery, Sarah had heard her father say, was an unwanted inheritance from the past, which was a curse alike to owner and to slave.

"George," said Mrs. Sterling softly, "I wish that we could give the slaves their freedom."

"I'm glad to hear you say that." Captain Sterling's eyes were tender, and Sarah's heart gave a quick, glad leap within her breast. All the Christmas carols she had ever learned were calling to be sung, and with her hands clasped to her heart, she seemed to crush their beauty and their sweetness to her, as she sat there listening to Father's quiet words.

"We can talk about secession and state's rights all we want to; but, though many of us don't realize it yet, the real, underlying cause of this war is slavery. Somehow I don't feel right, fighting for the Union on the one hand, while at home I'm keeping men in bondage."

"The slaves all love you, Father."

"Yes, I know we're good to them, and so are many of the Confederate masters. They're sincere when they argue that slavery is right. But it's not



right—our Declaration says that all men are created equal—and I don't want to feel that I, a Union officer, own another human being."

"If we sell the east twenty, can we really give the slaves their freedom?"

"Yes, Sarah. It shall be our Christmas gift to them."

When Sarah opened the parlor door next morning, she found a cedar tree alight with candles, and sitting among the branches was Miss Columbia. She knew the moment she looked at the new china doll that this must be her name, for she wore a red and white checked silk dress over a white guimpe, and through her sash of red, white and blue ribbon was thrust the staff of a tiny American flag.

"She's so patriotic looking, Father, that no other name would suit." The doll smiled up at Sarah with her painted smile, and Sarah hugged her close. "Just look at her pretty painted hair, and her little painted hands and feet. She's the most beautiful doll I ever had. Don't you think so, Teaser?"

The puppy sniffed inquiringly and licked one painted cheek. He evidently liked the taste of it, because he licked the other. Sarah grabbed the doll and put her on the whatnot beyond his reach, and he stood on his hind legs and pawed the air in protest.

When Sarah had played with the tree all morning, her father picked it up to take down to Uncle Mose's cabin, where the slave children could enjoy it. Sarah carried a basket of goodies on her arm, and in the basket was a gingerbread man for each small darky boy and a gingerbread lady for each small darky girl.

"Mehercule, what's that?" Captain Sterling paused outside the kitchen door, as the strains of a weird Negro melody, pitched in high childish voices, came to his ears.

"Oh, that's just Conundrum," said Sarah.

"Conundrum!" Captain Sterling chuckled. "I don't believe Mammy Chloe ever knew the meaning of any of the fancy names she gave her children, but she certainly hit the nail

on the head when she called that young pickaninny Conundrum. You never can guess what he is going to do next."

Up the path there came a strange procession—nine young darkies of all assorted sizes, their heads bowed and following in the wake of a ten-year-old boy who led the singing and bore aloft in his hands a wooden box. "Hello!" said Captain Sterling and brought them to a halt.

The small leader showed his white teeth in a grin. "Howdy, Massa," he said, and "Howdy, Massa," echoed the other pickaninnies.

"Why the doleful chant on Christmas morning?"

"Ah ain't done nothin' wrong, Marse George," Conundrum protested. "I'se jes' a-practicing."

"Practicing what?"

"I'se a-gwine to be a praise leadah."

"Yes, Father, a colored preacher, like Uncle Mose," Sarah explained. "He's always practicing sermons, and the other day he put the hen and the rooster in the hen coop and practiced marrying them."

Captain Sterling turned hastily away and muffled a series of coughs in his handkerchief. Sarah suspected he was laughing, but the row of darkies regarded him with wide, grave eyes. "And what are you practicing this time?" he asked.

"One of de chicken's daid, and we's havin' a buryin'." Conundrum indicated the box, now lowered to the ground.

"Oh, I see. And you're going to preach the funeral?"

"Yes, Massa. I'se right good at preachin'."

At any other time the little darkies would have agreed with him; but to-day, after one sniff of the basket, the mourners turned and followed Sarah. Conundrum also had a whiff and turned and followed, too. It was fortunate for four of them that they did, for when they reached the circle of cabins, Mammy Chloe was starting out to hunt for her own brood with a shingle.

"Come now, Mammy Chloe, put that away," was Captain Sterling's greeting, as he set down the glittering tree beside the door. "Sarah has some goodies for you and a piece of news that will be the best Christmas gift you've had."

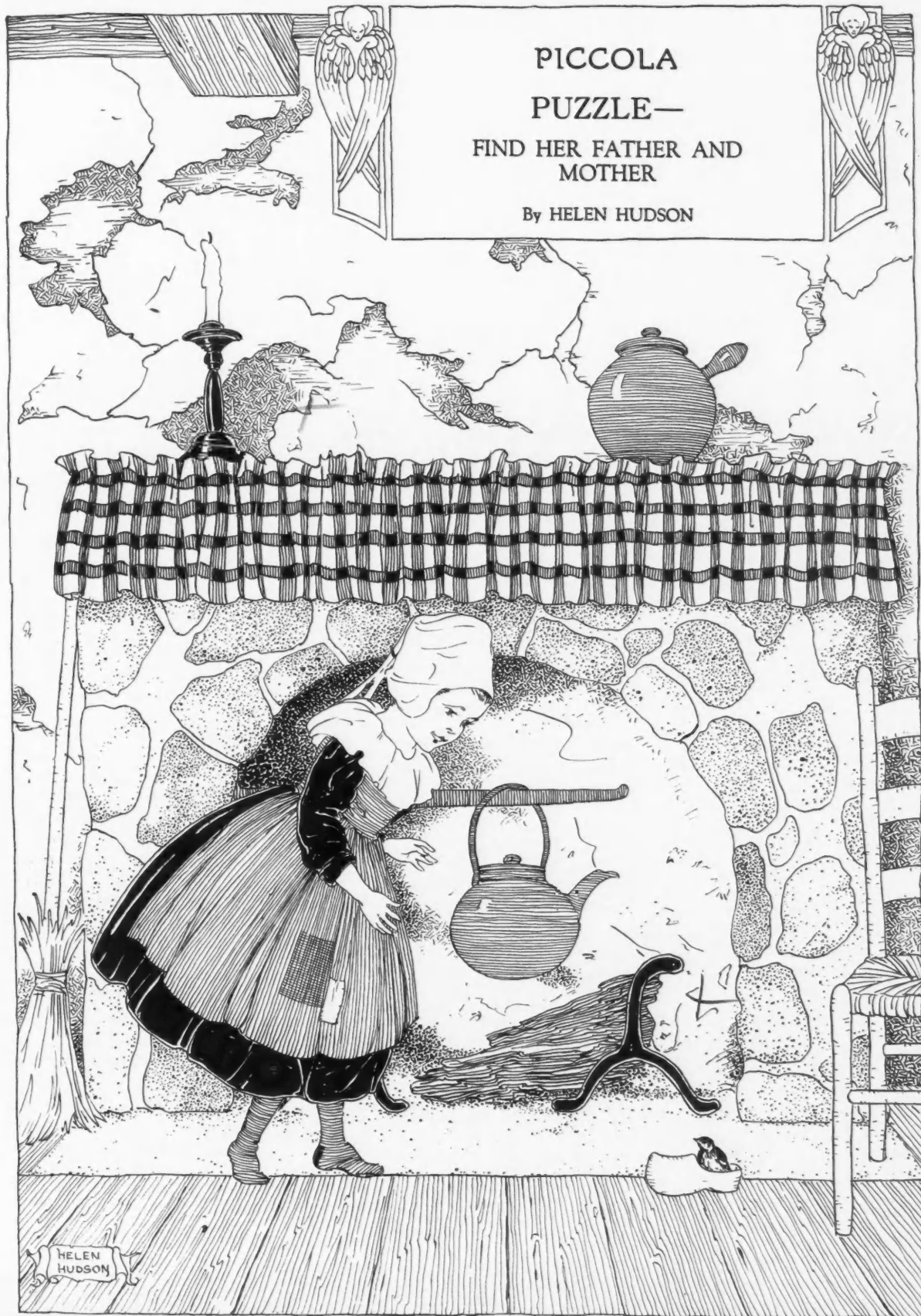
[Continued on page 686]





PICCOLA  
PUZZLE—  
FIND HER FATHER AND  
MOTHER

By HELEN HUDSON



HELEN  
HUDSON



## INTRODUCING

SANTA CLAUS, dressed in conventional red.

MISS SNIFFLES, Santa's secretary.

SANTA THE THIRD, Santa's grandson, still with a curly bob and babyish clothes.

RAG DOLL.

WOODEN SOLDIER.

JOCKO, a Jack-in-the-Box, dressed like a clown.

SAILOR DOLL.

BROWNIES AND MISTLETOE FAIRIES (who dress in pale green and silver), as many as you want.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: A room in Santa's home, strewn with boxes of toys. A Christmas tree with just a few toys on it stands a little to the right, around which are grouped a phonograph and four life-size toys—the Rag Doll, Wooden Soldier, the Sailor Doll and the box containing the Jack-in-the-Box. Over at the right is Santa's desk and Miss Sniffles' typewriter table. On Santa's desk stands a small potted Christmas tree hung with small candy canes.

There are two doors—one at the left and one at the right. Every now and then a brownie passes through from right to left across the stage, carrying a pack of toys. But no one pays any attention to brownies in *this* house.

As the curtain rises, Jocko pops his head up out of the box and blows a whistle. Instantly the life-size toys begin to yawn, stretch and open their eyes. Then the Wooden Soldier walks stiffly over to the phonograph, puts on the Chauve Sauris record of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and begins to mark time. Jocko bobs up and down in his box and the Doll and Sailor line up behind the Soldier and start a two-minute drill, marching in and out among the toy boxes. Sometimes they walk backwards, sometimes they jump rhythmically, sometimes they stand still and yawn in time (closing their eyes, as they open wide their jaws), and sometimes they line up and do setting up exercises, following their soldier leader. Jocko does his from his box. The Soldier and Sailor walk stiff-legged (the sailor with knees bent), the rag doll throws her legs around loosely and sometimes loses a beat at which the soldier gives her a dreadful frown. All wear silly wooden expressions.



JOCKO (*as music stops*): There, we all feel more limber now and ready for Christmas! (*Holds hands to his ear and listens*) Hello! Here comes Santa. [*He whistles and all group themselves limply around the tree again and his own head disappears inside his big box.*]

SANTA (*hurrying in from the right, carrying some letters and consulting his watch*): Dunder and Blitzen, but it's getting late and I've still some letters to dictate! (*Goes to door at right and calls*) Miss Sniffles, oh, Miss Sniffles! Will you please take some letters! [*He sits down with a sigh and puts his feet on the desk, but takes them off hurriedly as Miss Sniffles enters at right with stenographer's note book and seats herself at the typewriting table.*]

MISS SNIFFLES: Ready, sir? [*She sniffs.*] I'm ready, sir. [*She sniffs again.*] Waiting, sir. . . .

SANTA: Yes, yes—Dear Mrs. Brown:

I'm sorry you mislaid Bobby's letter, so he couldn't place his order with me in time. This year there were so many good children that, though we all worked overtime, there are just enough toys to go around. Bobby will have to go without this year, unless you can make him something yourself. Give him my love and tell him to let me know his wants next year in time.

Very truly yours,

S. CLAUS, ESQUIRE,

North Pole,

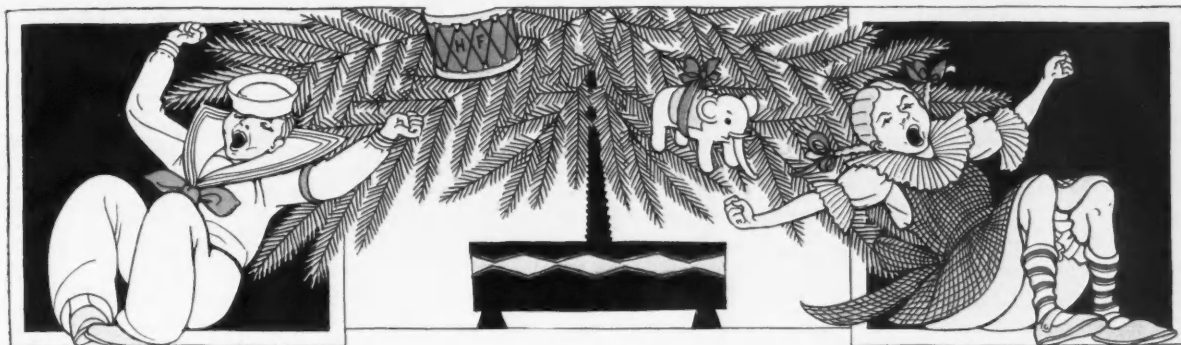
Christmas 1929

Please send that to

Mrs. Robert C.

Brown, Bellevue





Place, Evanston, Ill. Send it airmail, special delivery.

MISS SNIFFLES (*sniffing*): Yes, sir.

SANTA (*studying list*): Too bad, Miss Sniffles, to have to disappoint any good child. Bobby wanted a ball, a drum, a wooden soldier and sailor and most of all a Jack-in-the-Box. And that— [*He breaks off as SANTA III enters at the right, holding a sheet of paper.*]

SANTA III (*running up and kissing SANTA*): Please, Grandpa, I made another Christmas list, so you'd be sure to remember—you know!

SANTA: The Jack-in-the-box? And all those other toys? Yes, I remember, sonny. But are you sure you are a good enough boy for all that?

SANTA III (*hesitatingly*): I've eaten all my spinach and drunk all my milk, and picked up all my things, and helped you, besides!

SANTA (*still looking doubtful*): Seems to me you had a P. S. on your letter. What was it you wanted, now?

SANTA III (*looking around anxiously and whispering in SANTA'S ear loud enough for us to hear, too*): I'm big now, Grandpa—big enough for regular big-boy clothes. And I want a regular boy hair cut aw'fly.

SANTA (*shaking his head*): Pretty young for all that, Sonny. Seems to me I heard someone squealing in his bath last night when Grandma was scrubbing his ears.

SANTA III (*hanging his head*): I'll try not to next time.

SANTA: And somebody was silly enough to be afraid

of the nice friendly dark, too. No, better wait till you *act* older before you *dress* older.

SANTA III (*sliding off his lap*): Oh de—ar! [*He bites his lip manfully and goes to the door at right, but turns before going out*] Grandpa?

SANTA (*deep in another letter*): Yes, Sonny?

SANTA III: Please will you give me Jocko, even if you don't give me the other toys I asked for. I just love that Jack-in-the-box!

SANTA: Run along now, we'll see, we'll see. [*SANTA III goes out at left.*] Bless the child—of course I'll give him Jocko. But it's queer isn't it, Miss Sniffles, he wants just the same things that young Bobby Brown wanted, except for the clothes and hair cut!

MISS SNIFFLES (*firmly*): He's much too young for those. [*She sniffs again.*]

SANTA: I'm afraid so. (*Hands her some letters*) Now if you'll just answer these yourself. Regular polite refusal, you know. I can't give Christmas tree speeches at all those Christmas entertainments. I can't be *everywhere* at once. Tell them I'll send along one of my helpers, though, that wears the regular whiskers and all—the kind children see on street corners just before Christmas, collecting pennies for poor children's dinners. Now, I must go and help glue on all those doll wigs and paint the rest of the drums. Heigh-ho! [*He goes off at the left.*]

MISS SNIFFLES (*typing*): Well, I'd better clear these off. [*She sniffs, and a moment later she goes out at the left.*]

[*When the stage is quiet again, JOCKO'S head bobs up, he whistles and*



*the other toys awaken. SANTA III tiptoes back in from the left and hides behind the desk.]*

JOCKO: Did you hear that? Did you hear that? O, goody, goody, goody! *[He claps his hands jerkily.]*

WOODEN SOLDIER (woodenly): Hear what?

JOCKO: I heard Santa say he is going to give me to Sonny! *[SANTA III from behind the desk claps his hands gently.]* I won't have to leave my dear chum Santa the Third! Goody! Goody! *[He claps his hands again.]*

WOODEN SOLDIER: I think Sailor and I belong with him, too.

JOCKO: Yes, but he didn't help make you the way he did me. That's why we're such pals! Too bad about Bobby Brown, though; he sent in his letter too late and won't get any toys this year.

ALL: Too bad! He wanted just the same things Sonny did, too.

RAG DOLL: I'm wishing for a nice mother to cuddle me! Jingle bells! It's nearly Christmas now, and we'll soon have to part. Isn't it thrilling? Let's sing farewell songs. I'll sing the first one! *[As the toys sing with JOCKO bobbing up and down in his box, SANTA III keeps peeking at them from behind his desk.]*

RAG DOLL (dancing around floppily and waving her hands to the toys, as she sings to the tune of "Goodnight Ladies"):

Good-bye Jocko! Good-bye all!  
I go to-day in Santa's sleigh  
I think I hear him call!

ALL (waving):  
Merrily we'll roll along, roll along  
And sing a song,  
Merrily we'll roll along,  
All in Santa's sleigh!



RAG DOLL (waving):  
Good-bye Jocko! Good-bye all!

I go to-day in Santa's sleigh  
For some child wants a doll.

ALL (waving):  
Merrily we'll roll along,  
roll along  
And sing a song,  
Merrily we'll roll along,  
All in Santa's sleigh!

WOODEN SOLDIER (clearing his throat and stepping forward stiffly arm in arm with the SAILOR DOLL): Our turn now! (Walks up and down with the SAILOR who sings with him "The Toyland Trail" to the tune of "The Gypsy Trail.")

JOCKO sings too.)

Down the trail, the Toyland Trail,  
March doll and wooden rover,  
To girls and boys come all these toys  
From all the wide world over.

From Santa's home we all will roam  
O'er hills and oceans blue,  
On Christmas day we'll come to stay,  
Come to stay with you!

Merry—Christmas!  
We come to stay with you!  
Merry—Christmas!  
We come to stay with you!

*[They hold out hands towards audience. Then sit down and fan themselves and mop their brows.]*

JOCKO (wiping his eyes): I can't help feeling sorry for that poor little Bobby Brown. None of us will come this year to stay with him.

SANTA III (stepping slowly from his hiding place and putting his arms around JOCKO): Jocko dear, I heard all you said and I've been thinking—

JOCKO (gently): Yes?



SANTA III (*swallowing hard*): That Bobby Brown! He hasn't many playthings, has he?

JOCKO: I don't believe so. Why?

SANTA III (*hugging him hard*): Oh Jocko—don't you see? I ought to send my toys to him. The ball, the drum, the wooden soldier and sailor and—

JOCKO: Oh, not *me*!

SANTA III: But—but—he'll want you most of all! I mustn't be selfish! [*He hugs him silently for a moment, then goes slowly over to the desk and writes a letter.*] See, here's my letter for Grandpa! I'll put it here where he'll see it. [*He pins it on JOCKO's Box, pats the other toys, runs back to hug JOCKO again, who returns the embrace reluctantly, yet with a proud smile. Then he runs off at the right.*]

SANTA (*hurrying in at the left with some BROWNIES and CHRISTMAS FAIRIES*): Jingle bells! I must hurry. You brownies and fairies have packed all the toys except this rag doll, whom we haven't made small yet. These other toys are for my grandson. What's this? [*He peers at the note.*] Bless the child—listen to this. "Dear Grandpa: Please give Bobby Brown Jocko and the rest of the toys you meant for me." That is not the act of a baby—Santa the Third is a full grown boy—send him to *me*! [*The BROWNIES hurry off the stage while SANTA wipes his spectacles with his bandana. Enter SANTA III, shyly, at right.*]

SANTA: I'll take your toys to Bobby, my boy. But I just wanted you to know that you'll get that boy's suit and hair cut to-morrow.

SANTA III (*glowing*): Oh Grandpa! Really?

SANTA: Yes, and we found an extra Jack-in-the-



box out in the sleigh for Bobby, so Jocko here belongs to you!

SANTA III (*hugging JOCKO happily*): Hurrah!

SANTA: And now let's have nine cheers for Santa the Third and then a farewell song and dance before I start.

ALL TOYS, BROWNIES AND FAIRIES:

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Santa the Third  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

[*Then they join hands and dance around SANTA and his grandson singing again to the tune of "The Gypsy Trail"*]:

Down the trail,  
The Toyland Trail  
March doll and wooden rover,  
To girls and boys  
Come all these toys  
From all the wide world over.

From Santa's home  
We all will roam  
O'er hills and oceans blue,  
On Christmas day  
We'll come to stay,  
Come to stay with you!

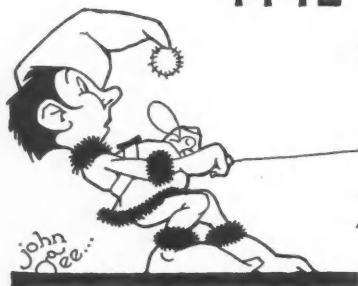
Merry—Christmas!  
We'll come to stay with you!  
Merry—Christmas!  
We'll come to stay with you!

[*JOCKO holds his arms out to SANTA III as he sings.*]

CURTAIN



# THE KITE THAT FLEW OVER THE SEA



By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS  
 Author of "Pretty Polly Perkins," "The Popover Family,"  
 "The Santa Claus Brownies," etc.



**B**ROWNIE FLEETFOOT had made a kite and he felt sure that it was the most beautiful kite that had ever been seen in Santa Claus's snow palace on the very tip-top of the North Pole.

It not only flew perfectly—rising slowly and steadily into the air, sailing briskly along, and then sinking gently, gently until it reached the ground—which as everyone will admit is the true test of a good kite, but it was also a delightful kite to look upon. All the Brownies were agreed as to that.

For Fleetfoot had painted upon the kite a face, a face so droll, so smiling, so agreeable that Fleetfoot loved the kite as if it were his brother. He took it to bed with him. He gave it a name. And the name was Mr. Bumpus.

One day as Fleetfoot and Mr. Bumpus were returning home after a freshening run and sail in the crisp morning air they met Santa Claus on the palace steps.

"Good morning, Fleetfoot. Good morning, Mr. Bumpus," said Santa Claus politely. "I have been meaning to speak to you for several days, Fleetfoot. How would you like to take a little trip into the world, perhaps starting to-day? You are not very busy upon any toys at this moment and it would be a good time for you to go."

Fleetfoot looked sober. He almost shook his head. All the brownies thought it a great treat

to take a journey into the world and Fleetfoot had always been eager for his turn to come. But now he couldn't even smile.

"Why, Santa Claus," began Fleetfoot. "Why, Santa Claus—" And then he spoke right out.

"I can't leave Mr. Bumpus, sir," said Fleetfoot.

"Bless your heart," replied Santa Claus with a laugh, "you won't have to leave Mr. Bumpus. You and Mr. Bumpus can go together. Start this very moment, if you like."

Fleetfoot rushed forward to hug Santa Claus. But Santa Claus only laughed again and patted Fleetfoot on the back.

"Here, sit up on Mr. Bumpus's shoulder," said Santa Claus, "and I will give you a start."

Up into the air rose the kite with Fleetfoot, his cap on the back of his head, holding tight and laughing and waving good-by to Santa Claus below. Mr. Bumpus's droll, agreeable face wore a broad smile, so it was plain to be seen that he liked the idea of a journey, too.

On, on sailed the kite. A brisk wind was blowing that bore them steadily along. Mr. Bumpus's tail flapped merrily and Fleetfoot's cheeks glowed like round rosy apples in the keen air.

"Isn't it fun?" called Fleetfoot, and Mr. Bumpus heartily agreed with him.

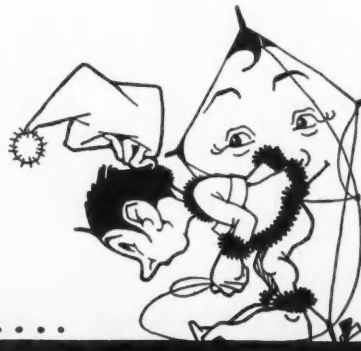
"We may expect fine windy weather this time of year," answered Mr. Bumpus knowingly.

How Mr. Bumpus, born and brought up, so to speak, in the snow palace, could tell what the weather was to be Fleetfoot found hard to say.

At any rate it



GOOD MORNING!.....





was true. As they journeyed along over the countryside, over the great cities, they could plainly see the merry spring wind at work below. On the country roads the mud was drying and last year's leaves went scurrying along the ditches and under the hedges, helter skelter, here and there. Clothes flapped on the line and little children lost their hats and chased them gaily to and fro. In the cities the smoke from tall chimneys streamed out like great banners and the weather vane on the steeple twirled about in a mad little whirligig of its own.

Now by the city wharves, where lay great vessels, and fussy little tugs, and sailboats, glistening and beautiful, like huge white birds, the blue waves sparkled and danced under a sunny sky.

And all in a moment the wind fell. There was not a puff, a breath of air. Down, down to the wharf fluttered Mr. Bumpus.

"It is a good time now to take a rest," said he.

"I was thinking so, too," replied Fleetfoot, patting his dear Mr. Bumpus upon the head.

It was well that they wanted to rest at this time, for, without the wind to carry them along, pray tell me how Mr. Bumpus could have traveled another step!

The wharf was crowded with boxes and barrels and crates, and behind a stout barrel that smelled of molasses Fleetfoot and Mr. Bumpus took their rest. There was too much going on to allow them to sleep, so they peeped here and there and saw all there was to be seen.

Sailors were unloading a huge vessel newly arrived from over the sea. They ran up and down the gangplank with bundles and barrels and crates and boxes of every shape and size.

Suddenly Fleetfoot gave Mr. Bumpus a poke.

"Look!" said he. "See this!"

Down the gangplank came a tall sailor, hustling by the back of his collar a mite of a boy in a Dutch blue suit, a red worsted cap, and a pair of wooden shoes. The little boy was sniveling and crying and the sailor shook him at every step.

"A stowaway! A stowaway!" the sailor was saying in an angry voice.

"Sit here and we will see what the captain has to say to a stowaway on his ship."

He sat the little boy down hard on a box and left him

to cry alone.

"What is a stowaway, Mr. Bumpus?" asked Fleetfoot, much excited and very sorry for the little boy.

If Mr. Bumpus knew so well about windy weather it was quite likely, Fleetfoot thought, that he would know about stowaways, too.

And so he did.

"A stowaway is a person who hides on a ship and sails over the ocean without anyone knowing he is there," answered Mr. Bumpus with a wise look. "I wonder what they mean to do to that poor little boy."

"So do I," said Fleetfoot anxiously. "I wish I knew."

They peeped from behind their barrel and watched the crying little boy until slowly their eyelids closed, their heads nodded, and, being very tired, they fell sound asleep.

When they woke from their forty winks it was dark and the wind had risen again. The little boy was gone from his box and Fleetfoot and Mr. Bumpus thought they had better go, too.

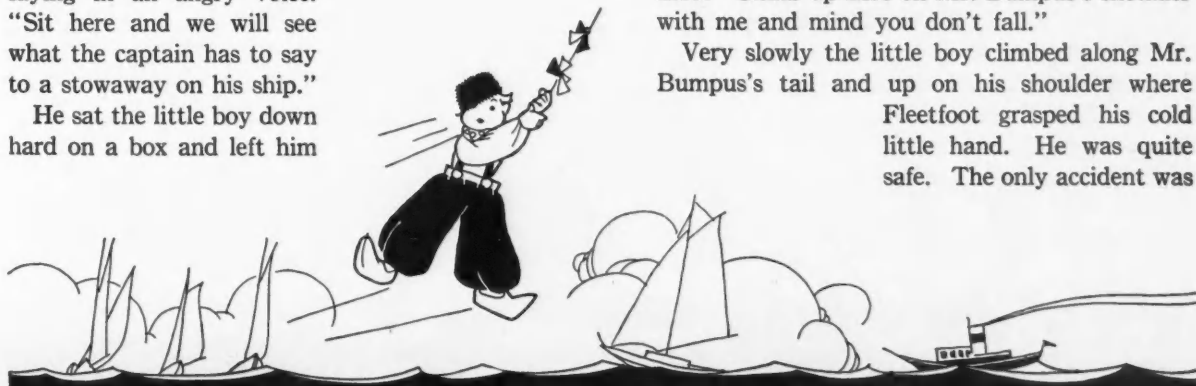
"Fleetfoot," said Mr. Bumpus, as they sailed off along the shore, "Fleetfoot, there is a mosquito on my tail."

"A mosquito?" said Fleetfoot. "It is too cold for mosquitoes. Let me look and see."

He peered back at Mr. Bumpus's long and floating tail. There was something clinging to it at the very tip, something blue—and red—

"It is the little boy," shouted Fleetfoot. "It is the little stowaway. Hi there, you! Come up here! Climb up here on Mr. Bumpus's shoulder with me and mind you don't fall."

Very slowly the little boy climbed along Mr. Bumpus's tail and up on his shoulder where Fleetfoot grasped his cold little hand. He was quite safe. The only accident was





that the little boy's red worsted cap was almost blown from his head and lost in the darkness.

"Take me home," cried the little boy, snuggling close to Fleetfoot. "Take me home to my mother again. I thought I wanted to see the world and to travel. But I don't. I want to go home again."

"Where is your home?" asked Fleetfoot. "Mr. Bumpus, can't we take this boy home? Where is your home, boy? Tell us that."

"Over the sea," sniffed the little boy, "in a beautiful country where the windmills creak in the wind and the dykes are strong. My mother's tulip garden is the most beautiful in the land and our cows graze by the water's edge in green fields all the day. They will be looking for me, the cows. They will be looking for little Piet to drive them home at night. Oh! Oh! Take me home! Take me home!"

There really didn't seem to be anything else for Fleetfoot and Mr. Bumpus to do. They couldn't very well drop little Piet to the ground nor into the sea.

So over the ocean they started, flying steadily along in a cold strong wind. The sea birds screamed at them and flapped their wings in amazement at the strange, strange sight. On and on they sailed over the tumbling waters until at last they spied the land, a flat green land with windmills whirling and cows grazing peacefully, just as little Piet had said.

"It is my country, my country," called Piet. "I see the windmills! I see the tulips! I see the cows! No, this is not my house. My mill has a red front door. No, this is not my house. There is no tulip garden here. Yes, this is my house. This is my garden. But where is Jansie? Where is my little white cow?"

Piet's mother was so glad to see him that she held him close and declared that she would never let him out of her sight again. And, indeed, he had no wish to leave her. Even when he stood upon his feet he held fast to her long white apron string and would not move from her side.

But Jansie, the little white cow, was gone.

"She ran away looking for you, Piet," said his mother. "I saw her swinging off down the road. I couldn't leave the mill, and though I called and called she wouldn't even turn her head."

Now it was plain that some one must go after Jansie and bring her home again. Piet wouldn't leave his mother, and Mr. Bumpus shook his head.

"I shall stay quietly here, Fleetfoot," said he in a low voice. "I feel a queer cracking in my cross-bar along the middle of my back, and we are a long way from home. I hope you can put a new bar in for me. I can't tell you how strange it is to have your backbone loose."

"Don't think of coming with me," advised Fleetfoot. "I'd really like a smart run after that cow."

Fleetfoot scampered off down the road, hoping for at least a ten-mile run in search of Jansie.

But, would you believe it, she was only round the corner, hiding in the crimson tulip bed. And she was such a sleepy little Dutch cow that she thought Fleetfoot's scarlet brownie cap was Piet's homemade red worsted hat, and she allowed Fleetfoot to lead her home as Piet used to do.

"If Jansie wore a bell on her neck this couldn't have happened," said Fleetfoot to himself with a wise little nod. "I must remember that."

Then, as there was nothing more to do, Fleetfoot and Mr. Bumpus sailed home.

"We have traveled enough," said Fleetfoot, "and I am a little anxious about your backbone."

But they reached home safely, and the very next morning Mr. Bumpus was given a fine new backbone.

The next time Fleetfoot saw Santa Claus alone he asked him a favor.

"Won't you please put Piet's name down in your Book of Good Children for a fine new hat this Christmas, and may Jansie have a silver bell?"

Now Santa Claus doesn't always tell what he writes in his Book of Good Children. But this time he did lean down and whisper, "Yes, I will."

And so he did.





# CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



Ted's family were traveling; so he and Chip arrived to spend Christmas with the chums, laden down with all sorts of secret parcels.



Of course they all had a lively pillow-fight that night before going to bed. And Chip was the greatest fighter of them all.



The chums grew sleepy at last. When they awoke a merry Christmas greeted them with bulging stockings full of toys and—a twinkly tree.



Dick and Betsy Ann and Ted and Bab were so delighted over their gifts, that no one noticed some tinsel on the tree catch fire. That is, no one but Chip!



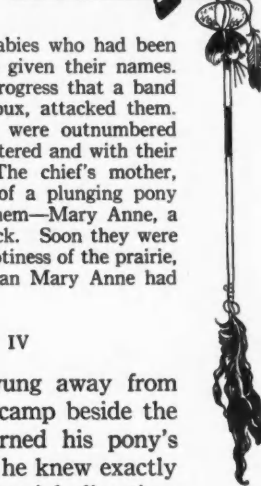
His barks, though, and Ted's pail of water helped them keep the tree, and their very merry Christmas.



# THE WILLOW WHISTLE

By CORNELIA MEIGS

Author of "Rain on the Roof," "The Pool of Stars," "The Trade Wind," "Clearing Weather," etc.



## WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Mary Anne was not in the least afraid of the tall Indians, members of the Sioux tribe, who came to buy and sell at her father's trading station. John Seabold, her father, had tried to teach them better ways of living, and sometimes he even tried to make them understand how much better off they would be if they could stop their endless quarrels with the other tribes. But despite his kindness to them he could not yet tell if they were his friends; he only knew they were not enemies. Mary Anne's only playmate was Eric Thorveg, a boy some years older than herself, who made her a willow whistle, with which she could always call to him, and taught her how to make one like it. Another friend was Gray Eagle, the Sioux chief, who often talked to the children by means of signs and his scanty English, until at last they grew truly fond of him. One afternoon, as Mary Anne and her mother were watching the flock of turkeys and waiting for Eric, a sudden storm came up. At her mother's bidding Mary Anne ran after the frightened fowls to drive them home, and around a bend she came upon her Indian friend. He lifted her to the back of his deer-colored pony and jumped on behind. She tried to call to her mother, who was too far away to hear, and she tried to make Gray Eagle understand that he must take her home. But he only shook his head, and the horse carried them steadily away across the broad prairie.

An anxious week followed for Mary Anne's family and comrade. They knew one Indian custom of pledging friendship with a white man was to take the white man's child away to his camp for a week. And they knew, too, that the white man was supposed to show his trust in the Indian by waiting without question for his child's return.

So Mary Anne's family waited bravely. But when sundown of the seventh day brought no Mary Anne, Eric, John Seabold and three other men set off on horseback for Gray Eagle's village. And when they reached there they found it deserted and knew that the Arickarees, the enemies of the Sioux, had scattered this Sioux village.

There was no need for anyone to say, "And there is no knowing what has happened to Mary Anne."

John Seabold turned to tell Eric to keep with one of the older searchers. But the boy had already been taken with a plan of his own. He had chosen the trail leading from the shore toward the hills and had swung Sancho up the bank and had disappeared among the shadows.

Meanwhile Mary Anne had been carried away to the village of Chief Gray Eagle and had made friends with the Indian children, sharing their games and riding with them on the pony that they gave her. Then a day arrived when the whole

camp was full of talk and laughter, for that evening the village was to hold its spring festival, the Dance of the Omahas. At this time all the babies who had been born within the year were to be given their names. It was while the dance was in progress that a band of Arickarees, enemies of the Sioux, attacked them. Gray Eagle's people knew they were outnumbered and, instead of fighting, they scattered and with their horses vanished in the dark. The chief's mother, Swift Pigeon, caught the mane of a plunging pony and somehow got the three of them—Mary Anne, a papoose and herself—upon its back. Soon they were galloping away into the black emptiness of the prairie, farther away from the village than Mary Anne had ever ridden.

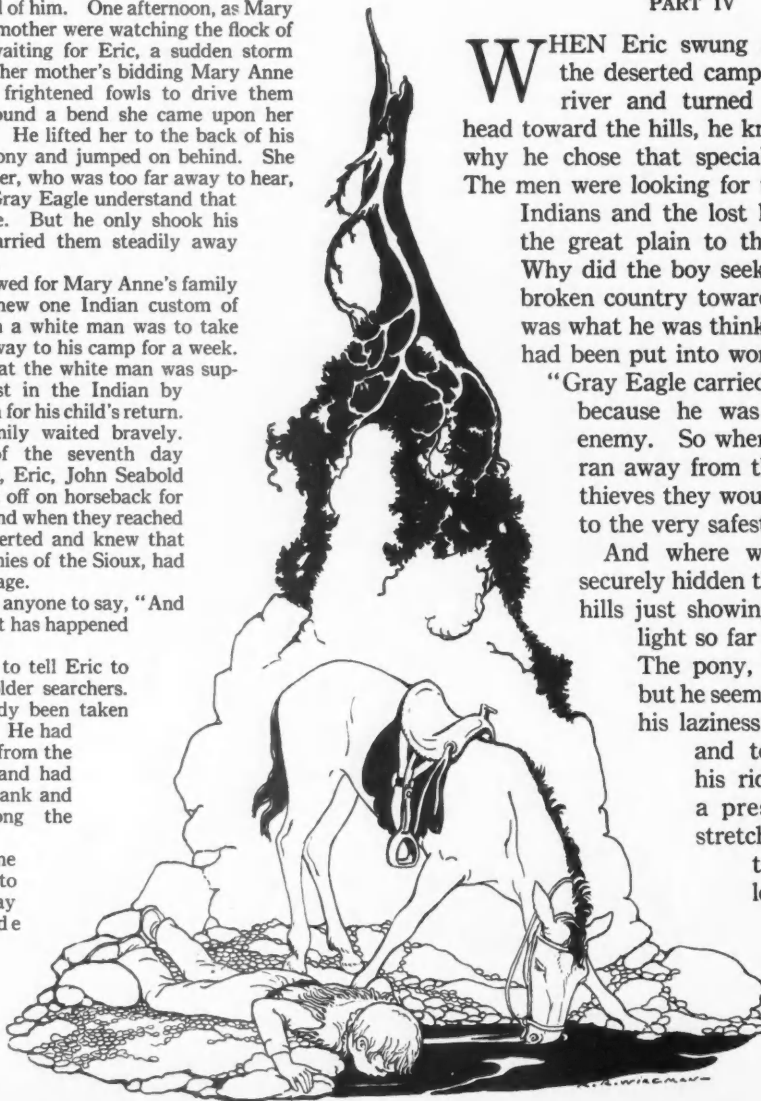
## PART IV

WHEN Eric swung away from the deserted camp beside the river and turned his pony's head toward the hills, he knew exactly why he chose that special direction. The men were looking for the vanished Sioux Indians and the lost little girl all across the great plain to the west and south. Why did the boy seek to find her in the broken country toward the north? This was what he was thinking, if his thoughts had been put into words.

"Gray Eagle carried Mary Anne away, because he was a friend, not an enemy. So when he and his people ran away from the Arickaree horse-thieves they would take Mary Anne to the very safest place they knew."

And where would she be more securely hidden than in those broken hills just showing in the faint starlight so far away to the north? The pony, Sancho, was tired, but he seemed to have forgotten his laziness for the time being and to know as well as his rider that theirs was a pressing errand. He stretched his weary legs to the new trail and loped forward.

The sun came up and showed them the way more plainly, though the hills seemed no nearer. It was one





of those hot, heavy days that sometimes come at the end of spring. They stopped as they crossed a shallow-running creek, and both of them drank. Eric munched some bread and cheese which his grandfather had slipped into his pocket before he set out. Sancho cropped a few mouthfuls of grass, and would have liked to linger, but went on obediently when Eric slid into the saddle once more.

By noon they had reached uneven, barren country where the edge of the great grassy plain had just begun to break up into cracks and ravines. The sun was fiercely hot overhead and the sky was without a cloud. Both boy and pony were so worn out that it was plain they must rest a little before they could possibly go forward. They came to a wide creek-bed, so nearly empty of water that it held only a series of pools rather than a running stream. Its course bent around a broad sandy curve where grew a dense and tangled thicket of young poplar trees.

It was the trees which decided Eric to stop here to eat, drink, and rest. Any patch of shade looked welcome indeed after the blinding brightness of the beating sun. He guided Sancho carefully down the steep bank into the sandy bottom lands, skirted the poplar grove—and stopped short.

A vast, shaggy beast came splashing and snorting through the shallow water and out upon the sand. It was a great bull buffalo, big-shouldered and heavy horned, with the shaft of an Indian arrow standing out from a wound in his neck. An ordinary grazing buffalo is fairly peaceable, but a wounded bull is a bellowing whirlwind of stupid rage. The moment his glinting eyes caught sight of Eric and the tired pony, he dropped his horns and charged upon them.

Swift Sancho fled along the sandy level, keeping close to the poplar thicket. An angry buffalo can gallop faster than a tired pony, but this buffalo was fortunately floundering in the heavy sand. How long he had carried that tormenting arrow in his shoulder could not be known. It was only plain that the great beast knew that a human hunter had hurt him and now he was going to hurt someone in his turn.

They rounded the end of the poplar grove and Eric saw the steep bank rise before him. The worn-out pony could never scramble up it, not even driven by terror of the furious animal at his heels.

There was nothing to do but swing about, still skirting the edge of the poplars, and ride in a wide curve down toward the stream again.

The buffalo's big clumsy feet had stumbled and sunk deeper in the sand than Eric had thought. Snorting and angry, their pursuer was still following them, but more and more slowly. The boy and the pony had come in a circle all the way around the grove of trees and had galloped so much faster than the buffalo that they were now behind him instead of in front. Eric was breathless and knew that they were still in danger; but in spite of that he almost laughed aloud.

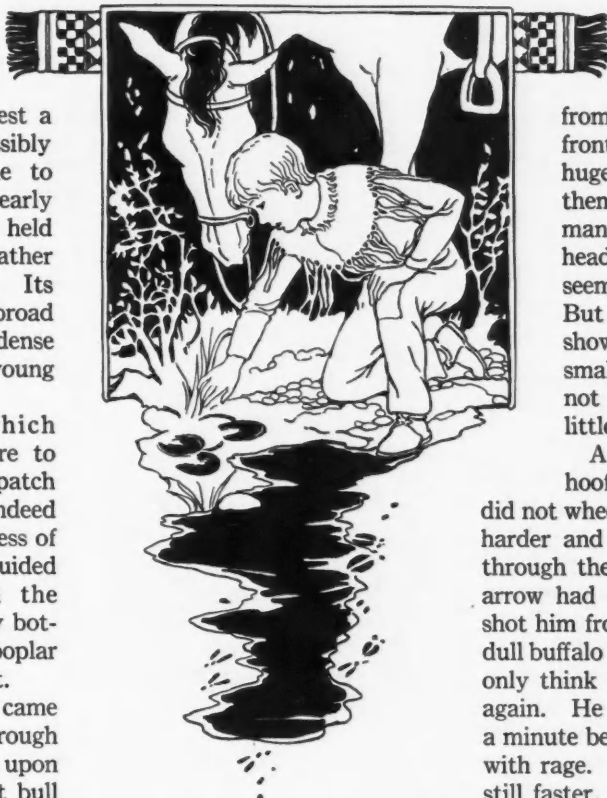
A buffalo viewed from behind is very different from a buffalo seen from in front. When one looks at his huge shoulders, the hump behind them covered with a shaggy mane of hair, looks at his heavy head and short thick horns, he seems a terrible beast indeed. But observed from the rear, he shows a sloping back and such small hind legs that he seems not terrible at all and even a little ridiculous.

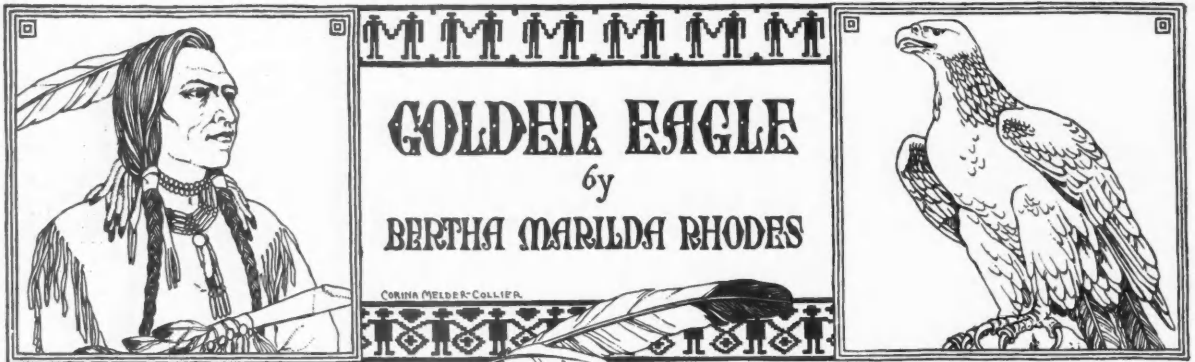
At the sound of the horse's hoofs behind him, the big bull did not wheel about, but only struggled harder and harder to plunge forward through the sand. The hunter whose arrow had wounded his shoulder had shot him from the rear and now, in his dull buffalo mind, the big creature could only think that he was being pursued again. He snorted with terror when, a minute before, he had been bellowing with rage. Eric shouted to drive him still faster. With a scramble of hasty

hoofs and a rattle of stones all about him, the great beast went climbing up the bank to the level above. The arrow caught on a branch of poplar and was jerked free. In wonder and relief, but still in a tremendous fright, the buffalo with his head lowered and his tail straight up in the air, went galloping away across the plain and disappeared.

Eric slipped out of the saddle, sat down on the sand and drew a long breath. The pony wasted no time in wondering over their escape, but waded into the water and dropped his head to take a long cool drink. All about them the sand was torn and trampled by those clumsy cloven feet, but the danger was safely past. Eric loosened the cinch on Sancho's saddle, and lifted it off. The grateful pony scrambled up the bank to the green level above and rolled gloriously on the soft grass. Then he fell to snatching a hasty dinner while Eric lay at full length on the sand in the shade of the poplars,

*(Continued on page 652)*





Author of "Religion in the Kindergarten," "Just Tom," "Spotted Deer's Party," "Eagle Ranch," etc.

#### WHAT HAS HAPPENED

An Indian baby was named for two feathers, which his father found upon the morning of his birth. His mother prophesied that like the bird to which the small feathers belonged, he should dwell among his people, and like the eagle he should journey far, and return to them with blessings. One day when Two Feathers was playing, a golden eagle threw its shadow upon him. His mother told him of the prophecy and gave him a bowl of charcoal sticks, which meant that he should go alone into the forest for four days without tasting food. Whatever animal should come to him in his dreams would become his protector and companion. His mother was embroidering him a shirt representing many kinds of flowers all growing in the fields together. Two Feathers followed the eagle trail. At night he dreamed that the mighty eagle stood above him and then changed to his mother, who held out the shirt. The flowers had turned to birds. The second night they turned to animals and the third stars, all dwelling together in peace. On the last morning, inspired by the eagle's first flight, Two Feathers, instead of returning home, started out in search of the promised blessing. At the close of day he voiced an invitation to any brother within hearing to come and share his simple meal, and then stopped in surprise. Before him stood a little white brother who was lost. He shared his meal with him, and then they fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER II

TWO FEATHERS was awake with the first ray of light. He looked anxiously over the hillside. Not far away he discovered a white mist which lay like a shining cloud close to the earth. He knew that beneath the cloud was water. He ran down and filled his water bag. As he returned the little brother awoke. He said something and

smiled. Two Feathers did not understand the words but he understood the smile, for smiles are the same the world over. When they had eaten, Two Feathers pointed to a tall tree near-by. There the child was to remain until he should return. Keeping the tree in sight, he hunted through the woods and at last returned, bringing cool leaves which he bound upon

the child's aching feet. Then together they started down a narrow trail where Two Feathers had found a tiny scrap of white cloth which had been torn from the boy's waist as he forced his way through a tangle of vines and branches. Farther on was a footprint in the earth, here a broken twig, and there bent grasses where he had paused for rest. All these signs the Indian boy could read at a glance, for he had learned to see as well as to hear. At last they reached the level prairie beyond the woods, and the white boy laughed aloud for joy. He had wandered over the prairie on his way. This was the way to his home. But which way must they go? Two Feathers pointed across the prairie to the north—the child nodded; to the east—the child nodded; to the south—the answer was the same, for the prairie stretched in each direction as far as the eye could see. A bewildered expression came over the child's face, then, discouraged, he sank down upon the ground.







Two Feathers opened the precious bag of rice which Mother-like-a-Red-Rose had given him and filled the white boy's hand. He would take none himself; one meal a day was enough for an Indian lad when occasion demanded. The white child urged in vain; then, not satisfied, he looked long at Two Feathers.

Taking from his pocket a blue marble, he presented it to his new-found friend in appreciation of his kindness. Two Feathers looked at it with interest. Then he held it up to the light and examined it carefully. Surely there was something familiar about it. Then he gave a start. It was just the color of Father Many Lightnings' calumet pipe which had been given to him at one of their peace ceremonies when Two Feathers was a baby. Father Many Lightnings treasured it above all things. Many times Two Feathers had held it in his hands and listened to the story his father told him about it. The story ran:

"Two days' journey to the north, not far from the River of Waters, rises a high cliff upon which Evening Star once made her dwelling place. It was so high the littlest children could not climb to it and so the Evening Star, who loved all the children, left the cliff and made her home upon the surface of the stream, where every starry night the children could take their canoes and visit her at will. To this day the cliff is the color of the heavens on a starlit night; and here the Indian finds the blue clay from which he makes paint for coloring the blue calumet, the peace pipe, which stands for heaven and all that is above the earth."

"Two days' journey to the north," repeated Two Feathers. He sprang to his feet. The child came from the blue cliffs "two days' journey to the north!"



Early the next morning the children started across the prairie. Hour after hour they traveled. By noon the hills were lost to view; only a vast stretch of prairie lay before them whichever way they turned, but this made no difference to Two Feathers. He could read the shadows in the grasses by day, or the stars at midnight would point out the way for him.

Taking the boy by the hand, Two Feathers led the way across the prairie gleaming with yellow flower-feathers. When the little white brother became too tired to walk farther Two Feathers took him on his back and carried him. Toward the end of the next day they entered woods. The leaves rustled in the wind, and from time to time the white brother would look back, thinking he heard footsteps. Two Feathers made no such mistakes, but at last he, too, stopped. It was not the falling of the leaves, but a footfall so soft his little white companion had not heard it. Out from behind a bush at some

distance stepped a black bear. He looked at them, turned and walked away.

"He is not afraid," thought Two Feathers, "and he is not curious. He is fatter than most bears. He probably goes to the white man's teepee for food." Two Feathers was right. That night they kept near him; the next morning they followed him until they came to a wide trail which led to a village at the foot of a blue cliff. Taking Two Feathers by the hand, the little white brother hurried on to his home.

"The child is found! The child is found!" the people called to one another. A bell pealed from a steeple calling the searchers in from the countryside. Friends gathered about the little white brother, and





his mother folded him in her arms and wept for joy. Then the white child told how he had become separated from relatives as they were returning from a distant village. They had camped by the roadside; he awoke in the early dawn. The birds were astir in the trees. Quietly so as not to awaken the others he had made his way down to a winding brook, followed a squirrel which led him on, became confused and went in the wrong direction. When he called no one heard his voice. They could not find him; so after searching they had returned to the village and spread the alarm. Now that the child was found all were anxious to show their gratitude to the Indian lad who had brought him home. But to Two Feathers everything was strange and unfamiliar. That night he slept in the Pale Face's house. It was made with walls, floor and roof, windows and doors; closed at the top so that no stars could look down upon them, not nearly as beautiful, so Two Feathers thought, as the teepee among the pines.

The next morning the pale-faced chief, the sweet-faced mother, the little white brother and many others gathered in the house at the turn of the road. Some spoke; then Two Feathers listened to the most marvelous music he had ever heard. It began in a soft strain like the lapping of waters among the rice stems. He could hear the high pitched voices of the baby rails and the low tones of the mother birds answering them. Then the music grew loud and strong until it filled the room and all the people rose and sang. Two Feathers could not understand their English words, but well he knew what they were saying:

"He is the Great Mystery:

He points out a trail for the birds

And they fly to the land of summer.

He returns the lost child to his home."

Time passed quickly. Two Feathers was anxious to return to his people. He had treasures for them, given to him by his new-found friends. They went with him a day's journey across the prairie. Then he sent them back, promising to return.

Mother-like-a-Red-Rose was sitting in front of the teepee looking out over the Big Shining Water. When would Two Feathers return? Was all well with him? She heard a call.

"Two Feathers! Two Feathers!" she cried. He was soon at her side. He had gifts for all—a wonderful pale-faced doll for Peep-of-Day, a blanket for Father Many Lightnings, and for Mother-like-a-Red-Rose a square wooden box. She opened it. It was filled with gaily colored beads, transparent and bright.

"Now, Mother-like-a-Red-Rose," he said, "you can work at your beautiful patterns of birds and flowers without waiting for the hunters to bring porcupine quills. How fast they will go!"

Two Feathers said nothing of what had taken place during his absence since it might seem like boasting. But the next day Father Many Lightnings and his braves met in council, each Indian dressed in gala attire. Two of them had returned to the village that morning. They reported deeds of bravery for which they received eagle feathers. Upon each feather was painted in picture writing why it was given. These they would wear in their head dresses and treasure for years to come. At length Two Feathers was called upon to give an account of his absence.

"An eagle threw its shadow over me," he said, "and I followed it to a far-away cliff. Three nights it appeared to me in my dreams." The braves nodded; that was as it should be. The eagle had

[Continued on page 684]



# A KNIGHT CAME FLYING

By BESS ANN ELLIOT

NED WAS waiting impatiently for Mr. White, the rural free delivery carrier. He had waited for him every morning for the past three days. He could hear the rattling of the old flivver before it appeared around the curve of the hill, and his heart thumped fast until the old car had stopped at their mail box, and Mr. White had sorted the papers and letters which belonged to the Gaylord family. But it wasn't a paper or letter for which he waited and watched; no, indeed! It was a package which was to come all the way from a mail order house in the city. The contents of that package were to make Ned the happiest boy in Clay County. Oh, how hard he had worked to collect the three dollars and seventy-five cents which he needed to send for it! Ned didn't have money to spend, as many city boys have. During the winter, especially, there was no money coming to the Gaylord family, except from the milk checks, and that had to be carefully saved to buy grain, for their supply usually gave out before the next year's harvest. They also found it necessary to save money for the groceries which they needed to supplement the milk, meat and vegetables that their farm produced.

Grandma Haynes, an old lady who lived half a mile down the road, had been shut in for the past few months and had hired Ned to milk her cow. His parents thought he was too young for this job, but he pleaded so hard that they gave in, and in this way, he had added a dime a week to the sum he was saving. That wasn't very much pay, perhaps, for a walk of two miles and the labor of milking old Betsy twice a day, but it seemed a fortune to him, because he seldom received more than a penny or two at a time from his parents. For weeks, he had pored over the mail order catalog. There was that entrancing picture on page 204. There were other pictures on the same page, and they had interesting names, too, but only that one held his attention. There was one "Genuine Cowboy Suit," labeled "Every boy wants one." Ned

passed over that. Next was a picture of a "Boy's Hiking Outfit." "Huh," he said to himself, "just as if I couldn't take a hike in any old clothes." Then there was a baseball suit, another cowboy suit, and last and best of all *the picture*—the prize of the lot! Under it was printed in big black letters:

## "SPIRIT OF YOUNG AMERICA BOY'S AVIATOR OUTFIT"

In the picture, a nifty little aviator stood with his arms on his hips, and as Ned studied it, it almost seemed as if it were his own face, beaming at him from the page. Whoever had written the little bit of advertising certainly knew the way to a boy's heart, for it said:

"You'll be all set for a non-stop flight across the ocean in this smart little aviator suit. It's new—and just about the smartest little play suit you can buy—it's the ace of them all. Very fine quality, durable khaki twill. Outfit consists of coat, breeches, overseas hat, two nicked pins with wings, imitation leather Sam Brown belt and puttees.

Even sizes: 4 to 16 years

State size

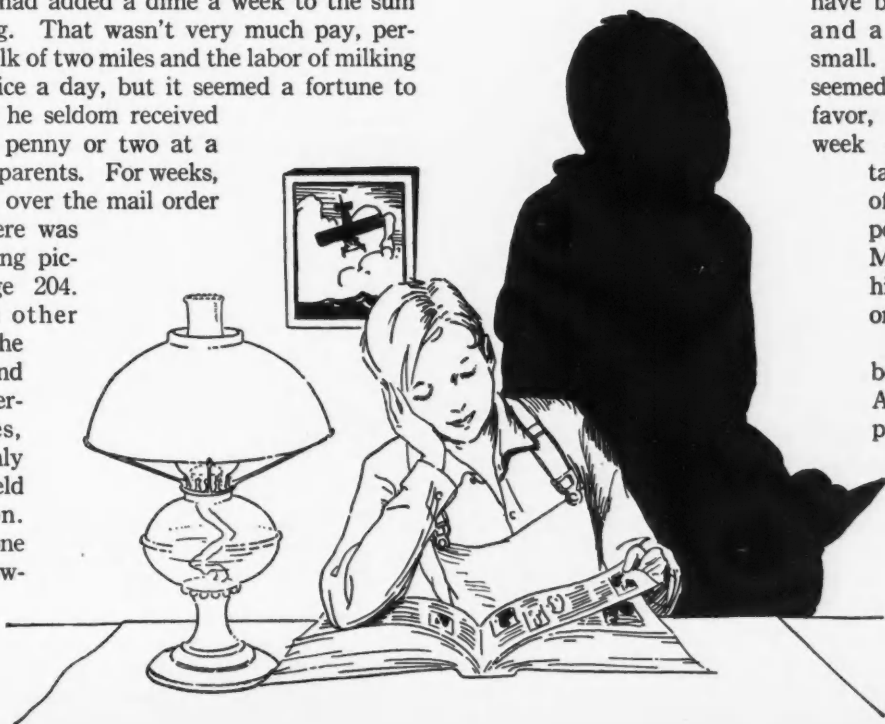
Price.....\$3.75"

He was glad that his age was an even twelve years. Suppose he had been thirteen. Then he would have been all at sea as to what size to order.

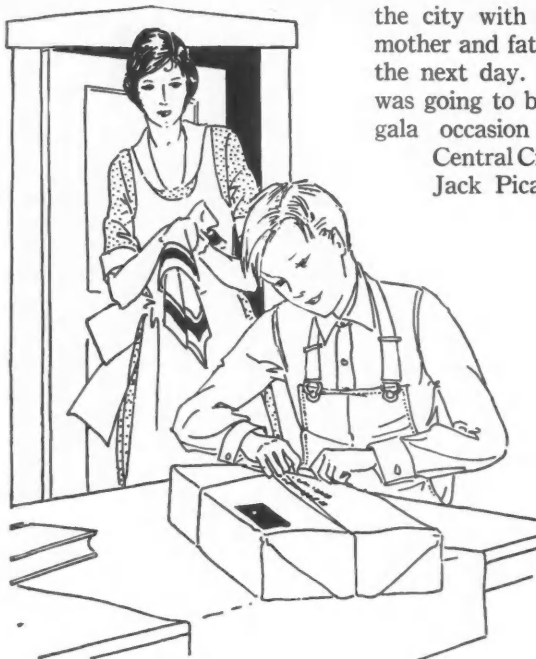
A fourteen might have been too large and a twelve too small. Everything seemed to be in his favor, and only a week ago he had taken his horde of dimes and pennies and had Mr. White get him a money order.

To-day might be the great day. As he stood impatiently kick-

ing his stubby toe against a stone, he pictured to himself just how he would look when he went to







the city with his mother and father the next day. It was going to be a gala occasion in Central City. Jack Picard,

the great ace, the most noted flier of all time, was going to land at the new airport and make a two-minute speech to the people of the county, before he continued a circle tour of the continent. Ned had eagerly read of this great aviator in every magazine and paper he could find. He had a scrap-book full of his pictures and pictures of the various airplanes he had used in his many spectacular flights. The boy had never seen an airplane, but on one memorable occasion his father had taken him to Central City to the movies, and there he had been carried away by the picture of his great hero, looping the loop and doing other stunts which not only sent chills up and down the spinal columns of the spectators, but thrilled them through and through. Now the best thing he had ever known was going to happen. Dad, Mother and he were going in the old car to see Jack Picard in person and actually hear his voice.

Ned had helped Dad clean the car so it would be fit for the occasion, and the only thing needed to complete his preparations was the new suit which he was expecting Mr. White to bring him. If it should be a day late—but he wouldn't even think of that. It just couldn't be. That would spoil everything. And as good luck would have it, it came on time. Mr. White came clattering around the hill as usual, and after his car had stopped in front of the mail box, he began to hand out the Gaylord mail. He was tantalizingly slow, but finally reached under his mail bag and pulled out a package addressed to Alfred M. Gaylord, Jr. Ned seized it and ran joyfully toward the house.

"Come back an' git yer mail!" shouted Mr. White after his fleeing figure, but the lad was so excited he didn't hear him, and anyway, seed

catalogs and poultry journals could go this day. He had no use for them.

He laid his treasure on the living-room table and tried to untie the string, but he was so excited he couldn't do it. Mother came into the room, wiping her sudsy hands as she stood in the doorway, and seeing his dilemma, came to the rescue. The brown paper wrapping was folded back and inside was a box. He lifted the cover, and there was the suit—a wonderful sight—all the advertisement said and more.

"Mother, Mother, isn't it great?" stuttered the boy in his excitement.

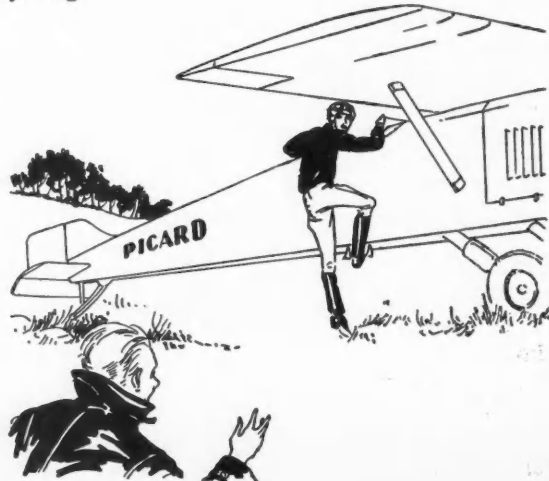
"Yes, Son," the woman answered, "it certainly is a fine suit."

"O, boy! Won't I look grand to-morrow! Mother, do you suppose a man like Jack Picard would ever notice a boy like me? Why, I'd feel as tall as the trees if a hero like him would just say three words to me."

Mrs. Gaylord laughed. "Why, Ned, I presume he used to be a freckled-faced, tousle-headed boy not much different from you, but he hasn't time now to be thinking of that, and to be paying attention to boys. He'll be talking to the mayor and all the big men of the town."

"Well, maybe he'll see my suit. Gee, it's a peachy suit, all right! I bet it's as good as his, don't you, Mom?"

The Gaylords were up at daybreak the next morning. There were the chores to be done before they could start to the city, and Ned must milk old Betsy and turn her out to pasture. Two hours before any city boy had as much as opened his eyes, Ned had done the milking at Grandma Haynes' and was hurrying down the road toward home. His mind was filled with the new suit and the glorious day that lay before him. He hurried through the kitchen door into the house. "I'm back, Mom," he called. His mother came slowly into the room. Her face looked very serious, and he knew something had happened. "Why, Mom," he asked, "what's the matter? You aren't sick or anything?"





"I'm sorry, Son," she said. "I know how disappointed you'll be, but I just had a phone call from Uncle Tom. One of his neighbors has an auction early to-morrow morning, and there's a cow for sale which he thinks Dad may be able to buy cheap. We need another cow since Buttercup died. You know how small the milk checks are now. Do you think if Billy Jones comes to help you that you can look out for things here until to-morrow night? We can't go without leaving someone who knows what to do."

"But, Mom, you can't go get that cow! We're—we're going to see Jack Picard."

"Yes, we'll have to start right away, Ned. I've got to go to drive the car back. Uncle Tom will bring the cow on his big truck, but your father will have to ride with him to see that she's all right. We're awfully sorry about Jack Picard, but this is too good an opportunity to lose. Your father says he'll take you to the very next circus that comes to town. That will be fine, won't it, Son?"

Mother didn't understand; Dad didn't understand; what was a circus compared to a glimpse of his idol, the great Jack Picard? He thought at first that he could never speak again. There was a lump in his throat, which, try as hard as he might, he couldn't swallow. He disappeared into his mother's bedroom for a time, but was able to come out before his parents left. Choking back the tears, which he felt no boy of his age should shed, he helped Dad and Mother finish their work and get ready for the trip.

"You and Dad go right along," he said stoutly, "and I can stay here with Rover. I'm not afraid."

"We'll stop and ask Billy Jones to come and help with the milking and spend the night with you," said Father, "and look for us back to-morrow night with a nice new cow."

When Mother kissed him good-by, she patted him on the back and whispered, "You're my brave knight, Son. I shouldn't wonder if some day you would be as great a hero as Jack Picard himself."

Ned knew he was a baby, but he couldn't help a few big tears that rolled down his face when he saw Dad's car disappear down the road. He went in and looked at the new suit. He sighed. Never again would there be such a chance to wear it. He

called Rover and went out and sat on the back steps. The old shepherd dog was a great comfort. He looked wistfully at the boy as much as to say, "What's the matter, Old Top? I'd help you out if I could."

The day passed slowly, and about noon the sky became dark, and there was every indication of a storm. In a short time, a terrific gale swept over the county, and Ned and Rover sat in the living room with their noses pressed against the window, watching the wind-whipped trees, the forked lightning and the sheets of rain. In the midst of the storm, the boy heard a sudden roar, not like thunder nor anything he had ever heard before. It sounded a little bit like Mr. White's old motor car, only many, many times louder. The noise increased in volume and seemed to be coming nearer. It almost seemed as if something was going to crush the house itself. Then there came a flash of lightning, and out in Dad's big flat pasture, he saw something like a huge bird with enormous silver wings. It landed on the ground and went skimming along with

a noise as loud as the thunder which was now grumbling way off toward the east.

Without a hat, but with Dad's old raincoat wrapped around him, he called to Rover, and, opening the kitchen door, ran out into the rain. The big bird had come to a stop, and a leather-clad figure was clambering over its side.

"Hey, kid," a voice shouted, as Ned and Rover drew near enough to be heard, "anybody home? I stopped for a call. Forced down! Lucky to make a good landing. Pretty close call! Hope I didn't hurt your pasture."

Blown by the wind, nearly suffocated by the rain, and overcome by the sight of the beautiful machine, Ned could hardly answer, but after awhile, he managed to lead the birdman to the snug kitchen. When they had taken off their wet things, the aviator explained to the boy, "I'm Jack Picard. You may have heard of me. Was over at Central City to-day and wanted to hop on to my next stop. No harm done. That field will make a fairly good take-off, but I'll have to stay until the storm is over. How

[Continued on page 700]





## A • PICNIC • PARTY UNDER • THE • CHRISTMAS • TREE

BY JEAN WALDEN

**C**OULD anything be more fun than planning a regular winter picnic underneath a Christmas tree, and pretending that your guests are all toys? We hope most of them will be "animated" toys, because we shouldn't like to think any real lively boy or girl couldn't *play* during the entire party. That's one thing a party is for.

We shall first take some green paper and cut out our invitations in the shape of Christmas trees. On the front side we can paste tiny circles of colored paper, and perhaps even use a few cut-out pictures of toys, to make it look very Christmas-y. On the other side the following invitation may be written:



Come frolic with the toys  
Beneath our Christmas tree.  
We'll have a winter-picnic, too,  
Provided you'll agree  
To arrive at \_\_\_\_\_, December \_\_\_\_\_  
Now promise you'll say, "Yes,"  
And will you bring your favorite toy  
To our Toyland address?"

(Address) \_\_\_\_\_

The guests may be requested to dress in toy costumes, if desired, although the first game will help everyone to feel very Toylandish anyway!

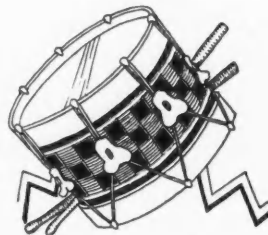
As the boys and girls appear, they are given small shipping tags, with different colored ribbons attached, and told to tie the ribbon about the toy they have brought from home. This will make everyone feel very helpful, besides giving them something important to do in those few awkward

moments before the party really starts. Of course, the tags are used to identify the toys, for each one reads something like this: "I belong to Mary Sue Loring."

The toys are finally all collected and put into a large basket or box. Meanwhile, everyone is asked to sit on the floor in a circle, while a grown-up passes the basket all around, asking each player to close his eyes and take the first toy his fingers touch. If John Terry draws an elephant, the leader looks straight at John and says, "Mr. Elephant, will you please show us how you walk?"

Each player is called upon in turn to be a monkey, a doll, a drum, a bow and arrow, a horn, or most any kind of toy imaginable! Let us hope, however, that the boys all draw dolls and are asked to say, "Ma-ma," and that the girls are asked to explode like pop-guns or act like monkeys, as the case may be! Afterwards the toys are returned to their owners.

No Christmas party would be complete without Santa Claus being present, so a vote is taken as to how many boys and girls would really like to watch Santa Claus *grow*! Of course, the vote is "Yes," and a large sheet of white paper is pinned to a curtain. On this paper is an outline of Santa drawn with heavy crayon, but, oh dear, he is eyeless, armless, earless, noseless, capless, shoeless and even whiskerless!



Each player is supplied with one of the missing parts, however, and at a signal, is in turn, blindfolded and led to the picture and told to pin in

place the missing part of jolly old Santa Claus.

If Santa's eye happens to be pinned on a bit crooked, or an eye fastened to his elbow, it will mean that the onlookers will probably be overcome with laughter. Should any player succeed in pinning a feature in its proper place, he is given a tiny Santa Claus box filled with candy for a prize.



Jingling Christmas bells are necessary to the success of a party also, so

every guest but one is given a bell on a ribbon to hang about his neck. That one is blindfolded and, guided by the sound of the bells, catches another player and asks him to say, "Merry Christmas." If he guesses the other's name correctly the first time, the bell is his, and his victim is blindfolded.

After such a noisy game, it would be good fun if a grown-up would sit on the floor surrounded by boys and girls, and read "The Night before Christmas," asking different ones to act out the parts which lend themselves easily to dramatization.

Suddenly the grown-up stops reading and says, "Oh, gracious! I almost forgot to ask you if you know what Santa's *pack* really looks like. I mean the kind he fills with all sorts of toys for good boys and girls!"

She then directs them to a rather small room which is quite dark except for the lights from a beautiful twinkly Christmas tree over in one corner. And lying underneath it is a large bag—as though Santa Claus had forgotten and left it there. The grown-up

then quietly tiptoes to the pack and asks everyone to sit down while she unpacks their gifts, explaining that no guest can claim a package until he has guessed what is inside!

The gifts are wrapped in such strange shapes that there is no clue as to what they are (although there is a tiny label on each one for the benefit of the grown-up). No package must be opened until all have been successful "guessers." If there should be any guest who is too timid to take part, the grown-ups should pretend to be very deaf to every other voice in the room except the one who is shy, for grown-ups can do lots of things to make it easy for the littlest ones! Should one gift be a doll, just the girls may be asked to "speak up," and vice versa. When the unwrapping takes place, well—it is a sight to make even

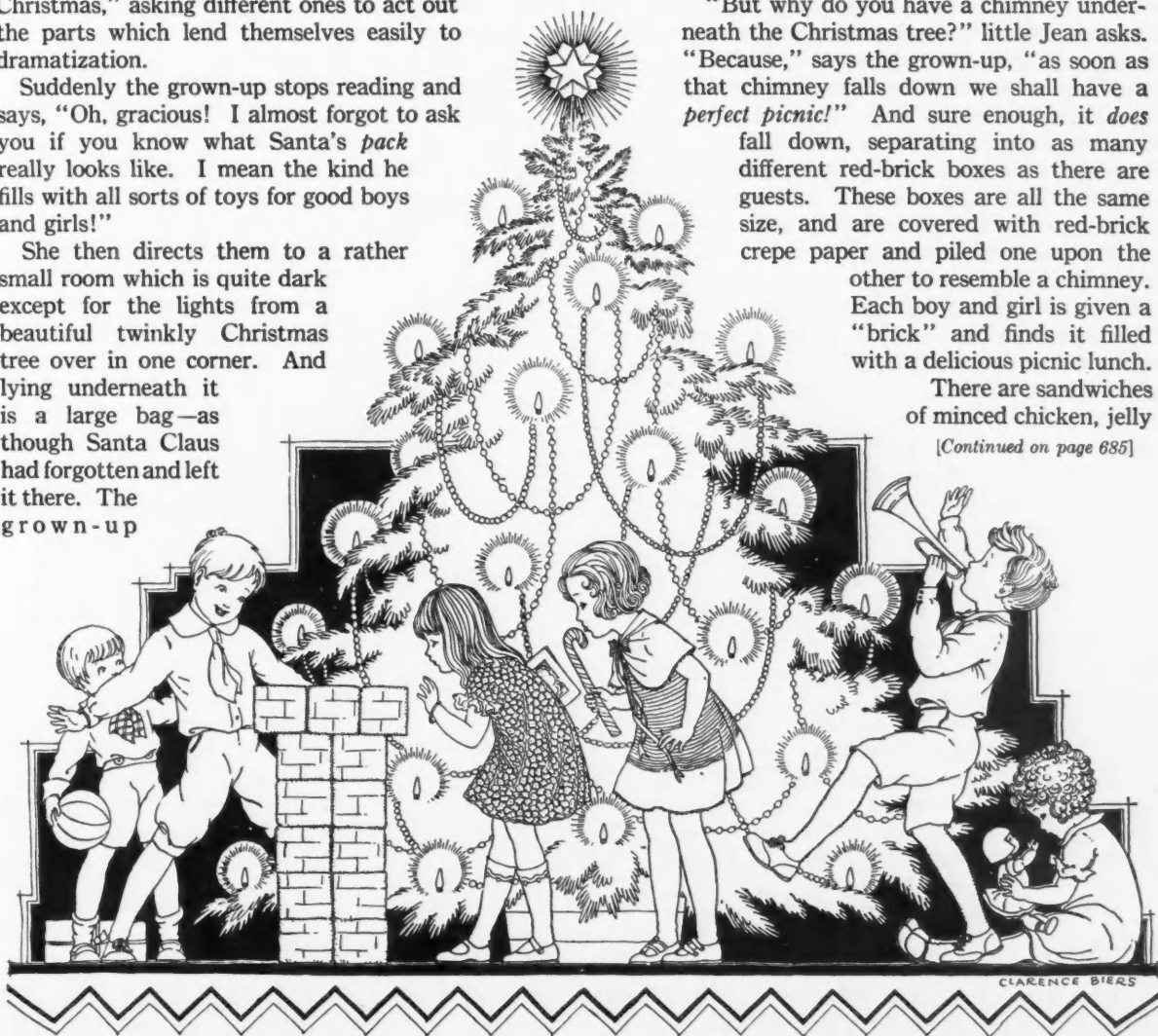


grown-ups wish they were children again!

"But why do you have a chimney underneath the Christmas tree?" little Jean asks. "Because," says the grown-up, "as soon as that chimney falls down we shall have a *perfect picnic!*" And sure enough, it *does* fall down, separating into as many different red-brick boxes as there are guests. These boxes are all the same size, and are covered with red-brick crepe paper and piled one upon the other to resemble a chimney. Each boy and girl is given a "brick" and finds it filled with a delicious picnic lunch.

There are sandwiches of minced chicken, jelly

[Continued on page 685]







## WHEN JENNY LIND SANG TO HER CAT

By MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS

IT was a very cheerful window looking out on a lively street and Jenny liked to take her cat and sit there. The cat liked it, too, for there were little brown birds flitting about which made his eyes glow and his whiskers twitch, although he never came any nearer to them on account of the windowpane; but then there was warm sunshine too on his back and the general atmosphere of comfort pleased him mightily.

Jenny liked the window seat better than any part of the big building. She lived in a home for very old poor people, which seems a melancholy place for a little girl, but then, her grandmother was one of the old people and Jenny loved her grandmother. She saw her own mother very little, as she was away most of the time teaching school and had left Jenny in the care of the steward and his wife who ran the big building and looked after all the old people.

Up the street from the window seat Jenny could see the church of Saint Jacob's against the blue sky. This was in Sweden in the city of Stockholm almost a hundred years ago, but Jenny with her two fair pigtailed and her stiff full frock was part of it all and it all seemed homelike and natural to her. The only trouble was she missed the country. Before her mother had gone away she had lived outside Stockholm where there were big trees and a great many birds and she had liked to sit very still and listen to all the different songs and calls and whistles up in the high branches.

"Oh, my cat," she said, thinking of all this as she looked at the

tower of Saint Jacob's, "how I wish I could sing half such beautiful songs to you!"

The cat blinked and winked and looked very sly, for he knew that his mistress could sing the loveliest songs in the world. He had a blue ribbon tied about his neck with a huge bow at one ear and people going by looked up at the window and smiled at the little girl with her pigtailed and happy face and the big cat sitting very proudly, as if he thought himself quite a somebody. I wonder if the cat knew that to be sung to by Jenny Lind was something very wonderful to have happen to a cat and that he would be remembered because of it in years to come much more than a good many cats are remembered.

Jenny began to sing. She always sang. There wasn't so very much in her life to be happy about—she was poor and her mother was far away, but sing she did more than any canary in a cage!

This especial morning she sang a long string of nonsense to the cat—foolish things about his eyes and paws and even his tail and then about how much she loved him and of how some day they would run away together to the country and, instead of the streets and people and the church tower, there would be trees and meadows and birds and flowers and sheep. There was no tune to all this string of nonsense, but there was any amount of melody and beauty. When she told the cat she loved him her voice was low and soft and tender, and when she sang about the tall trees it rose clear and high and strong and wonderfully sweet and Jenny did not know, so absorbed was she in her own song and the cat, that the





people in the street paused and listened with wonder on their upturned faces.

A young woman stood and listened longer than anybody else. She was on an errand for her mistress and she was very pretty and neat (for those days) and she was in a hurry because her mistress was a dancer at the Royal Opera House and was forever in need of ribbons and laces and scents and satins and a hundred pretty gay things.

"I ought to hurry," she thought. "Mademoiselle Lundberg will be furious! But I never, never, never heard such beautiful singing as this little girl sings to her funny old cat!"

And Johanna, the maid, stood with her shopping bag empty and listened and forgot entirely about Mademoiselle Lundberg and the ribbons and laces. She would probably be standing there still if the bell of Saint Jacob's had not chimed out the hour in a deep reproving voice and then she started—sighed—dropped her bag—picked it up and gave herself a little shake.

"It's impossible; it cannot be so late. Oh dear! But now I must remember where this song-bird lives," and her bright eyes took in the building where the old people lived and made note of the small blue door of the steward's little house.

At that moment Jenny stopped singing and the cat jumped down, and Johanna walked away, at



first very slowly, thinking about what she had heard, and then very fast as she realized how late she was.

Mademoiselle Lundberg was very angry indeed when poor Johanna arrived breathless and with her shopping half done and very badly at that, but when in short excited sentences she told Mademoiselle Lundberg about the little girl and the beautiful song that had held her spellbound beneath the window, the dancer leaned her chin in her hand and listened very kindly

and all the anger left her pretty face.

"But, Johanna, it is unusual for a child to sing like this and you are not apt to loiter on your way. You have heard, too, at different times some very fine singing in the theaters where I have taken you with me, so—Ah well, of course I forgive you and maybe—"

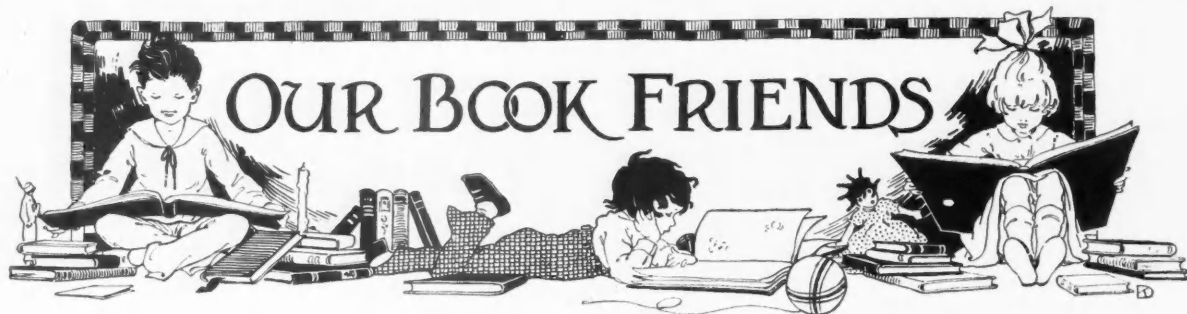
"But, Mademoiselle she must sing for you!" cried Johanna.

"I cannot stand under the window of this little pigtailed girl who sings to her cat," laughed Mademoiselle Lundberg. "You must have her brought here to me, Johanna. I will send a message to her parents when I find out who she is. She may sing very well and in any case I like children, but I am not fond of cats! But arrange it for her to come and we shall see."

So it came to pass that a week later Jenny was

[Continued on page 690]





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

O The Shepherds in Judea,  
They are pacing to and fro,  
For the air is chill at twilight  
And the weaning lambs are slow.

Leave, O lambs, the dipping sedges, quit the bramble and the  
briar,  
Quit the fields of barley stubble, for we light the watching fire;  
AUSTIN—"The Children Sing in the Far West"

Christmas and happiness may exist anywhere. With love making all ranks equal, Christmas may be made out of almost nothing. How often we discover what David learned in *This Way To Christmas*: "I've found out just lately that Christmas isn't things, it's thoughts."

Sometimes Christmas seems almost lost. With no trees to light, no stockings to hang, no carols to sing, no holly to make into wreaths, no gladness anywhere, the prospects are very dark. How many adventures, which began in that way, eventually turn out satisfactorily! Each of us remembers an experience or so of that kind.

Who would suppose, for instance, that a Christmas Eve which began in Mr. Scrooge's office, with an employer "crosser than the crossiest Turk in Constantinople," would turn into *A Christmas Carol* with Tiny Tim the happiest boy at the party? Who would suppose that any little girl who had such a severe mother as Mrs. Muffet could leave the holidays in their natural state? If you do not know the story by heart and do not know what happened when the kind old spider sat down beside her, you will improve an occasion and read *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party*.

The Court Directory indicates that many kings and counts and queens have faced dreary holidays. There are stories in which everybody at the palace is "about as cheerful to look at as a Christmas tree in an ash barrel the week after Christmas." Not every queen proves as resourceful as Peter's Aunt Jane in "The Seller of Dreams" by Henry Beston.

Do you remember how Aunt Jane rolls into the story in a coach drawn by twelve white horses? She had become queen simply by walking into a deserted castle, putting on a crown, and telling the servants she intended to be queen. "You see, Peter dear, there's nothing that a woman of determination and energy can't accomplish."

In *The King's Christmas Pudding*, His Royal Highness suffers from a cause which he thinks no one can remove. "I can never be surprised. Nothing new ever happens to me. I know just what my courtiers are going to say before they say it. I know exactly what every part of my kingdom looks like. I know what I shall have for dinner and worst of all I know exactly what Christmas will be like even to that same awful Christmas pudding!" The King put his handkerchief over his eyes and began to weep softly.

It was the scullery boy in the kitchen who learned how the surprise pudding was contrived and what made His Majesty the merriest ruler in the world. *The Poor Count's Christmas* tells how several children, with the help of an amicable giant and a kind fairy, made the count's Christmas a happy one.

At *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party* there were hosts of brownies and elves and fairies and intelligent white bears and one or two reformed wolves. Miss Muffet could not help noticing that a great many of those North Country folks bore a strong family resemblance to Santa Claus. How soft and warm the hearts of those folks were! Even without the holiday season to recall certain personalities to our minds, we always remember *The Adventures of A Brownie*, *The Elves and The Shoemaker*, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, *The White Cat*. The night before Christmas, the piskies come in through the keyhole to order children's dreams. Think of *The Little Cake Bird*, *The Story of Child Charity*, *The Tailor of Gloucester*.

In books, there are many boys and girls who, like *Peter Pocket*, are "just as full as they can be of Christmas." You know how *Little Dog Toby* felt—exactly as if a Christmas rocket had been set off inside him. Whether these stories are about boys and girls in our own country or in some other, they are alive from beginning to end. *What Happened to Inger Johanne*, *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, *The Adventures of Andris, Miki*, the book of Maud and Miska Petersham, *Hans Brinker*, *Roses of the Winds*—how could we better celebrate Christmas than to read aloud from these books?

There are many stories of how a simple gift, given

[Continued on page 694]

# BOYS — Join the LYONSPORTAERO CLUB



Tune in on radio station K. M. O. X. every week day at 5:30 P.M., Central Standard Time, and hear Capt. Bursey tell about his thrilling war adventures.

LYONS



**Capt. Jack Bursey**  
World War Ace

This is Capt. Jack Bursey, a famous Ace in the World War, now Commander of the Lyonsport Aero Club. Capt. Jack is devoting all his time to boys, teaching them about aviation, helping them to build and conduct their own model airports just like real ones. If you want a special letter from Capt. Jack just say so on the coupon and mail it today. He will write you a personal letter and send you more information about the Lyonsport Aero Club.

*Become a pilot and wear this handsome winged emblem*



Here's something worth while for real boys. You can become a "pilot" in the Lyonsport Aero Club, a national organization of wide-awake boys. You can build model planes, Zepps, blimps, hangars, beacon lights, mooring masts, and all the other equipment for a complete model airport. Fun? Why, you will have every other boy wanting to play with you!

## Be One of the First "Pilots" in Your Neighborhood

Just think how much you can learn about aviation while you are building exact models of famous planes and running your own airport! It's easy, too, and takes only a few hours to build complete models when you have Lyons

Metalcraft sets all ready for you to put together. Don't let the other fellows beat you to it. Get your first set and soon you will be a full-fledged "pilot" wearing the handsome winged emblem given to every member of the Club.

## THIS IS WHAT TO DO!

Every box of Lyons Metalcraft construction sets contains a certificate good for a certain number of "flying hours" credits. Look at the pictures of the sets and you will see how many credits each box contains. Some have 50 credits, some have 100 credits and some have 150 credits. Just as soon as you have

200 or more of these "flying hours" credits (2 or 3 certificates will do it), mail them to Capt. Jack Bursey, care of the Metalcraft Corporation, St. Louis, and he will send you a special letter of congratulations and your "pilot's" winged emblem—FREE! Oh, boy! but you'll be proud then!

## See Complete Lyonsport Airfield Now on Exhibition at Many Stores

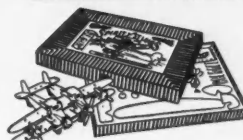
Many stores are showing exhibits of the Lyonsport airfield completely equipped with planes, blimps, Zeppelins, hangars, mooring masts, beacon lights, etc. Look for their announcements in the newspapers. But by all means call at your favorite hardware, toy or department store this week and get started on your first set. Remember, you can build exact models of the Spirit of St. Louis, the Bremen, Curtiss

Robin, Graf Zeppelin, R-100, and hundreds of other famous ships that you see illustrated in the magazines and newspapers. Ask your dealer! But if he cannot show you the Lyons Metalcraft construction sets, write us a letter, tell us the number of the set or sets you want, and enclose post office money order for the correct amount, together with your dealer's name and address.

## TOY DEALERS!

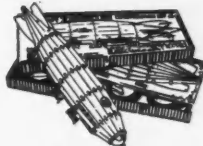
This advertisement in magazines and newspapers will have a total circulation of six million, and is just one of a series. Air-minded boys everywhere are interested—read the ad and you'll see why! Don't disappoint the boys who look to you for new things. Be ready. Have a Lyonsport model airfield display. Metalcraft is not just a Christmas item but all-year. Write or wire your jobber or us for full details of "Chain of Sales" merchandising plan.

METALCRAFT CORPORATION, 5114 Penrose Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



952—Builds over 100 varieties of planes. Price \$3.00. Certificate: 100 "flying hours."

953—Builds more than 250 styles of planes—2 monoplanes at one time. Price \$5.00. Certificate: 150 "flying hours."



962—Builds the Graf Zeppelin, Los Angeles, Italia, R-100, other famous dirigibles. Models 28 inches long. Price \$5.00. Certificate: 150 "flying hours."



955—Flies like a real ship; teaches handling of planes. Price \$1.00. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."

956—Same as above but comes set up instead of knock-down. Price \$1.50. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."



958—Hangar. Price \$1.00. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."



950—Builds over 19 different planes. Price \$1.00. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."

961—Builds over 25 models of planes. Price \$1.50. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."



959—Beacon Light and Mooring Mast, with bulbs. Price \$3.75. Certificate: 100 "flying hours."



965—Airport—durable fibre sheet, 40 in. x 60 in.; also aviator's helmet, and illustrated flying lessons. Price \$1.00. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."



961—Builds more than 30 different Zeppelins. Price \$1.50. Certificate: 50 "flying hours."

Prices West of Denver and in Canada 10% higher.

## COUPON

CAPT. JACK BURSEY, Lyonsport Aero Club, 5114 Penrose Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Capt. Jack: Please send me a special letter, addressed to me personally and a free folder with all information about your Lyonsport Aero Club.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

If your dealer does not handle Lyons Metalcraft, order direct from Metalcraft Corporation, St. Louis. Send postal money order and mark below which sets you wish sent.

☐ No. 950 \$1.00 ☐ No. 961 \$1.50  
☐ No. 952 \$3.00 ☐ No. 953 \$5.00

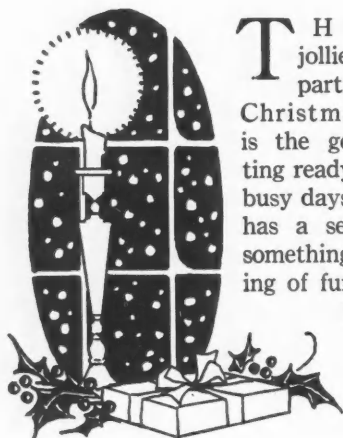
☐ No. 955 \$1.00 ☐ No. 956 \$1.50

☐ No. 960 \$1.00 ☐ No. 961 \$1.50  
☐ No. 962 \$5.00

MISCELLANEOUS  
☐ No. 958 Hangar \$1. ☐ No. 955 Airfield \$1.  
☐ No. 959 Beacon, Mooring Mast. \$3.75

# Lyons METALCRAFT Construction Sets





**T**H E jolliest part of Christmas is the getting ready. Don't you love the busy days before when everyone has a secret hiding place for something; when there is a feeling of fun and surprise in each hour of the day?

The kitchen is one of the most important places in the whole town, for what—we ask you—

would be the fun of Christmas if there weren't good things to eat? What indeed? So we Child Life cooks are putting on our freshest aprons and caps and looking over our records for our very best recipes so that we may add to the festivities. We already know many good things to make: candied orange peel, fudge, nut brittle, Christmas cake, cookies, stuffed dates and other delicacies and we intend to use those recipes, every one. But we want something new, too, and here it is, both sensible and frivolous, in the biggest lesson we have ever had. So put your thinking caps on with your cooking uniforms and prepare to work!

First, we shall make Glacé Apples that will be delicious for Christmas supper as well as for many other times during the winter. For this you will need one fine large baking apple for each person to be served. In the recipe we shall plan for five persons; you can make the amounts more or less proportionately as you need. In addition to the apples you will need sugar, butter and red vegetable coloring.

This last is not essential to the recipe but is a pretty addition that makes the dish more festive looking. It will be impossible for the recipe to tell you exactly how much coloring to use as the different brands vary in strength. The best way is to add a tablespoonful, let it dissolve and then see how



## CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

red the syrup appears. It should be a deeper color than you wish the finished apples to be. If the amount of coloring used is not enough, add another table-

spoonful and so on till the right color is made. One or two tablespoonfuls ought to be ample. If you happen to have some red granulated sugar in the pantry, use it instead of white for the final sprinkled-on touch. But as white sugar does nicely, we would not bother to buy red for this use only.

### APPLES GLACÉ

Select five large, firm, baking apples.

Wash and core.

Peel them about a third of the way down, starting at the stem end.

Place them in a deep baking dish. Choose a dish that has a close-fitting cover and is flat enough to allow the apples to set level, close together but not pressing against each other.

Measure into a saucepan 1 cupful of sugar, 1½ cupful of water and one tablespoonful of red vegetable coloring.

Bring to a boil and boil for 6 minutes.

Pour the hot syrup over the apples, being careful to drip it all over the top of each apple.

Cover the dish tightly and set it in the oven which should be heated to 400 degrees.

Bake for 20 minutes, then reduce the heat to 375 degrees and bake till tender which will take about 25 minutes more, 45 minutes in all. Do not bake them so long that the apples lose their shape and get mushy.

Twice during the baking, take the cover off the baking dish and ladle the sauce over the apples. This is called "basting" the apples and gives them the shiny, glacé look that is so attractive. It should be done with a large cooking spoon and care must be taken to use thick holders while removing the baking dish cover.

When the apples are tender, remove the cover from the dish and draw the dish to the edge of the oven or place it on a table near-by.

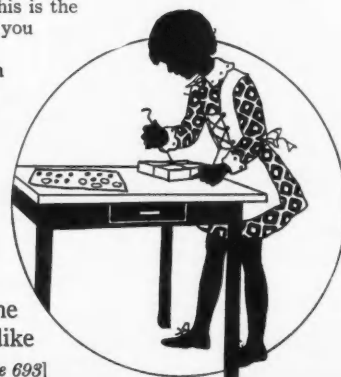
Into each apple drop 1 teaspoonful of butter. This butter should be measured out while the apples are baking so that you are ready to work quickly.

On top the butter, put a teaspoonful of sugar and sprinkle a little more sugar over the peeled surface of the apple. This is the place to use red sugar if you have it.

Place the baking dish under the flame of the broiler until the sugar is melted and the peeled section is a dainty brown. This will not take long. Watch your apples carefully as the sugar will scorch easily if left under the flame too long.

As for serving, some like them hot, some like

[Continued on page 693]





*Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot  
of Park Avenue, New York*

# Mary and Antoinette Pinchot

*Healthy....happy — and guarded  
by this simple care*

They're a jolly pair, with wide and friendly smiles—the little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot. Both youngsters are outdoor girls. In blue chinchilla coats, they ice-skate in Central Park. Or, gingham clad in autumn days, whizz on rollers in the Mall. When school is out they ride and swim, garden and play tennis at their summer home in Milford.

Their father goes through a simple set of exercises with them every evening. Famous child specialists laid out their diet program and their mother watches it with care.



*Mary rides and swims with perfect form. In the summer the children almost live outdoors*



*Antoinette Pinchot, at five, is blonde, blue eyed and bilarious. Mary, who is nine, is taller, darker—and equally merry*



*Antoinette's "Latest favorite book" is "Millions of Cats." She loves animals—and is afraid of nothing*

Each little girl begins her day with the hot, cooked cereal which authorities consider ideal—Cream of Wheat.

"The children started eating Cream of Wheat when they were babies," says Mrs. Pinchot. "It is an accepted part of their health building routine."

When Mary and Antoinette make short work of their bowls of Cream

of Wheat they're doing just what leading child specialists advise. Recently, 221 members of recognized medical societies in four great cities went on record in unanimous approval of Cream of Wheat.

They stress its high carbohydrate content, so rich in energy, and its quick digestibility.

Start your children out ready for the day ahead. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

**FREE**—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION, DEPT. R-27

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

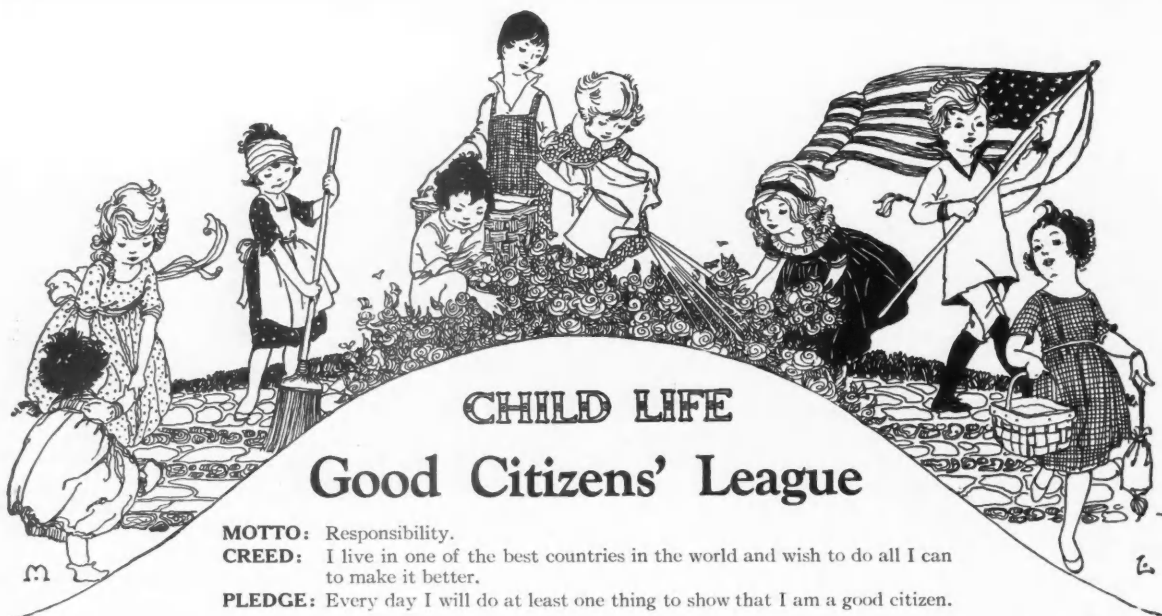
Name of child .....

Street ..... City ..... State .....

To get sample Cream of Wheat check here.....

© 1929, The C. of W. Corp.

**CREAM OF WHEAT**



## CHILD LIFE

### Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

#### A GOOD CITIZEN'S CHRISTMAS

**I** WONDER why we like Christmas better than any other holiday," said David. "We have big family dinners at Thanksgiving time and we get presents on our birthdays. But we like Christmas best."

"I think it's because it's Jesus' birthday," said Miriam softly.

"Yes, I thought of that," said David thoughtfully, "and yet Easter, the day of the Resurrection, is just as beautiful. What do you think, Miss Bradley?"

Miss Bradley, the counselor, smiled at the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League. "I think we like Christmas the best, because on that day, more than at any other time, we think of *giving*. The bustle of preparation, the presents we receive and the jolly family dinner may be incidents that help to make our memory of the day a happy one, but our real joy comes in bringing happiness to others, in memory of the gifts which the Wise Men made to the Baby King on that first Christmas day."

"That's right," David declared fervently. "I'm having more fun making a hanging bookshelf for Mother's Christmas than I've ever had."

This was the signal for the others to begin. Each one, it seemed, was enthusiastic over some gift that he

#### DECEMBER ACTIVITIES

1. I made a present for a needy child.
2. I helped pack a basket for a needy family.
3. I made a present for a relative or friend.
4. I made some of my own Christmas cards.
5. I sent a Christmas card to an older person who might not receive many gifts or cards.
6. I mended some old toys to give away.
7. I helped give a Christmas to the birds, by throwing out crumbs and tying suet to a tree.
8. I earned the money with which to buy one of my Christmas gifts.
9. I helped Mother carry her packages when she went shopping.
10. I did some work as a surprise for Father.
11. I helped with a Christmas play or entertainment.
12. I learned a Christmas carol I did not know before.
13. I read or listened to the story of the first Christmas.
14. I wrapped up some of my own presents.
15. I took some Christmas greens to school—or Sunday school—to help decorate the classroom.
16. I helped decorate my home for Christmas.
17. I learned how the children of another country celebrate Christmas.
18. I learned how some of the old-time American children celebrated Christmas.
19. I did not tease to know about my Christmas gifts or try to find them.
20. I went to bed when told on Christmas Eve.
21. I had only kind and unselfish thoughts when Christmas came.
22. I was careful not to scatter my presents throughout the house.
23. I did some work about the house that made the Christmas work easier for my mother.
24. I thanked everyone promptly who remembered me at Christmas.
25. I either joined a group of carolers who sang in the neighborhood or sang a Christmas carol for my family.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your December lists in time to reach us by January 5, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

had bought or made, that would give particular happiness to someone else. They might find ways of proving their love for their fathers and mothers and friends all through the year, but Christmas brought them the best opportunity of all to make their loved ones happy.

"*Giving* seems to be the word we use more often than any other at Christmas time," said Miss Bradley. "We even speak of *giving* a Christmas entertainment, which is fitting, because if we are successful we bring our audience much happiness. Our league has been asked to present a Christmas play at school this year. I am wondering if you would like to give it afterwards at the orphans' home and the old people's retreat."

"We certainly would," said Elizabeth. "I wish, too, that each one of us could bring some Christmas happiness to someone who might not be remembered."

This suggestion worried a few of the members who didn't have much money to spend; but they soon learned that it didn't necessarily take money. When Christmas had finally come and gone, leaving them tired but happy afterwards, and they had presented their Christmas play three times for three very enthusiastic audiences, they held their final meeting of the month.

"I mended some of my old books

[Continued on page 720]

# Let Us Send Your Child

## A 3-Day Supply of This Delicious Swiss Creation

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink That's Both an Adventure in Deliciousness and an Education in Child-Building



*Watch the Eyes Brighten; New Energy Come; Weight Increase a Pound a Week, and Nervousness Disappear!*

THIS new way comes from Switzerland, the nation whose scientists have done so many remarkable things in child development.

From one end of the world to the other, mothers are adopting it. Results have been so remarkable that its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

### What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

### How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases. Others foster richer blood and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.\*



"Now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad"



My little boy, three years old, had rickets. I tried to build him up with vegetables, fruit juices and medicine, but he got no better. A year ago I started to give him Ovaltine. From the first he started to pick up and is now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad. He takes Ovaltine twice a day and shall continue to do so.

MRS. R. H. WESSEL,  
Grand City, Staten Island, N. Y.

### Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for three-day test. Note the

difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shake-up drink.

\*NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.

### MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.  
180 No. Michigan  
Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Dept. B-12

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

#### SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)



Name.....  
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....  
C.....(One package to a person) 526-R

# JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Learn of a Wonderful Voyage

IT MUST be fun traveling all around the world!" exclaimed Ruth.

Robert nodded, and gazed thoughtfully at the new globe in front of him. "Specially if you can go on one of those 'floating palaces' Captain Wells was telling us about," he murmured drowsily.

Then he closed his eyes for just one moment while he thought over the homecoming party they had just attended for Mildred Wells' seagoing father, and the interesting gifts they had all received. Ruth and Robert had been given the new globe and had eagerly listened to the Captain's adventures.

A low laugh made him sit up with a start.

"I just dropped in a moment to show you how it works," said Captain Wells, bending over the globe and lighting one candle. "I bought it from a queer East Indian magician who said he was a thousand years old. And he said the globe was magic."

Robert peered around the room and shivered delightedly. Everything was very still and he could almost imagine the strange shadows on the wall were mysterious brown men from India doing native dances and performing exciting tricks.

"I brought it more than 30,000 miles," continued Robert's old friend, "because it's the only globe like this in the world. See, I just press it three times here and then—"

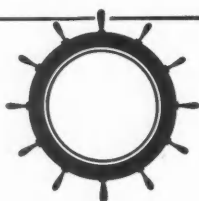
Robert drew in a deep breath. "Why, it's a *living* globe!" he whispered.

The globe in front of him had grown larger and larger, and brighter and brighter. The oceans began to heave like real oceans. The rivers began to flow. Then, suddenly that portion of the world where there was daylight grew very bright, and the region where there was night grew darker and darker.

"Look," whispered Robert excitedly. "Even tiny ships sailing on the oceans!"

The Captain picked up one of them and let Robert examine it through a very powerful magnifying glass. It was perfect in every detail—a real ocean liner.

"It's a model of my ship—the 'Belgenland,'" he explained. "And when I put it here at the port of New York it will follow the course I last took around the world. An invisible elf on board steers it and if you listen closely, he'll tell you about the trip and—"



Captain Wells broke off abruptly and put his finger to his lips. Robert bent stealthily over the little ship. A tiny voice broke the stillness.

"The 'Belgenland' is the flagship of a great fleet of the Red Star Line," whispered the invisible elf. "In the summer this ship takes trips like the rest of the fleet back and forth from Europe to New York. Every winter, though, just before Christmas, the 'Belgenland' starts around the world, following the sun."

The elf paused for breath and Robert smiled at Captain Wells. "That's the trip *you* told us about," he whispered.

The tiny voice went on again. "Have you ever seen the *real* 'Belgenland'? It is a palace with its many great big rooms. Some are larger than you have ever seen. Others are bedrooms—just think of it—for more than one thousand people. And the playroom—what a good time you could have there! All the boys and girls who ride on this ship have such fun with the games and toys—the hobby horses, electric trains, dolls for the girls, and oh, so many puzzles! Yes-sir-ee, Santa is with you for 133 days, for that's how long it takes the ship to go around the world!"

Suddenly the invisible elf stopped speaking. The tiny model of the "Belgenland" gave a soft toot and slid out into the sparkling blue ocean.

Robert watched breathlessly as little puffs of smoke came from the funnels. At each place the ship stopped, the smoke grew bluer and bluer and in its midst cloud pictures of strange regions began to appear.

"I bet that's Havana—the first stop," whispered Robert as he saw some Cuban children at play. And Captain Wells, at his side, nodded.

"Panama Canal next and then on to California," he added, as the ship swiftly sailed on her way. Robert restrained a shout.

"Look, there's Hawaii and see the Japanese children flying their kites! Aren't they quaint with their almond eyes and pretty kimonos? And here we are in China!" For the next few moments

Robert was kept busy watching the ship on the magic globe. Smoke pictures of the Philippine Islands—where the American flag blew overhead—came next, followed shortly by fascinating Siam. Then came

(Continued on page 694)



(Advertisement)





## MACMILLAN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

### SPIN TOP SPIN

BY ELSA EISGRUBER

Exquisite colored pictures of very small people at work and play, printed for us in Germany, with simple nursery rhymes. \$3.00

### ALL ABOUT PETS

BY MARGERY BIANCO

A practical guide to taking care of pets which is at the same time delightful reading. This book tells you how to take care of anything from a dog to an alligator and is full of amusing stories about the author's own pets. There are many photographs and an attractive jacket and endpapers. \$2.00

### THE GOLDSMITH OF FLORENCE

BY KATHARINE GIBSON

Stories of Cellini, Della Robbia, Paul Revere and other great craftsmen of long ago and today. Written by an author who works with children at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Illustrated with over one hundred photographs. \$5.00

### THE FOREST STORY

PICTURES BY RUDOLPH MATES

Stories and rhymes about the hedgehog, the fire-fly and frog, and the rabbit. All illustrated with beautiful colored pictures that have been specially printed for us in Prague. An unusual gift book. \$3.50

### THE GOLDEN GOAT

BY HELEN HILL AND VIOLET MAXWELL

Another story of Provence by the authors of Little Tonino, and the famous Charlie books. Based on an old legend that tells how a little princess saved her mountain town from sorrow. Illustrated from woodcuts by the authors. \$2.00



### LITTLE CHRISTMAS: OR HOW THE TOYS COME

PICTURES BY J. GUTH

A charming legend from Czechoslovakia with many pictures of Little Christmas who brings the toys each year to the boys and girls of Prague. \$2.00

### PEREGRIN AND THE GOLDFISH

BY MRS. TOM SEIDMANN-FREUD

Another gay picture book from Germany which tells the adventures of a small boy who journeys to a strange land with his favorite goldfish. \$2.00

### THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

BY OSCAR WILDE. PICTURES BY PAMELA BIANCO

Wilde's famous tale of the little Spanish princess and the dwarf who danced for her on her birthday has been illustrated in unusual color and black and white. This is a companion volume to The Land of Dreams. \$2.25

Limited signed edition \$5.00

### THE BALLAD OF TANGLE STREET

PICTURES AND STORY BY PEGGY BACON

This is the tale of an independent cat told in rhyme and such extraordinary pictures as only Peggy Bacon can draw. No one can afford to miss the adventures of this cat who lived on a typical city street. \$2.50

### MISS PERT'S CHRISTMAS TREE

PICTURES BY J. PAGET-FREDERICKS

A big red Christmas story book with unusual pictures in color and black and white. Just the gift for boys and girls under ten. \$3.50



ASK AT YOUR BOOKSHOP FOR OUR NEW CATALOG,  
READING LISTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK  
CHICAGO

BOSTON  
DALLAS

ATLANTA  
SAN FRANCISCO



# Playing is important business!



Dolly Duck

WHAT self-expressing lady of two wouldn't feel safer on her adventurous walks across the room with such a squawking, altogether lovable guide as Dolly Duck? . . . Squawk and all—\$1.00

Where's the young gentleman of three or thereabouts who wouldn't adore the ferocious Growly-Grouch! Who would dare say "No" to such a bold knight and his fearful pup? The pup costs \$1.00



Growly-Grouch

## Capital City Air Derby for 1940 Flyers!

'Tisn't too soon to begin this serious job of flying. Knowing one's way across country well comes in handy when one's flying hours begin. For adventurers aged 8-12 Capital City Air Derby is a wow of a game. A cross country hop—detours—visits at all the capitols—race—n'everything for \$1.00



Capital City Air Derby

## Poor Jenny or The Mishaps of a Little Donkey

A donkey in trouble is cause for fun any day. This donkey's trouble is a boy's fun! . . . Donkey trouble, dusky cook, and all—50¢ For youngsters from 5 to 10.



Poor Jenny

# ALL-FAIR INC



# ALL-FAIR INC

**ATTENTION PARENTS:** All-Fair Toys and Games are made with the full knowledge of "Johnnie's" and "Susie's" strength. They'll last unusually long. Colorfully painted. Some are instructive; all are fun. Ask your dealer for toys illustrated or mail the coupon, or write for our big illustrated catalog.

ALL-FAIR, INC., Churchville, N. Y.

Enclosed is..... Please send, prepaid ☐ Growly-Grouch, ☐ Dolly Duck. ☐ Capitol City Air Derby. ☐ Poor Jenny. ☐ Send complete catalogue with prices of All-Fair Games and Toys.

Name .....

Address .....



By CONSTANCE J. WARDELL

FOLKS often wonder where chimney swifts spend the winter. Father Chimney Swift chuckled to himself as he rowed along above the autumn fields using first one wing, then the other, like an oar. His kind cousin, Mr. Harry Nighthawk, had just sent him word by Percy Pigeon of a very promising winter apartment. Father Chimney Swift meant to investigate it at once. It was high time he was getting the family settled for the long, cold months. Straight over the tallest fir trees he flew until he came to a friendly wooden house with a wide brick chimney.

"This must be the place," mused Father Chimney Swift as he inspected Harry Nighthawk's telegram again. "Yes, white house surrounded by pine trees close to lake. Family gone to town for season."

Down the chimney he dipped, head first, hanging on to the rough stones with his sharp claws and sharper tail.

"Just the place for Mother and the children," he decided happily. "Well dried out by summer fires. As safe as safe can be! I must see to moving at once. There's that matter of new calling cards to attend to, also. I'll order some elegant birch-bark ones from Peter Woodpecker to-morrow."

Feeling very important and quite busy, he darted home to tell Mother Chimney Swift and the babies the good news. Now Mother Chimney Swift was an excellent housekeeper, very economical in all her ways. She produced at once a great batch of twigs which she had snapped off the trees with her beak and stored safely away against just such an emergency.

"For once we'll have a really grand home!" she sighed happily. "Only I do wish, Chester dear, that I had some of those lovely bits of colored wool to decorate the place."

Father Chimney Swift didn't see where she could

possibly find such luxuries this time of year with ladies no longer doing their fancywork out-of-doors. He was quite frank to add also that a woman ought to be satisfied with a strong nest in a sound spot without any fussy touches.

So they tended to the construction of the neat little home which they glued together in lattice form with juices from their mouths and stuck firmly to the inside of the chimney. They were able to move in, bag and baggage, on the birds' October Moving Day. The months passed rapidly and before they knew it, cold December came in with its snows and sleet. The bird family were snug as could be in their cozy little house. When a bit of snow drifted down the chimney Mother Chimney Swift brushed it off tidily with her straw-

stick broom. The children loved to wade about in the smaller drifts. But she had to forbid it because she was quite sure they would get their feet wet, and no careful mother could stand for that.

Meantime old Mr. Santa Claus was busily making preparations in his North Pole workshop for a Merry Christmas. He never once thought of the Chimney Swift family, for whoever heard of giving presents to birds? The morning mail a few days before Christmas brought in a huge sack of letters.

"My correspondence is certainly growing heavy," sighed Santa. "Here, Mrs. Claus, is another change of address.

Little Willy Wiggle says to be sure and remember that he's spending the holidays in the country this year. Just jot it down in my notebook, please."

Little Willy Wiggle would have been so pleased if he had only heard that, for he was very nervous for fear his note had gone astray. For the thousandth time he fretted to his mother as they climbed into the big automobile on the day before Christmas,



"Do you suppose Santa will remember? We've never spent Christmas in the country before!"

Willy Wiggle's mother had more than that to worry about before they reached the country home, for an enormous snow storm set in and Willy Wiggle's father could scarcely see a few feet ahead of him. Night was coming on, too, and they could glimpse no lights through the cloudy mists of whirling snowflakes. They floundered dizzily ahead until the big wheels ran into a high drift and refused to spin again.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Willy Wiggle's mother. "Whatever will we do?"

Of course, Santa Claus wasn't running into any such difficulties with his fine sleigh. The reindeer were in excellent shape this crystal Christmas Eve. Their heads thrown back, their bells ringing, they sailed merrily over the snow-banked hills and valleys. Santa was studying his notebook and sorting out gifts.

"Whoa, there, boys!" he called. "This must be the place where we leave Willy Wiggle's sword and drum."

All this time Mother Chimney Swift, in the warm little nest, was singing her babies to sleep. Little Johnny Chimney Swift was being very naughty. He refused to close his eyes.

"But, Mother, I tell you, I heard two boys on the road talking about a man named Santa Claus. He is going to bring them a lot of presents to-night. Will he bring me something, too?"

It was exciting the rest of the children, though Mother Chimney Swift explained patiently over and over again that Santa Claus doesn't come to birds.

"But it's not fair! I want him to!" sobbed silly little Sarah Chimney Swift.

Long after she had quieted them all down Mother Chimney Swift lay wide awake wondering how she could make a real Christmas for her babies. There just didn't seem to be any way out. It was a good thing, too, that she had not fallen asleep, for



suddenly she heard the most frightful racket on the roof. Whatever could be happening?

She nudged Father Chimney Swift until he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, hurry, Chester, and see what's the matter."

Father Chimney Swift had just pulled on his sooty gray trousers when a great big foot felt its way cautiously over the top of the chimney. Both Mother and Father Chimney

Swift set up such a clamor that the boot disappeared and a funny red face with long white whiskers peered down the chimney instead.

"Bless my soul," said the booming voice, "if it isn't a cozy little family of chimney swifts!"

And "Mercy me!" exclaimed Mother Chimney Swift. "If it isn't Mr. Santa Claus!"

"My sakes!" said Santa Claus. "This is a fine how-to-do! I've had word to deliver Christmas presents here. And the house is empty except for a family of birds!"

"Maybe you're supposed to leave the gifts for my babies," suggested Mrs. Chimney Swift hopefully with a pretty curtsy.

"I'm afraid they wouldn't take kindly to a sword and drum," chuckled Santa Claus. "This is a difficulty. Here I'm supposed to take on a Christmas for the birds, too."

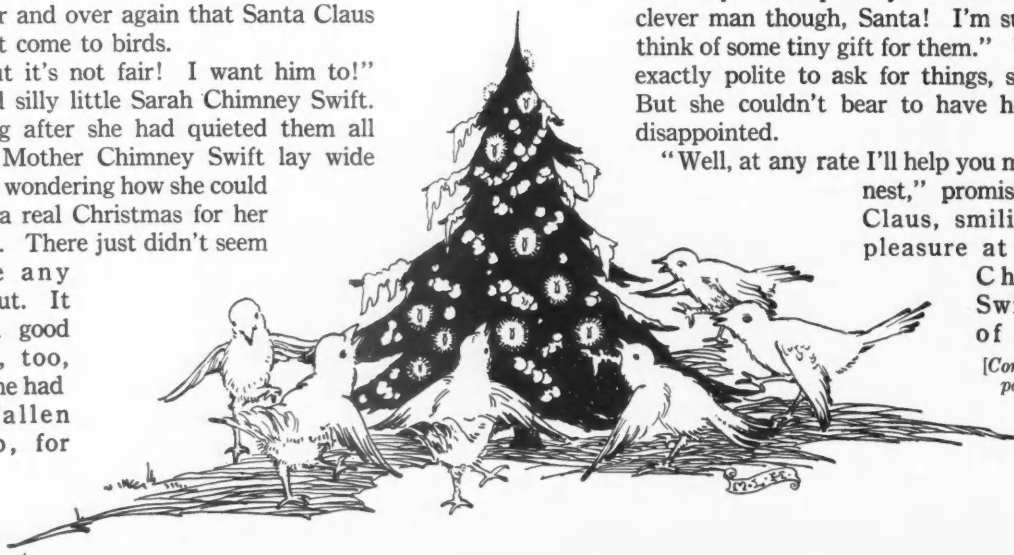
He peered into his pack with dismay.

"Dolls and rattles and bicycles and tops but never a single marble bird bath!"

"Oh, I'm sure my darlings wouldn't want anything so expensive as that," protested Mother Chimney Swift prettily. "You're such a clever man though, Santa! I'm sure you'll think of some tiny gift for them." It wasn't exactly polite to ask for things, she knew. But she couldn't bear to have her babies disappointed.

"Well, at any rate I'll help you move your nest," promised Santa Claus, smiling with pleasure at Mother Chimney Swift's bit of pretty

[Continued on page 708]





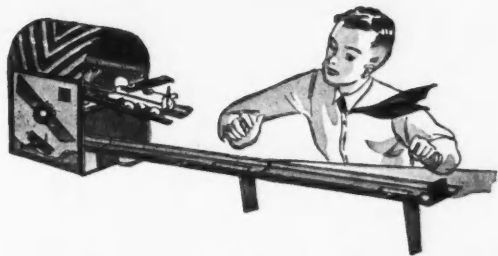


## Santa goes on a Toy inspection and reports

### DEAR CHILDREN:

Knowing what a problem it is for you to decide just what you want for Christmas, I hitched up my two reindeer and made a personal tour of the place where Wolverine toys are created. There I found many, many interesting things you all would like. . . . And to help you, I have listed the most enjoyable of these. Take your choice and write me early.

Santa Claus



### "Lindy, Himself, Would Have Liked This Fleet Flyer"

. . . The last word in action! The swift little plane darts out of its hangar, drops from upper to lower track and races to the end. Then just as speedily it reverses and returns into the hangar. A special lifting device then raises it for another exciting journey. Fleet Flyer only needs one winding for many of these thrilling trips. Easily set up. Staunchly made of heavy gauge metal. Fleet Flyer No. 26—25½" long. Price.....\$1.00

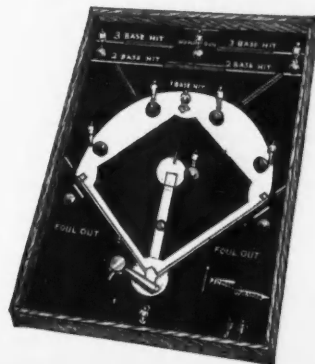
### "... Ho! ... The Merry Miller and his Comic Antics!"

Merry Miller is a fantastic new "Sandy Andy" sand toy. What a wealth of fun it is watching the Merry Miller perform. As the mill wheel revolves, loaded with sand, he persistently tries to get around the corner of his house, followed by his dog; and there is friend wife, waiting with her rolling pin. Long-lasting action. All set up ready for play. Attractively colored. Can of sand included. Merry Miller No. 77—12" high. Price.. \$1.00



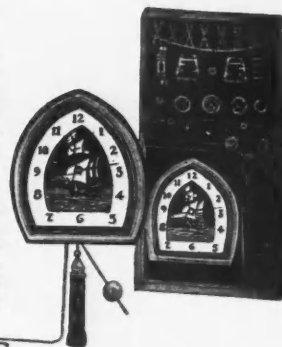
### "Play your own ball game with Pennant Winner"

Here is a true-to-life ball game that includes every big league feature. Two players operate Pennant Winner. By pressing hidden springs pitcher can deliver fast or slow ball 'cross the plate, trying to outguess the batter. If the ball is hit, little players on field try to make put-outs. Ball actually moves in play. Fascinating for old fans as well as young. Made of heavy gauge metal in mahogany frame with metal corners. Pennant Winner No. 157—25"x17¾" Price.....\$7.50



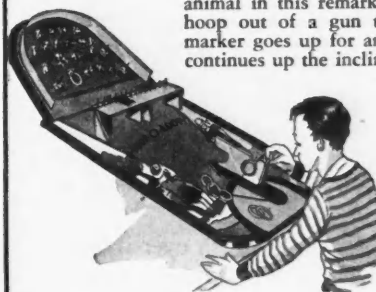
### "Build a Clock that actually keeps time!" . . .

Every real boy would like a construction set that would show him how to make a clock—and make it actually keep time! . . . All the parts are identified and presented in a handsome outfit. Each unit is carefully tested for mechanical perfection. An instruction book, easily followed, is enclosed with each set. The completed clock is strikingly attractive, the face being lithographed in five colors. Fascinating and educational. Size of box 19½" x 9¾". Mak-A-Clock No. 45. Price \$4.50



### "A Big Hunting Game for Little Marksmen . . ."

How proud a little hunter will be to bag a jungle animal in this remarkable game! He shoots a hoop out of a gun through a bridge where marker goes up for an initial score. The hoop continues up the incline, where it is caught (if the aim is good) by one of 21 pegs for an added score. Each peg is numbered and illustrated by a jungle animal. All set up, ready for play. 6 hoops included. Hoop-O-Loop No. 156—19" long. Price, \$1.00



### "Every Little Housekeeper Will Want This Washing Set"



When mother does her laundering her little helper can do hers at the same time. Sunny Suzy Laundry Set No. 4 (illustrated) contains enameled metal wash tub, glass surface washboard, clothes reel, bag of clothespins, galvanized wringer with rubber rollers, clothes basket, large all-wood ironing board and real electric iron. All pieces richly enameled in blue. Price... \$5.00 Set No. 3—Same number of pieces, with smaller ironing board and regular (non-electric) iron. Price, \$3.25

THE WOLVERINE TOY FAMILY includes playthings for every age and play mood. If unobtainable locally we will ship them postpaid on receipt of money order. Outside the United States add 25% to prices. Write for Free Copy of "TOY TOPICS." Chockful of cheery chats on new, interesting toys.

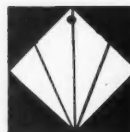
WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO., 1202 Western Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me, FREE, a copy of "Toy Topics," including a list of toy suggestions selected according to age.

Name.....

Print Plainly, Please

Address..... City.....



## CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS

By MIRIAM M. WHITE

**H**ERE are twelve Christmas tree decorations you can make yourself. They are of all sizes, shapes, and colors. They will make your tree as gay and festive as you can wish.

### PAINTED PARAFFIN BALLS

Heat a cake of paraffin until it is soft enough to mold into balls. Make them any size you wish. From a spool of wire, not too fine, cut pieces from four to six inches long. These are to hang the balls from the tree. Before each ball hardens, insert one end of a piece of wire into it. When the wires are firmly held in the balls, paint each ball a bright color with oil paints.

### SNOWFLAKES

Cut a circle with a four-inch diameter out of white or gold paper. Fold the four-inch circle in half. Now fold this into thirds, so that when the paper is opened you will see six creases going out from the center. Keep the circle folded in sixths, and cut a big V out of the top. This makes all six points of the star at once. With sharp scissors or a knife make a lacy pattern by cutting out delicate designs, such as tiny circles, zigzags, triangles, and by punching holes.

Next open out the star, and brush over it lightly with a thin, clear mucilage. As quickly as possible shake mica crystals over it. You can buy a box of these at the ten-cent store, and one box is enough for many snowflakes. When the first side is dry, cover the other side in the same way.

### SNOWBALLS

Cut two circles the same size out of white cloth. Sew them together, leaving an opening into which you can stuff cotton batting, to make a ball. Sew up the opening. Then brush over the balls with thin transparent mucilage, and roll in mica crystals. Hang them on the tree.

### CORNUCOPIAS

There are two very pretty ways to hang candy on the tree besides stringing it.

One is to put it in bright colored cornucopias,

To make one of these, take a six-inch square of plain or figured paper. Fold this in half to make a triangle, and crease. Now open it out, and lay it in front of you so that the crease is running toward you. Take the corner to your right and fold it over to the center crease. Do the same with the corner to your left, and crease both flaps down. Their sides should touch in the middle of the crease.

Open out the right flap, leaving the left one folded over. Put glue on it. Now hold your hand under this flap, between it and the back of the cornucopia. Fold the right hand flap over the other, until the one with glue is covered by it. Press them together until they are firmly glued. Punch a hole in the tip at the back of the cornucopia and run a ribbon through to suspend it from the tree.

### BONBONNIERES

Cut an oblong of white tissue paper six inches long and five inches wide. Cut fringe an inch deep at each of the narrow ends. With water colors paint the fringe on one end red and on the other end green. Lay a big piece of candy in the center of the paper and twist the ends around it. Fluff out the fringe. You can hang these to the tree by tying colored string around the twisted part.

### CANDY FESTOONS

String small, bright-colored candies on heavy thread. Select candies that are not too hard for a needle to go through.

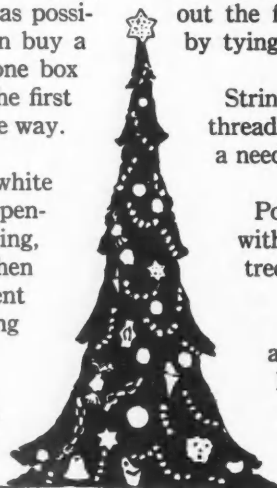
### POP-CORN FESTOONS

Pop grains of pop corn, and string them with a needle and thread to festoon on the tree.

### PAPER CHAINS

Cut colored paper into strips four and a half inches by one and a half inches. Red and green, or gold and silver are effective combinations. Paste one end of

[Continued on page 710]



# *At Last! A Christmas Economy for Parents that Lives for Many Years!*



**H**ERE is the most glorious opportunity to save money at Christmas time ever offered busy, conscientious mothers and fathers. You prefer not to think of economy too much at this season. It is an open hearted, open handed time. Expense means very little because you are trying to create boundless happiness regardless of the cost. And nothing is too good for your boy and your girl.

Now you can provide the young people you love most with the best books obtainable—twelve volumes a year—selected by seven famous educators, at a great cash saving. And you need not pay for it at once. Low as the subscription fee is, it need not be paid now, while the effect of Christmas is straining the purse, but may be divided into convenient payments over a period of months.

You know how all boys and girls love books. You know how impossible it is for you to find the best ones for them. Now, Carl Van Doren, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Angelo Patri, Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, Helen Ferris, Katherine Ulrich and Harford Powel, Jr., find those books for you. The books pictured here are a few of their past selections. Some of these were sent to the younger children, from 8 to 12; others to boys between 12 and 16 and a third group to girls between 12 and 16. Each young

member receives the books most appropriate to his age, specially printed and bound for members only with illustrations by world famous artists.

## Special Christmas Offer

To make membership in the Junior Guild the most nearly perfect Christmas gift procurable at any price, all boys and girls who are enrolled before Christmas will be *Charter Members*. They will receive the beautiful pin, a subscription to their own magazine *Young Wings*, and the special December selection which falls in their age group. *That* makes a Christmas package that would gladden any heart. Rush the coupon to the Guild now, *at once*, so that you may study the plan, understand the tremendous saving and *make your boy or girl a member in time for Christmas Day!* An appropriate Christmas card will be sent you so that you can advise your boy or girl of this unusual gift in the true Christmas spirit.

## THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

Dept. 31-C. L.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD,  
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 31-C. L.,  
New York, N. Y.

You may send full details of the Junior Guild plan at once. No obligation of course.

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State .....

Master }  
Miss } ..... Age .....



## No Disappointments Christmas Morning

*if you make this seal of quality  
your buying guide*

A SCURRY and clatter on the stairs—Jimmy takes to the bannister for speed. It's a moment of fluttering uncertainty.

Will the Christmas gifts be what the children wanted? And will they survive the first onslaught of enthusiastic play?

Perhaps you can remember a childhood Christmas of your own spent in tears for a new doll with a broken head.

Parents the country over now have such a simple means of eliminating disappointments on Christmas morning. An easy plan that cuts to a minimum the hazards in purchasing toys, games and wheel goods.

They look first for the manufacturer's statement of quality and then for that reliable endorsement of his claims—the Child Life Seal of Approval.

The toys that carry this seal are toys that children like. And they are built to last.

They have met all the stringent requirements of the Child Life Home Laboratory and qualified fully on the counts of mechanical perfection, construction, safety and workmanship.

They have been *play-tested* by children themselves under conditions as severe as any to which they are likely to be submitted!

Let the Child Life Home Laboratory help you in the purchase of gifts for the children. Look for the Seal of Approval—a common-sense index to wise selection.

For your convenience we list at the right the manufacturers to whom it has been awarded.

### List of manufacturers in this issue whose toys carry the Child Life Seal of Approval

All-Fair, Incorporated  
Amberg & Son, Louis  
American Crayon Company  
American Flyer Mfg. Co.  
American Manufacturing Concern  
Ammidon & Company  
Arcade Manufacturing Co.  
Ballard Pencil Company  
Binney & Smith Company  
Chicago Roller Skate Co.  
Colson Company  
Crosman Brothers  
Dowst Manufacturing Co.  
John H. Eggers Company  
Excel Electric Company  
Fox Gun Company, A. H.  
Gerling Toy Company  
Harris Hdw. & Mfg. Co.  
Horsman Company, E. I.  
Hubley Manufacturing Company  
Ideal Aeroplane & Supply Co., Inc.  
Imprint Pencil Company  
Ives Corporation  
Janesville Products Company  
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works  
Jo-Jo Toy Company  
Kiddie Gym Company  
Kindermart Importing Co.  
Kingsbury Manufacturing Co.  
Knapp Electric Company  
KoKoMo Stamped Metal Co.  
G. B. Lewis Company  
Liberty Playthings, Inc.  
Lincoln Logs  
Littlefield Mfg. Company  
Madmar Quality Company  
Martini Artists Color Laboratories  
Merrill-O-Toy Corporation  
Metallcraft Corporation  
Metal Ware Corporation  
Nu-Scope Company  
Paramount Manufacturing Co.  
A. H. Patch  
Playkool Institute  
Playroom Equipment Co.  
Peters & Co., F. D.  
Roderick Payne, Inc.  
Richmond School Furniture Co.  
Rosebud Art Company  
Savage Arms Corporation  
Schoenhut Company, The A.  
S. & H. Novelty Company  
Selchow & Righter  
Toy Furniture Shop  
Twinsy Toy Company  
Wildier Manufacturing Co.  
Wolverine Supply & Mfg. Co.

# CHILD LIFE

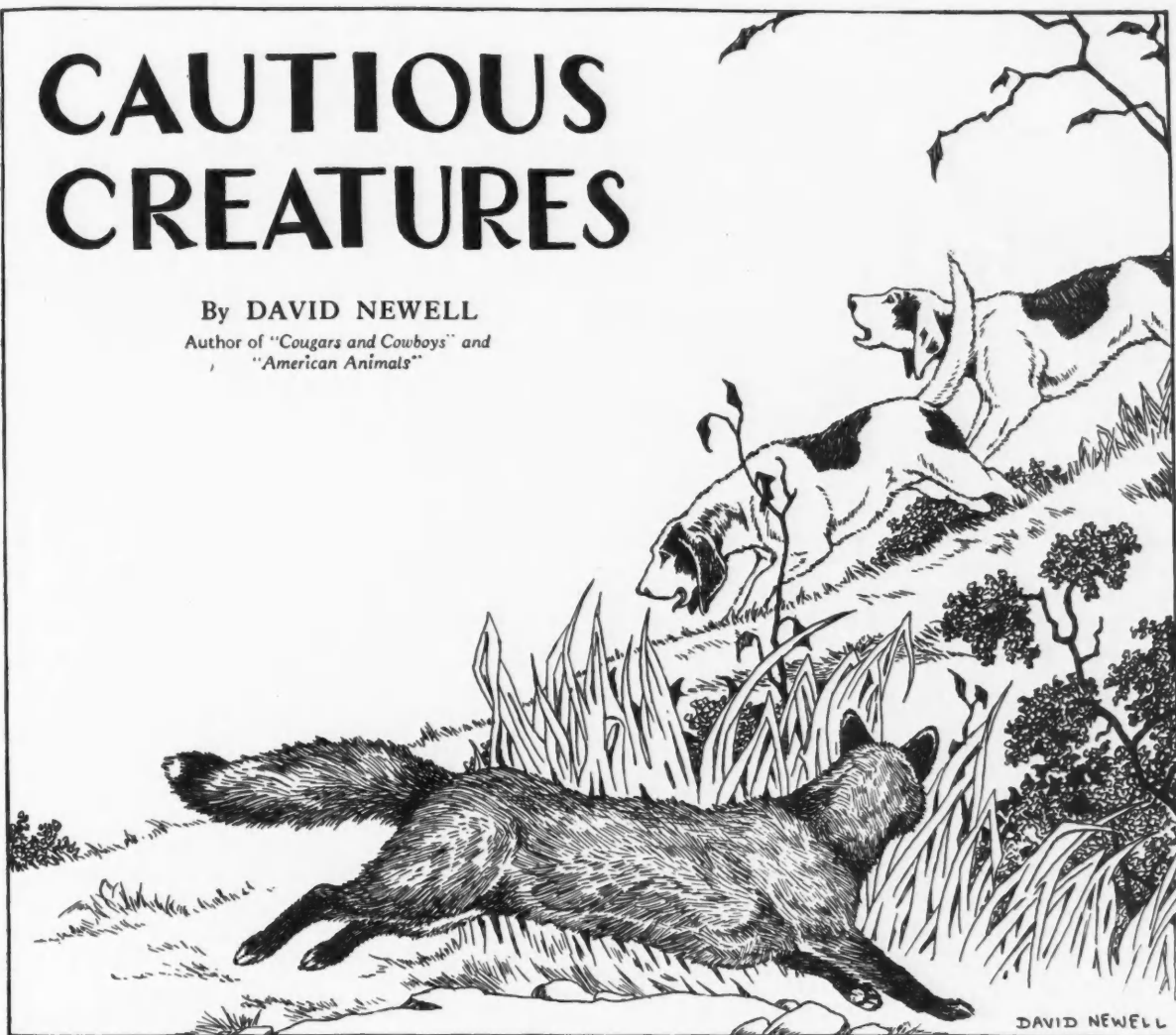
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois



# CAUTIOUS CREATURES

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys" and  
"American Animals"



## RED FOX

**H**ERE you see an old red fox up to one of his smart tricks? He had been wandering around all night, stealing a fat hen from Farmer Jim's yard, catching a field mouse on the hillside, and snooping around in other places where he had no business. Just at daylight he heard the baying of hounds floating over the hills, and he fluffed his tail and growled, for he could tell from the direction of the dogs that they were on his trail.

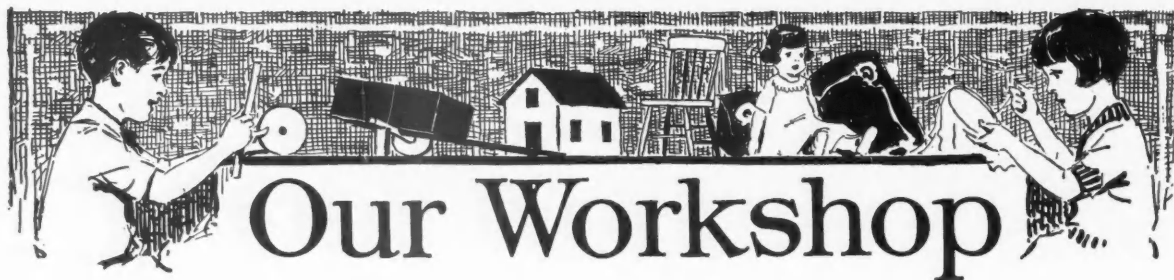
As a matter of fact, I hope you children won't have *too* much sympathy for red fox, because he is really not very scared, you know. These same dogs have chased him many a time before, and he is more annoyed than anything else. Sometimes when he is feeling good, he really enjoys a good run with the hounds, but this particular morning he is tired and wants to curl up in a shady place to sleep. So when the dogs get closer he immediately doubles back on his own track to fool them. You can see that he is running right back in the direction from

which the dogs have come!

But the two hounds are eager and fresh, and they will soon straighten out the trail and go bawling off after red fox as hard as they can go. Then he'll have to resort to more tricks. It would take me almost two years to tell you about all the tricks red fox has in his sly little brain, but one of his best ones is to find a stream of running water. It would not do him any good to cross a pond, because dogs can trail better in water than on land—that is, if the water is not running. But when red fox finds a stream he will wade along in the edge of it for a quarter of a mile or more, and then run out into a field.

In some parts of the country, red fox must watch carefully for fishers. These big, black weasels are fierce and strong, and all foxes are afraid of them. But as a rule, dogs and men are what red fox has to outwit, and old fox hunters will tell you that he is pretty good at fooling both dogs and men!

(For contest directions see page 679)



**D**O YOUR Christmas workshop-  
ping early!

Then there will be time to complete each gift that you start. It is fun making gifts when you need not rush the work, but not when you attempt several days' work in one. Then things generally go wrong, and you complete part of the gifts, and must promise the others. That is disappointing. Bear in mind that paint or enamel must be applied carefully, and that it requires time to dry. A last minute job seldom is satisfactory.

The toy wardrobe trunk shown in Figure 1 is just what your sister or girl cousin needs for her tiny dolls' things. The drawing shows a model made by my daughter, Ruth, eleven years old, with one or two improvements which add to its completeness. The trunk box is one of the small recipe cabinets sold in stationery stores (Figure 2). It measures  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and 4 inches high. You can build a box like it out of the thin wood of cigar boxes, but it probably will not be as strong.

Having obtained the box, line the inside with wallpaper. The paper must have a small pattern. If you do not find suitable paper in the storeroom, go to a paint store. The dealer probably has an old wallpaper sample book from which he will tear out something suitable. A small piece is enough. Cut two pieces of equal size to fit in the box top and bottom, coat them with library paste, slip them

By A. NEELY HALL  
Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies,"  
"Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," etc

## A DOLL'S WARDROBE TRUNK AND A SOLITAIRE PUZZLE BOARD

into place, and smooth out all wrinkles with a cloth. Then cut strips to fit the sides and ends of the box and cover, and paste them to the wood. Fit the edges

and corners neatly.

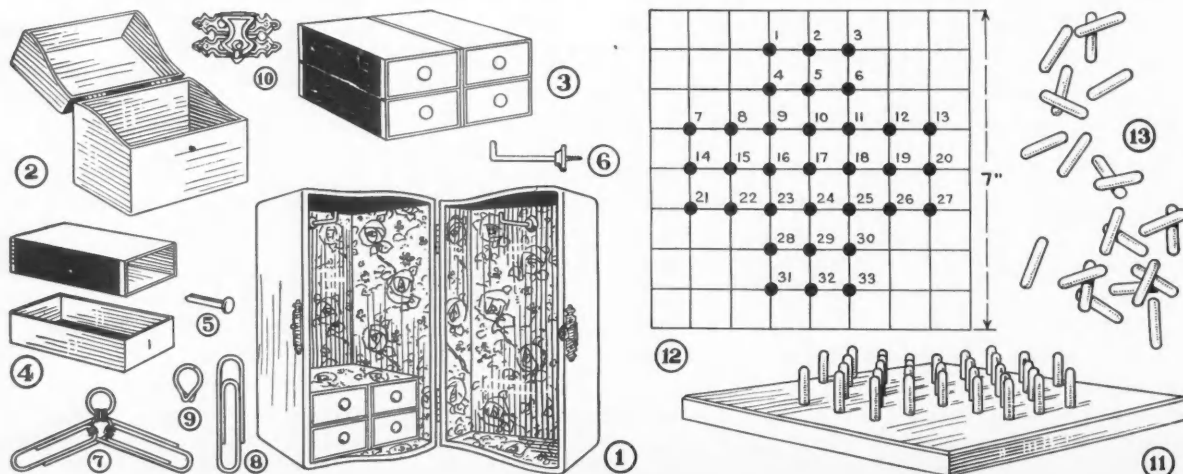
The four drawers are safety-match boxes. Placed side by side, they will be a trifle narrower than the inside width of the box. Fit a piece of cardboard between them (Figure 3) so that they will make a snug fit. Glue the boxes to the cardboard and to each other, then coat their sides with glue, and slip the four into the trunk box. Remove each box from its slide cover (Figure 4), and attach a round-headed paper fastener (Figure 5) to the end for a knob. Paste a strip of the wallpaper lining to the top of the drawers.

Buy two screw-hooks (Figure 6), and screw them into the inside of the trunk bottom and cover, as shown in Figure 1, to support coat hangers. Make several coat hangers like that in Figure 7 of paper-clips of the forms shown in Figures 8 and 9. Lap the larger clips, as shown in Figure 8, and sew them together with thread; then sew one of the smaller clips to them for a ring to loop over the trunk hooks.

Finish the outside of the wardrobe trunk with green, red or black enamel. You can apply enamel, but not lacquer, directly over the varnished surface.

An ornamental box catch of the form shown in Figure 10 makes a good trunk lock. Buy one at

[Continued on page 698]



## CAUTIOUS CREATURES

### CONTEST

ON PAGE 677 you will find a story and picture of "Red Fox," fourth of six stories and pictures about animals to be published in the Cautious Creatures Contest, which David Newell, the well-known artist naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. In the August issue you read about "Gray Squirrel," in the September number about "Deer," in the October issue about "Jack Rabbit," and in the November issue about "Flying Squirrel." Choose three of the animals in the contest and write a story about them. This story must not be over five hundred words in length and should tell how each of the three animals escapes its enemies, where it lives, and what it eats.

There will be eight prizes for the best stories. The first prize will be a pet puppy and an autographed copy of David Newell's interesting new book, "American Animals." The second prize will be autographed copies of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals," both by Mr. Newell; the next six prizes will be copies of the animal book.

When the contest is concluded (the last story and picture of the contest will appear in the January issue), send your stories to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12, 1930. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.



## CHRISTMAS PINES

BERNICE POWELL PEABODY

**O** LITTLE Pine Tree in the wood,  
Perhaps, if you are very good,  
When Christmas comes, they'll let  
you wear  
A Christmas present in your hair!

**I**'m a most important person  
though I'm small and hard and brown  
My name is Johnnie Wheatseed,  
and I grow outside your   
I'll go to sleep in the  next fall,  
the  will keep me warm,  
Then Mr.  will ripen me  
all summer on the   
So Jones can harvest me  
when I am plump and brown  
And send me in a long, fast   
to bright, Wheatena town  
'Tis here that all small -seeds hope  
that some day they may come,  
To be made into Wheatena  
and, within this spotless home,  
Be roasted in bright, giant pans  
until they're sweet and good,  
And full of -like flavor  
that all  love in food  
Wheatena builds sound bodies,  
—and  both strong and fleet,  
... So, boys and girls,



Wheatena is  
the cereal  
to eat.

### Free Sample

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—Wheatena—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Name .....

Address .....

### Send for this book

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.

# "YES,

*but my mother  
makes things  
good!"*



THE photographer caught her in her bright red legging-suit and bright red mittens, leaning on the fence, against dazzling snow. We couldn't help asking, "You drink lots of milk, don't you?" knowing by her pink, full cheeks that she did. She laughed till her dimples showed, "Oh, yes!"

"Do you eat fruit at breakfast?"

"Yes!"

"And do you like eggs?"

She thought it was a game. "Yes!"

"And carrots?"

"Yes!"

"You do?"

She widened her eyes at us. "Why?"

"Well, most little girls your age don't, do they?"

"Yes, but *my mother makes things good!*" And she was leaning again placidly on the fence, smiling at us.

Yes, and all mothers should make things good, we thought, and wanted every mother to be sure their little girls and boys drink plenty of milk, and eat plenty of good milk desserts. "Custards," we wanted to say . . . "Cream Tapioca" . . . "Chocolate Mousse"—seeing the white snow all around for easy packing.

Then we wondered how many mothers were putting a little sugar in the child's cereal so she would enjoy that dish. And how many were preparing fruit with a little sugar for breakfast and dessert. We wanted every mother to know about heating the canned

vegetables with a little sugar (or cooking the fresh vegetables with a little) to make these taste better.

Contented children—happy children—can scarcely be less than well-fed children. The wonder of sugar is the way it helps mothers make things "good," for good food promotes good health.

Try cooking six beets in boiling water with a level teaspoon of sugar. Cook till tender. Chill, slip off skins, slice, cover with two tablespoons melted butter—a little salt, sugar, paprika. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York City.

*Here are three perfect menus for one snowy day. Use them on the same day. They total a balanced diet.*

#### BREAKFAST (warming and awakening)

Hot Wheat Cereal with Sliced Apples, a little Sugar, and Cream  
\*Mushrooms with Bacon      Buttered Toast  
Hot Cocoa

#### LUNCHEON (nourishing and good)

Hot Celery Bouillon      \*Popcorn-and-Egg Balls  
\*Egg Shirred with Tomatoes  
\*Beet Salad      \*Cottage Cheese Dressing  
Milk      Cinnamon-and-Sugar Cookies

#### DINNER (quick to prepare, sure to please)

\*Rice Mold filled with Chopped Chicken, Gravy, and Tomato Sauce  
\*Steamed Spinach      Brown Bread and Butter  
\*Orange "Pie" with \*Frozen Whipped Cream  
Milk

*The recipes starred will be sent gladly on request.*

## CHRISTMAS IN CAROL AND SONG

[Continued from page 637]

"Lulla, lulla, thou little tiny child;  
By, by, lullay, lullay, thou little tiny child,

By, by, lullay, lullay."

So you see that the real Christmas spirit in Grandfather's time, as well as our own, is expressed in music. Joyous singing cannot be separated from our festival of Jesus' birth any more than the Fourth of July can be celebrated without the Stars and Stripes. For Christmas songs and Christmas chimes are natural expressions of our loyalty to the standards of love and kindness which were given to us by the Holy Christmas Child.

Worship and wholesome fun have always gone hand in hand at Yuletide. The old English custom of going "a-wassailing" on the Eve of the Twelfth Day after Christmas, must have been loads of fun. The boys and girls would go out after supper into the orchard with a large pan full of cider, and standing under a most fruitful tree, they would sing:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree!  
Whence thou mayst bud and  
whence thou mayst blow,  
And whence thou mayst have  
apples enow.

Hats full, caps full,  
Bushel-bushel-sacks full,  
And my pockets full too.

Hurrah!"

And after drinking part of the cider, the rest was thrown on the tree amid the shouting of the company. Now that was called "wassailing" the trees, and since "wassail" means (in the old Anglo-Saxon language) *good health*, it was not long before the youths and maidens began to "wassail" (to wish *good health* to) friends and neighbors. And so door-to-door singing of this old carol was begun:

"Here we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green,  
Here we come a-wandering,  
So fair to be seen . . ."

In very olden days the people sang and feasted from midnight Christmas Eve to the twelfth day after the day of Jesus' birth. Later on, in Scotland and in England, caroling from door to door, by boys

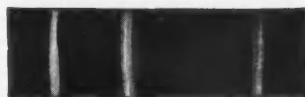
[Continued on page 701]



# A CHRISTMAS LETTER

by Nancy Clinton

Dear Santa Claus, I thought I'd better write you just a little to tell you what we'd love to see all around our Christmas tree. Ellen wants a baby- and a and a Harry wants some and oh, a electric that's sure to go; and a and a suit, and a for him to toot. John wants a and and and camping that really cooks. . . But please, I'd rather than all that have just a cuddly pussy-



PLAYSKOOL, the Home Kindergarten. Selected kindergarten materials housed in an attractive, sturdy desk. The leading product of PLAYSKOOL Institute. Price, \$16.50

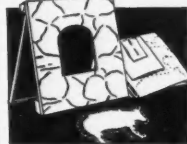


## GIFTS. that become part of their lives . . .

### Playskool Institute Products Teach as They Entertain



PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box, — a fascinating peg-board outfit. Maybe used with or without PLAYSKOOL, the Home Kindergarten. In painted wood box, \$3.00



Whoof Whoof, the Brown Bear Bean Bag Game. Fun to make — fun to play! Price \$1.25

YOUR child's Christmas gifts should provide pleasure and entertainment, of course. But PLAYSKOOL Institute products offer more!

—In addition to happy hours of amusement, they also offer your child a means of self expression, an outlet for creative instincts and opportunity to make things and learn things.

PLAYSKOOL, The Home Kindergarten, Whoof Whoof, The Brown Bear Bean Bag Game, PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box, the KNOWOOD Kit and the Little Peggy Box are all founded on the PLAYSKOOL idea of "learning while playing." All are sponsored and approved by the PLAYSKOOL Institute Council of child educators, practical teachers and parents.

If you are not yet acquainted with the PLAYSKOOL idea use the coupon below to order one or more of these products or at least the "Get Acquainted Package." Then you will know why these are gifts that become "part of a child's life."



KNOWOOD, 24 wood studies, in a strong wood box. Each species labeled, with pictures of leaves and seeds of tree. Price \$2.00



Little Peggy Box, — a smaller peg-board set in a sturdy cardboard container, \$1.00

**PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE**  
594 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
A DIVISION OF EDWIN SCHWABER WOODS COMPANY

Dealers, everywhere, sell PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE Products

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

12-CL-29

Gentlemen: Please send me the items checked below for which I enclose \$.....

- |   |           |
|---|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> One PLAYSKOOL Home Kindergarten..... | @ \$16.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One Whoof Whoof Bean Bag Game.....   | @ 1.25    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box.....         | @ 3.00    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One Little Peggy Box.....            | @ 1.00    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One KNOWOOD Kit.....                 | @ 2.00    |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

# The Christmas Story of the Happiest Girl in the World

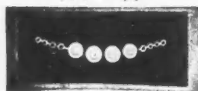


I guess Santa did read my letter because on my Christmas tree was a package all done up in red ribbon...and inside was a beautiful box...and when I opened it I found just what I always dreamed for a wonderful ANNIVERSARY PEARL NECKLACE! ...I was awfully proud and happy! Mother says they are GENUINE PEARLS from the Orient and just think! Aunt Elsie and Uncle Ted promise more pearls for my birthday..I am going to treasure my ANNIVERSARY NECKLACE always and as it grows and grows with each birthday and anniversary till I'm a big lady it will be the most perfect gift of all gifts I ever receive

PEARL-



AT - A -



TIME



## A WORD TO PARENTS:

... The cost of an initial ANNIVERSARY NECKLACE of Genuine Pearls is moderate indeed — no more than that of the average kiddies' gift. Starting with a strand of three or more pearls, each birthday and anniversary will bring an imperishable memento in additions of genuine pearls. And her arrival at womanhood will be marked by the completion of a superb genuine pearl necklace — a treasure made priceless by its glorious significance. Pearls are strung on 14 k. white or green gold chains — presented in a distinguished box.

*At all leading jewelers. If not obtainable locally we will gladly advise where they can be bought.*

*Genuine Oriental Pearls*  
**ANNIVERSARY NECKLACES**  
*The Gift that becomes an Heirloom.*

ANNIVERSARY PEARL COMPANY • 48 WEST 48th STREET • NEW YORK

## THE WILLOW WHISTLE

[Continued from page 651]

closed his eyes and listened to the whispering of the lightly hung leaves and the comfortable munching of Sancho on the bank above his head. He must go on in a few more minutes to look for Mary Anne, but he knew enough to keep lazily quiet and to rest completely as he lay for that short time upon the sand. Sancho came, obediently, at his whistle when it was time to saddle and ride on once more.

Eric traveled more slowly now, looking anxiously at the ground, as he rode. If any of the Sioux Indians had come this way, bringing Mary Anne, he might, with good luck, catch sight of the trail left by their horses. Wherever there was soft ground near a water course, wherever the fresh grass had been newly trampled, or the branches of a willow thicket had been recently broken, he drew rein and studied the marks with the most anxious care. There were plenty of the big cleft footprints of buffalo, or the marks of the small sharp hoofs of deer and antelope. The bent and broken twigs among the willows showed where a buck deer had slept the night before and, startled by some unfamiliar sound, had jumped up and gone crashing away through the low, tangled branches. But of the traces of horses' feet he found none.

It was late afternoon when they mounted the first slope that brought them into the hill country. All about them ran little streams in beds so narrow that they seemed like deep cracks cut between the rocky ridges. Eric stopped his pony and stood wondering and hesitating on the crest of the first hill. It would take hours to explore even one of the creeks and there were a dozen to choose from. And in not more than two hours it would be dark. Which way should he go? Sancho settled the question by half-sliding, half-cantering down the nearest slope toward the largest pool of water they had yet seen. He was thirsty and cool water was near; that was enough. As Eric sat waiting for him to lift his head from his luxurious drinking, the boy saw plainly in the soft earth

beside them, the trampled print of hoofs. This time they were not deer or buffalo tracks; they were the marks of the unshod feet of an Indian pony. He interrupted his horse's gulping with an abrupt jerk of the reins.

"Go, on, Sancho," he ordered in fierce excitement.

The creek wound and twisted in and out among the hills. Eric followed it mile after mile, looking, listening, getting down now and again, as the shadows grew deeper, to examine the wet margin of the stream. Once, then again, he found new footprints; he was going in the right direction. At every turn of the crooked way he would think, "Now, I will find them," but each new stretch of the narrow valley was as empty as the last.

The ravine broadened at last to a green, grassy bowl, wide enough to catch a final gleam from the dropping sun. A spur of rocks ran down from the ridge almost to the edge of the water, but all the rest of the hillside was smooth and covered with close-growing sod. The stream wound through the level space at the bottom, its banks covered with fresh, green willows. Eric and Sancho stood still and looked and looked.

Was that a faint curl of smoke going up from beyond the rocks? It was so thin and transparent that he could not be sure. Was that an animal moving up the far slope of the valley? Was it a deer grazing, or a pony with a deer-colored coat? And if it were a pony, if that were the smoke of a burned out camp fire, to whom did both belong? To friendly Sioux Indians, or to hostile Arickarees? How could he know?

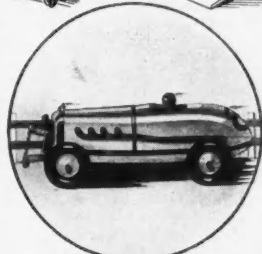
A little breeze stirred the willows. Something moved close to the green bank, something showing a glint of red. Then, drifting softly on the wind came a thin, wavering sound, a high, shrill piping. No Indian could have cut and fashioned and blown a green whistle that would blow that note. There was no one who knew just how except his friend and playmate whom he had come so far to seek.

"Mary Anne," he shouted with all his might and in answer the sound came again, the clear call of a willow whistle.

*(The conclusion of "The Willow Whistle" will appear in the January issue of CHILD LIFE.)*

## KoKoMo ELECTRIC CAR

*the FASTEST electric floor toy!*



Here's FUN . . . and SPEED . . . and THRILLS! The KoKoMo ELECTRIC CAR is a real little racer powered with a strong electric motor that sends the car around the track at a terrific speed! No track to piece together. Just two lengths of flexible steel fence (20 feet). Fence can be put anywhere, inside of the house or out. Car automatically follows

track in any position. An ordinary toy transformer, operating from the light socket, provides power. The car is constructed of heavy gauge metal . . . enameled brilliant red and yellow . . . has rubber tires. Car is 9 inches long. List Price of complete outfit (without transformer or bridges) \$8.00

(West of Miss. \$8.75)

## ~ and NOW

### KoKoMo STRUCTURAL BRIDGES

*that every child will like to build-*



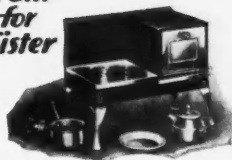
KoKoMo Structural Steel Bridge (No. 701) shown above is furnished knocked down with bolts, nuts, screw-driver and complete information for assembling. When constructed it is 25 1/2 inches long, 9 inches wide, 5 1/2 inches high. List Price \$1.25.



KoKoMo large arch spanner bridge model (No. 702) is furnished knocked down, with bolts, nuts, screw-driver and instructions for assembling. Smaller flat bridge is 57 inches long, 9 inches wide, 11 inches high. Car can run over or under bridge, or both. List Price \$3.00.

## KoKoMo Little Lady ELECTRIC RANGES

*A Gift for Sister*



The KoKoMo "Little Lady" No. 55 Electric Stove cooks and bakes just like a big electric range. Nickel trim. Baked enamel finish. Guaranteed heating unit. It is the largest stove with oven on the market at the price. List Price, with three aluminum utensils, \$2.00.

The KoKoMo "Little Lady" line of miniature electric ranges include models in RED, GREEN, and YELLOW vitreous enamel panels. Guaranteed heating units. Ovens that actually bake. List Prices are from \$2.00 to \$20.00.



## KoKoMo Little Lady ELECTRIC IRONS

KoKoMo "Little Lady" Irons are thoroughly practical. Furnished in colored porcelain and nickel-plated finishes. Heating unit guaranteed for one year. The No. 500 iron sells for \$1.00. Other models up to \$1.50.



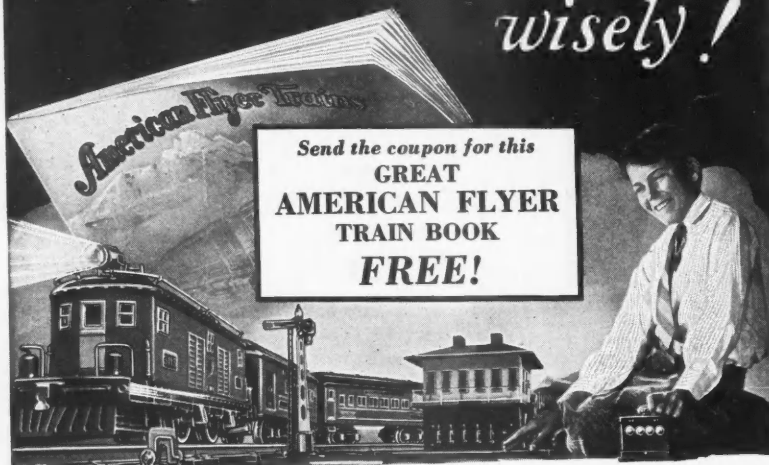
**ASK YOUR DEALER OR USE THE COUPON**  
**KoKoMo STAMPED METAL CO., KOKOMO, IND.**

KOKOMO STAMPED METAL CO.,  
Dept. 50, Kokomo, Indiana.

Find enclosed \$..... Please send me at once.....  
Name.....  
Street Address.....  
City..... State.....



# Select your Christmas train wisely!



Send the coupon for this  
**GREAT  
AMERICAN FLYER  
TRAIN BOOK  
FREE!**

"The JEFFERSONIAN"—a narrow gauge train with reversing locomotive. One of 30 American Flyers, narrow and wide gauge.

Electrically Lighted Automatic Semaphore

Switch Tower House

American Flyer Speed Controlling Transformer

THE American Flyer Train Book is really a text book on miniature railroading. In it you find page after page of wonderful passenger and freight trains, wide and narrow gauge. Such trains as the President's Special, Old Ironsides, the Blue Bird, and dozens of others. Also electric locomotives, cars, track equipment, transformers, automatic signals, tunnels, bridges, stations, etc. Colorful illustrations, with detailed descriptions and prices, enable you to leisurely and wisely select each item. No disappointing mistakes!

## Choice of 7 million boys

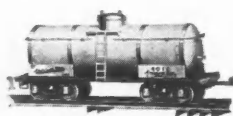


Highway Flashing Signal

Boys choose American Flyers because they are exact miniatures of famous crack trains. Also because these trains offer the very latest fun-making, interest-compelling, and educational features. Finally, because skillful engineering, careful workmanship and reliable motors and transformers assure utmost operating dependability and long life.

## Investigate these features

American Flyer owners are especially



Tank Car



Caboose

Electrical Trains, \$6 to \$75; Wind-up Trains, \$1.50 to \$6 (East of Rockies)

## Get This Sand Car Free



One day only  
December 7th is  
American Flyer Day  
at your dealer's!

Every purchaser on Saturday, December 7th, of:

1. An American Flyer Narrow Gauge Train or Equipment amounting to \$10 or more, is entitled to No. 1116 Sand Car—FREE

2. An American Flyer Wide Gauge Train or Equipment amounting to \$25 or more, is entitled to No. 4017 Sand Car—FREE

Mail your dealer's sales slip showing these purchases to us, not later than Tuesday, December 10th. We will send the Sand Car direct to you, free, postpaid.

proud of the: Automatic Ringing Bell on Locomotives, High Speed Three-Point Suspension Trucks, Automatic Signals, Electrically Remote-Controlled Track Switches, Automatic Mail Bag Catcher, Triple-Action Remote Control and Automatic Track Reverse Locomotives, Individual Car Lighting, Automatic Couplings, Brass Trimmings, Vivid Enamel Colorings, Tunnels, Bridges, etc.

## "Greatest of train books"

... is the way thousands of pleased boys describe the American Flyer Book. It shows not only the complete line of American

Flyer Trains and equipment, but also Structo Automobile and Sand Toys, and American Flyer Airplanes. It is the most complete catalog of high grade toys ever issued.

## FREE— Mail Coupon

To get the American Flyer Train Book, mail the coupon—today. See your dealer. American Flyer Mfg. Co., 2221 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.



Watchman's Tower

Hooac Tunnel



AMERICAN FLYER  
MFG. CO.  
2221 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the American Flyer 48-page, full-color train book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

**"American Flyer"**  
TRADE MARK  
Transformers Electric Trains Mechanical Trains

## GOLDEN EAGLE

(Continued from page 654)

taken charge of Two Feathers and would be his constant guide and protector.

"What next?" they asked. "Tell us of the dreams."

"In my dreams," continued Two Feathers, "each night the eagle disappeared and Mother-like-a-Red-Rose stood before me holding a shirt she was embroidering in red, blue, yellow flowers and purple flower-shadows, made from the quills of the porcupine. On the first night the flowers turned to birds, the following night to animals and the last night to stars. Mother-like-a-Red-Rose said,

"Not all flowers are red; some are blue; some are yellow; each different—all flowers; all growing together in the meadows. So of birds; so of animals; so of stars. The Great Mystery has made them so; it is his will that they live in peace together."

"What next?" asked the braves.

"I hoped to bring a blessing for my people," continued Two Feathers. "I found only a child lost in the woods. He placed his hand in mine; his hand was white, my hand was red; I returned him to his people. I found no treasure." Two Feathers stopped speaking and stood humbly before them. Then Father Many Lightnings rose to his feet and said,

"This day the voice of the mighty eagle has spoken to the red man, saying,

"The Great Mystery has many people, red, white, yellow, black, brown; each different—all people. He has made them so; it is his will that they live together in peace, sharing all things, becoming as one people."

"You have done well, my son. Your deed is the Indian's offer of peace to the white brothers beyond the prairie."

Then was given to Two Feathers his second name, Golden Eagle, and they fastened the beautiful white eagle feather upon his head-dress, marked with the symbol of peace, that his great deed should not be forgotten among his people. But by his mother and father and



those who knew him best he was still called Two Feathers, and so we shall continue to call him.

In the Moon of the Falling Leaves Two Feathers led his people over the hills to the home of the white brothers. They carried with them gifts of rice, skins and beautiful baskets. In return they were given cloth, beads, seeds and strange foods which they had never tasted. Before parting the Indians sang their peace songs and gave to the white brother the pipes of peace. There they promised one another that they would live in peace, that no one should wrongfully take what belonged to another; that each one would play fair when it came to hunting grounds, wild rice, berry patches, houses, fields, whatever they possessed; they would be as parents and children sharing what the Great Mystery had given them of earth and sky. This promise Two Feathers' tribe and the people of the Pale-Faced Brother's village never broke.



## A PICNIC-PARTY UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE

[Continued from page 659]

and lettuce, each wrapped in waxed paper and tied with red and green ribbons. There is a deviled egg in each box, too, and a candy cane, two sugar cookies, a lovely frosted cup-cake trimmed with wee green and red candies, while last but not least, ice-cream cones are passed around with "A merry merry Christmas" to each and every one!

And remember—if you ever wish to frolic with the Christmas toys again, just give a winter picnic underneath your Christmas tree and I think the toys will come to life, don't you?

# BUDDY SNOW SKATES

A "Falcon" Product

A  
Wonderful  
Christmas  
Gift  
**\$1.75**  
a pair



## Loads of Fun

Loads of fun for the little tots—perfectly safe—can be worn over rubbers—no wet feet. A wide concave steel runner on a wooden skate fastened with soft rawhide thongs. One size—to fit children from 3 to 10 years old. Can be used every day during the winter when there is snow on the ground.

American Mfg. Concern, Dept. A J  
Falconer, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid

☐ pair Buddy Snow Skates at \$1.75

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ for above order;  
if not satisfactory you are to return the money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

"This Coupon Brings  
a Year's Happiness!"

## CHILD LIFE

Twelve numbers - - - \$3.00

Two years - - - \$5.00

Two—1- year gifts - \$5.00

### CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

I am enclosing { \$3.00 for } one year  
                          { \$5.00 for } two 1-year gifts or \$5.00 for two years.  
Please send CHILD LIFE with Christmas gift card

from \_\_\_\_\_

to Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**A Christmas Gift!**  
Remembered For Years

That Can Be Used 365 Days a Year—Indoors and Outdoors for—Health—Exercise and Pleasure

Lightning Speed; yet Safe — the Rubber Tires grip the pavement and prevent slipping. You can Stop with 4 Wheel Brakes. Ball-bearing wheels spin ten times longer and outlast steel 2 to 1. For sturdy bodies and stronger ankles get **"CHICAGOS"** A Great Gift!

**"CHICAGO"**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Rubber Tire Roller Skates  
"Speed Without Noise"



**FREE BOOK**  
Full of games and instructions. Tells how to stop with 4 Wheel Brakes, etc.

### Get This *Roller Club Pin*

Be a winner in all Roller Skate Races. Get beautiful gold finish skate pin, membership certificate and Booklet "How to Roller Skate." All for Dealer's name and 10 cents to cover postage.

**CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY**  
Established Over 1/4 Century  
4455 W. Lake Street Chicago, Ill.



**No. 101 Double Tread "Triple-Ware"**  
Steel Wheels. The finest, strongest and longest lasting skate made. Same features as our 181 only Steel Wheel made — 2 to 1.  
Price \$2.25

**No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups.** Price \$4.00. From Dealers or sent direct (Postpaid) on receipt of price and dealer's name.



For HEALTH'S Sake—Roller Skate



**PYNLESS DIAPERS—No Fitting.. No Folding.. No Pinning**  
ADJUSTABLE TO ALL SIZES

## Your Baby...

should be comfortable and happy at all times.

A diaper without pins! Simply put it on and button it. The Pynless Diaper is easily adjusted as your baby grows. It is neatly tailored and does away with the clumsy lumps of the old-fashioned diaper, which often causes bow-legs.

Recommended by Doctors and Nurses as a sanitary and comfortable diaper—completely eliminating the chances of infection from dangerous safety pins.

Infants  
Underwear Corp.

**"PYNLESS"**  
DIAPER

132 West 27th St.  
New York

## MISS COLUMBIA

[Continued from page 640]

Uncle Mose put on his long-tailed coat—a hand-me-down from his master—and hobbled out to the smaller cabins that surrounded his larger one to call the slaves together. Sarah had been very proud when Father promised that she might be the one to tell them of their freedom; but when the Negroes had assembled and their eager black faces were looking into hers, she did not know what to say.

"Father has—has given you your freedom," she began timidly. "You are free—just like white folks—now."

The Negroes looked at her with unbelieving eyes, then Uncle Mose shook his old gray head. "No, Missy. Cullid folks neber be free—not till dey git to heabm."

"But you are," Sarah protested. "Father has the papers in his pocket."

"Don't you understand?" said Captain Sterling. "You may still stay here, if you wish, and work for such wages as I can afford to pay, but you are free now—free to come and to go and to do as you wish."

A great light seemed to break over their faces, and Uncle Mose fell on his knees before him. "T'ank God a-mighty, Massa."

"I'm not your master now," said Captain Sterling gently, "and you must not kneel to me."

"T'ank God a-mighty, Capt'n Sterling." Uncle Mose rose to his feet with new dignity and, turning to his people, he led them in a song.

"O, good news, O, good news!  
De angels brought de tidings down,  
Just comin' from de trone.

"As grief from out my soul shall fly,  
Just comin' from de trone;  
I'll shout salvation when I die,  
Good news, O good news,  
Just comin' from de trone."

The words rose in a chant, and the black bodies swayed and the black hands clapped accompaniment. Forgotten for the moment was the master who had given them their freedom; they had thoughts now only for another Master whose birthday had brought them "tidings of great joy." The winter sunshine was no brighter than their upturned faces, the peace of the white fields no greater than the peace within their hearts. Sarah and her father slipped quietly away and left them singing.

Christmas dinner was a solemn

affair, for though Mammy Chloe, the cook, had prepared her choicest delicacies, the knowledge rested on them like a cloud that Captain Sterling must leave when it was over. He brought out a handful of glittering gold pieces before he went.

"I didn't deposit all the money from the sale," he told his wife. "I wanted you and Sarah to have this little nest egg if anything should happen."

"But if we should be invaded, we might have to abandon our home at a moment's notice," Mrs. Sterling protested. "Wouldn't it be wiser to put *all* the money in the bank?"

"If we are invaded, even the banks may not prove safe. This is war, you know."

"But we couldn't hide the gold pieces here, because the house might be burned; and we couldn't take them with us, because we might be searched."

"I know," said Sarah suddenly. "We'll let Miss Columbia keep the money."

Her father smiled. "What do you mean, child?"

For answer, Sarah undressed the doll and showed him the cloth body stuffed with sawdust. With the tiny scissors from her reticule she ripped open a seam and tucked the coins inside, one here, one there. She patted them in place, until the doll looked smooth; then with her mother's help she sewed the body up again.

"I'm mighty proud of you, Sarah," said her father. "Miss Columbia may be rather heavy, but what soldier would ever think of lifting her? And if you ever should have to flee from home, what is more natural than for a little girl to take her doll with her?"

"Miss Columbia will keep our secret for us," said Sarah, and in answer Miss Columbia smiled her painted smile.

Sarah was very brave when Father left, but after he had gone she cried herself to sleep on the sofa in the parlor. Darkness had fallen, when she was aroused by the sound of firing.

"Pop—pop—pop—pop—pop!"

She sat up in alarm, and in her dazed, half-awakened state, it seemed that all the cannons of the Confederate army were thundering at their doors. She made a frantic grab for Miss Columbia and dashed up the stairs.

"Mother, Mother!" she screamed. "The invaders have come."

(Part II of "The Disappearance of Miss Columbia" will appear in the January issue of CHILD LIFE)

# MADMAR

- PICTURE PUZZLES AND MAP PUZZLES -

## MADMAR PICTURE AND MAP PUZZLES

*make splendid Holiday Gifts*

Madmar Puzzles are made for all ages and are very entertaining and educational.

### Picture Puzzles for

little tots—juvenile colored pictures—large pieces—easy to put together—entertaining.

### Picture Puzzles for

ages of 8 to 12 years—colored pictures for older minds—many poster effects—jig-sawed from thick material—not difficult to assemble.

### Picture Puzzles for

still older children and adults—fine artistic colored prints by celebrated artists—three-ply basswood panels—jig-sawed into many small intricate pieces—more difficult to assemble.

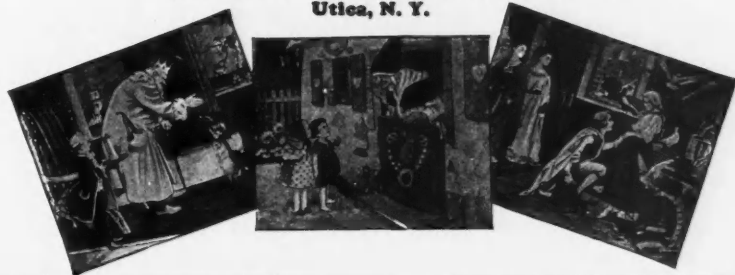
**Map Puzzles**—of United States, Canada, World, Europe, North America, South America, Asia, Africa and many states of U. S.—all mounted on three-ply basswood panels—jig-sawed on boundary lines.

Madmar Puzzles are sold in the more progressive stores and at popular prices. If your favorite store does not sell Madmar Puzzles, we will supply you direct.

Write to us about our PUZZLE-A-MONTH CLUB and ask for new illustrated catalog. Write today to

### MADMAR QUALITY COMPANY

Utica, N. Y.



PETER RABBIT

## Twinzy Toys

Plenty of color to give them style,  
Sturdy enough to be dragged a mile.  
Nothing to harm and there's naught to break  
Here are some toys of TWINZY make.



COW BOY



SOLDIER

TWINZY TOYS are fashioned from soft artificial leather, stuffed with clean cotton and designed in bright washable colors. Loved by girls and boys.

Ask your dealer or send 50c for each TWINZY TOY. 10c extra per toy delivered west of Rockies or Canada.



POLICEMAN



MISTRESS MARY

TWINZY TOY CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

I enclose \$..... for following Twinzy Toys.

Name of Toys .....

Name .....

Address..... City.....



AVIATOR



ALPHABET MAN



FULL CAT



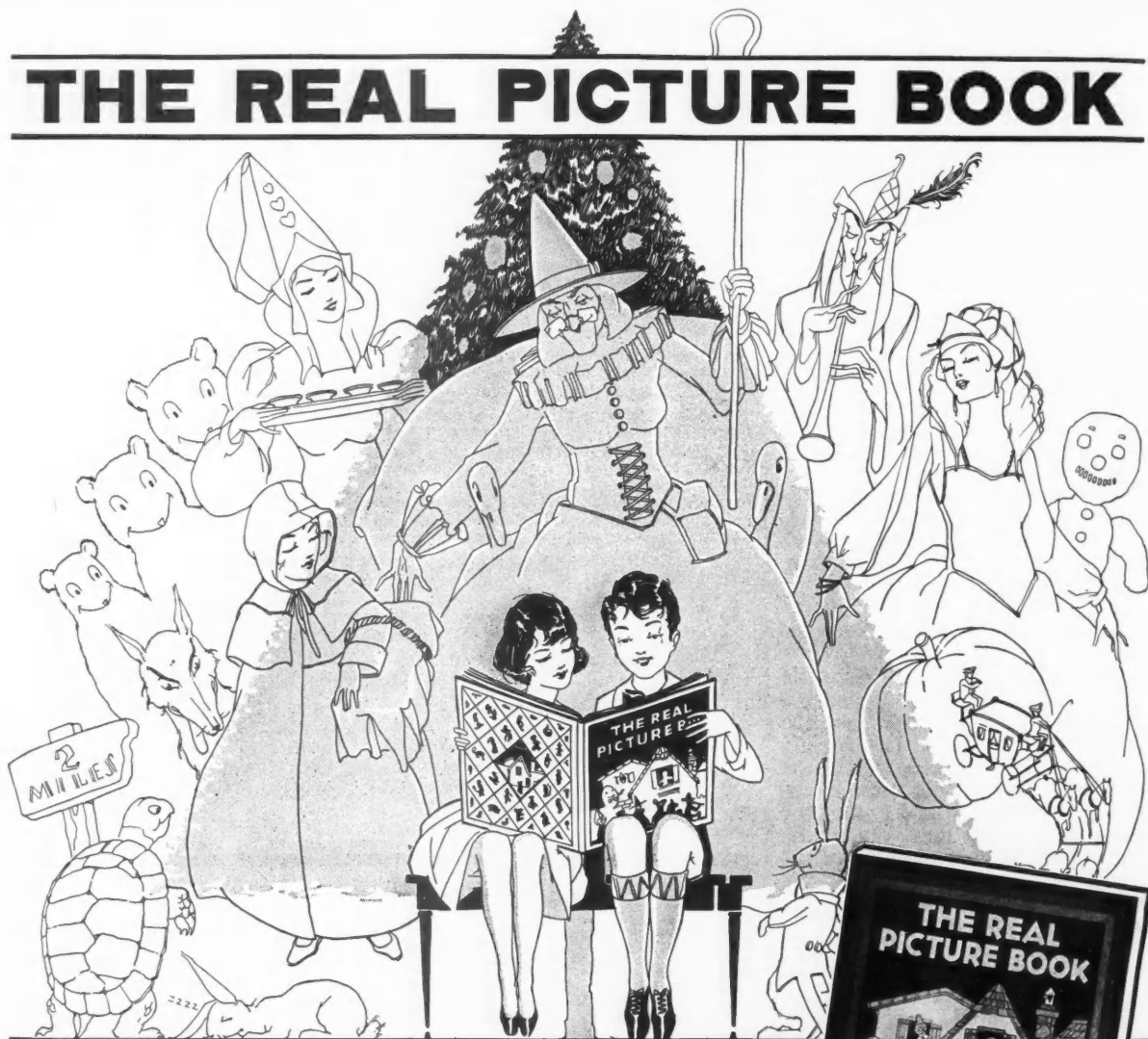
FULL DOG



GOOSEY GANDER



# THE REAL PICTURE BOOK



## The Best Gift Of All!

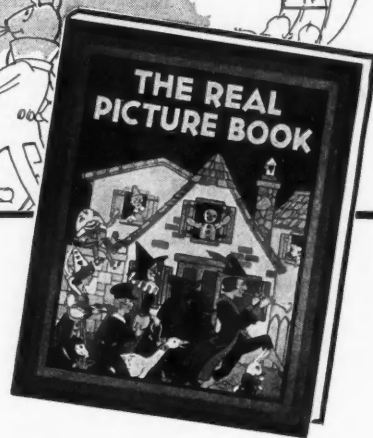
**B**ECAUSE it brings hours and hours of happy contentment *The Real Picture Book* is the best gift of all. It carries little folk on wonderful trips to storybook land where nursery heroes dwell . . . its bright-colored pictures continue to delight so long as the book remains.

The picture's the thing in *The Real Picture Book* . . . it's brimful of fascinating, colorful pictures by the best children's illustrators. The pictures are all full page (and big pages, too), gay and humorous. Here you'll find Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood . . . Simple Simon and the Three Bears . . . Peter, Pumpkin Eater, and scores of others pictured delightfully.

What child could refrain from a cry of joy when such a book appears beneath the Christmas Tree? And months after, when Christmas is long forgotten, *The Real Picture Book* will still be the favorite of the nursery.

For those who want more than a picture book, there is just enough rime or story facing each picture to make it doubly interesting . . . to satisfy the demand, "Tell me about this picture."

No gift will please any youngster more than *The Real Picture Book* . . . no joy can be more lasting than this intimate acquaintance with the people of story land.



At all bookstores . . . \$2.50

If your bookstore cannot supply this book, send your order to the publisher, enclosing 7c extra per book for postage.

## RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

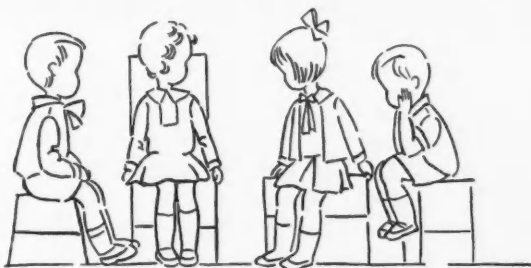
NEW YORK

Publishers  
CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO







## GAMES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

By HARVEY M. HAEBERLE

### FILLING SANTA'S PACK

One player acts as Santa Claus, and the rest of the players as Santa's helpers. Each helper aids in the filling of Santa's pack by giving the name of a gift; and after the helper has named his gift, Santa repeats it and all the other gifts which were given before that one. Thus, one helper gives "a doll" and Santa repeats that word; the next one adds "a camera," perhaps, and Santa says "a doll and a camera"; another adds "a story-book," and Santa says "a doll, a camera, and a story-book." In this manner the game continues, each helper adding a gift to the pack, and Santa, after each contribution, repeating the names of all the gifts in the exact order given. When Santa omits or misplaces a gift, one of the helpers is chosen to take his place.

### SANTA CLAUS AND THE REINDEER

All but two players form a circle with hands joined. The one to represent the reindeer takes his place within the circle, and the one who acts as Santa Claus remains on the outside.

Santa says to the reindeer, "I'm going to take you with me on my journey."

The reindeer answers, "You'll have to catch me first."

Then the reindeer dodges in and out through the circle, with Santa following, trying to catch him. The players in the circle help Santa Claus by raising their arms, thus letting him pass into or out of the circle; but they hinder the reindeer by lowering their arms. When the reindeer is caught he becomes Santa Claus, and chooses another player from the circle to be the reindeer.



## Mother! Be Sure

Your Baby Gets This Protection

*Kindly Accept Liberal Size Cake of This CERTIFIED Soap Creation So Many Mothers Are Asking About, to Try*



*A Scientific Creation That Throws An Entirely New Light on Bathing Babies*

THE editor of a world-famed baby publication recently said any mother who failed to accept the test offered here was doing her baby an injustice.

For your baby's sake, and your own, please accept it. Mail the coupon and a liberal size cake of the first scientifically CERTIFIED baby soap will be sent you free.

This creation brings to baby's soap the *safety* that CERTIFIED brings to milk. What it brings in comfort to your baby will amaze you.

### Developed to Overcome a Grave Injustice

It comes from a soap laboratory of international importance. Its name is Stork Soap. It is one of the few soaps in the world that is made from virgin olive and vegetable oils, then super-fatted—and that is CERTIFIED as such. Thus it is gentle beyond words.

It was developed largely on the request of doctors to protect mothers from a grave injustice practiced in calling alkaline soaps "non-irritating" and "safe." For soaps were called gentle that were not; harsh soaps, caustic soaps, soaps irritant to baby skins.

Mothers thus were at a loss as to which soaps were safe for their babies and which were not. All looked alike, smelled alike, seemed alike. Some were good, some were not. Mothers had no way of knowing.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—and the brand name of Stork given it—so that mothers could be protected in their buying.

Soon it became the leading Baby Soap of the world. *Virtually every noted baby doctor in America endorses it.* Leading hospitals employ it. Great baby experts urge its use to the *exclusion* of all other soaps. It comes in individually single cakes—easy to use.

### Accept Free Cake

To place it now in the hands of every mother, a liberal size cake will be sent postpaid to try. Just mail the coupon. Clip it now before you forget. Don't deny your baby the finest science knows.

## LIBERAL SIZE CAKE and BOOK FREE

*"How Best to Bathe Baby"*



LUXOR LIMITED, Dept. L-104  
1355 West 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois  
Please send me free one liberal size cake of Stork Soap and the booklet "How Best to Bathe Baby."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

**STORK SOAP**  
Certified

SEND ME FREE CAKE OF STORK

# These Modern Outdoor Clothes

keep youngsters warm and snug



Let the wind blow and the snow flurry—youngsters will keep warm and dry in Zip-Ons.

**ZIP-ONS** . . . *the suits that children can put on themselves . . .*

**T**HESE modern outdoor togs for youngsters are smart, warm, easy-to-get-into. The guaranteed fasteners zip open or closed so smoothly and swiftly that even small children can manage their own.

The complete Zip-On Suit—smart sport blouse with leggings to match—will protect your children against abrupt changes in temperature.

Zip-On Outdoor Togs are

made of soft, durable cloths; are smartly cut and finely tailored.

Zip-Ons are long-wearing and economical. They clean beautifully or may be washed.

Made in a full range of lovely colors. Knitted bands of contrasting shades at the wrists and waist add a gay trim. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Blouses and leggings may be purchased separately.

## Zip-On Leggings

On or off with three swift zips—these smart little leggings banish all fastener trouble. Made in a variety of colors and a range of durable cloths, sturdily woven to withstand hard wear.

Sold in leading stores throughout the country. Ask your favorite dealer for them. Manufacturer: Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Inc., New York City.



Zip . . . Zip . . . On go leggings and smart little blouse. Even small children can manage their own



Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Above label in every genuine Zip-On garment—insist on seeing it, for Zip-Ons are guaranteed to satisfy



# ZIP-ON

LEGGINGS . . . BLOUSES . . . SETS

## WHEN JENNY LIND SANG TO HER CAT

[Continued from page 661]

taken between her grandmother and her mother (who came home for a few days at this time) to call upon Mademoiselle Lundberg. The old lady and Madame Lind were solemn, even a little grim, as they stepped into the flower-scented, curtained and frilled room of the Opera dancer. They did not know anything at all about dancing and singing and the theater or art in any form for that matter. Jenny's father was fond of singing jolly, rollicking songs but he was not a very wise and useful father and poor Madame Lind carried so many practical cares on her thin shoulders that she had lost a good deal of natural good cheer and breadth of mind and understanding. Poor little Jenny had grown just a bit afraid of her mother, for she was too young to realize the effect of care upon her, and so she stood a little subdued and rather small between the two older people.

But Mademoiselle Lundberg had had a great deal of experience with every kind of person, and as she had said herself she was very fond of children. So she gave the grandmother a smile and a comfortable chair and chatted to Madame Lind about her teaching and her trials and, taking Jenny's little round hat off, drew her by the hand to look at a bird in a cage. She gave the two women coffee and then she said,

"I want to hear Jenny sing. Do you think she will sing for me? I know you sing to your big cat, Jenny, and—" Here she wound an arm around the little girl. "Don't you think I am nicer than a big cat?"

Jenny smiled and she had a very nice sweet smile.

"I love my cat," she said, "but I think you are beautiful and I like to sing always—any time."

The grandmother leaned forward in her chair.

"Once the little creature heard the soldiers' bugles in the street and when she was almost too little to climb to the stool she struggled up to the piano and played the exact air of those very bugles. I couldn't believe it was she and I said then, and nobody listened to me, that mark my words, this child will some day be heard from and will help her mother to better days."

Jenny's mother sighed. She did not think there was very much use in any of this and she was wondering how she could pay for a new pair of boots half as pretty as the pair the dancer was wearing.

And to tell the truth Mademoiselle Lundberg had begun to doubt if Johanna had heard quite right, for Jenny seemed such a simple, natural child—not at all marvelous—and she wondered if after all it would not be wise to get it over and let the old lady and tired mother go.

"But, nevertheless, I like the child immensely," she thought, "and I will give her a present whether she can sing or not."

[Continued on page 692]

# The Most Wonderful EXERCISER a Child Could Have!

The Davey Lee Merri-O-Gallop is not like *any* other toy. It is not operated by pedals from a stationary seat as a velocipede or similar vehicle is. On the contrary, the seat itself goes up and down just as if the child were riding horseback, and this up-and-down motion is what causes the Gallop to roll along, forward or back. Detailed cut below shows how the motion of the seat turns the driving axle.

## FUN *plus* HEALTH

This vigorous action, like the "posting" of a real horse-back rider, gives exercise not merely to the legs, but to the back and abdominal muscles also. Rising, sitting, rising, sitting, over and over, stimulates the circulation, lungs, liver, stomach, kidneys and intestines in a natural way. *A marvelous preventive and corrective of sluggish elimination.* The most emphatic endorsements have been received from physicians, teachers and parents as to the benefits that children have received from this most healthful form of exercise.

Because it is pure, unadulterated FUN, the child will ride the Merri-O-Gallop for hours in preference to any other toy. *Nothing else* that could be brought into the home could do so much good or entertain the child so wholesomely.

Being adjustable, the Merri-O-Gallop is suitable for a child as young as 3 or 4, and up to 8 or 9.



### "SONNY BOY"

Davey Lee is a Merri-O enthusiast, and his parents insist on taking the Gallop along on his tours to keep him in good physical condition for his public appearances, as well as for the fun he gets out of it.

# Davey Lee

# MERRI-O-GALLOPER



It gallops as it rolls, like a real live pony! The Merri-O-Gallop is beautifully and stoutly built. Axles, bearings, frame, saddle, platform, handlebars and all other parts are strong and substantial. This toy will not wear out for years, even with hard use. Ball and roller bearings, packed with lubricant just like automobile wheel bearings. Tires of three-quarter inch live rubber. Saddle is real leather, comfortably shaped. Wooden parts made from carefully selected and dried lumber. Beautifully finished in glossy colors — cherry red, white and black, with black and nickel-plated metal parts. Not the ordinary type of cheap toy made to sell, but well-built for use. See the Davey Lee Merri-O-Gallop at the better hardware, toy and department stores, or send price direct to Merri-O-Toy Corporation, 4219 Clayton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. **\$12.50**

## COUPON

MERRI-O-TOY  
CORPORATION,  
4219 Clayton Avenue,  
St. Louis, Mo.

☐ Enclosed find \$12.50, for which ship Davey Lee Merri-O-Gallop on your guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

☐ Please send full information.

Name.....

Address.....



**DOUBLE BARRELS,  
SHELLS 'N' EVERYTHING,  
JUST LIKE A REAL GUN**  
—but it can't hurt anybody!

**T**HIS Fox Play Gun is different from any other you've ever seen. It not only looks like a real gun (it's modeled after the big Fox Shot Gun) but it works like a real gun, too!

You "break" the gun at the breech, load a "shell" into each barrel, close it—and it's ready to "fire." Front trigger shoots the right barrel, rear trigger the left. Exactly like a big gun, but it's

**Entirely safe for any boy or girl**

Because it shoots little wooden balls, so light that they can't hurt anyone or do any damage, even in the house. Won't break glassware. The shells contain coil springs—no powder; no danger. But you can have real target practice, besides using the play gun in lots of different games.

With the gun you get a colored target with a bell in the center, and a bagful of "ammunition." Ask the nearest toy dealer to show you one—and put it on your Christmas list. The price is \$3.00, complete.

**A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY**  
4712 N. 18th St. Phila., Pa.



This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. We'll send you a copy—free. Write today.



**FOX**  
**PLAY GUN**

## WHEN JENNY LIND SANG TO HER CAT

(Continued from page 690)

Jenny did not feel shy by now at all. She liked the pretty room and the charming new friend and she wandered about looking at everything and admiring the flowers and the big bowls they were in. And then she sang away as naturally as a bird sings, for singing to Jenny was simply part of herself and her life, and while she sang her face became lit by a lovely expression that quite transformed it.

Gradually the big room filled and filled with her young voice—it floated and soared—it took possession of the whole world and turned the world into a song.

The grandmother and Madame Lind listened gravely but with no emotion, but with Mademoiselle Lundberg it was different. At the first notes of Jenny's carefree song her two hands went to her heart with a gesture of suppressed excitement and as the melody grew and grew and the dancer came more and more to understand the promise of coming power in the exquisite voice of this child, she grew pale and her eyes filled with tears of delight.

Whether the bird in its cage suddenly forgot the bars in listening I do not know, but all at once it burst into a song, too, and Jenny with a little laugh of childish pleasure broke off and ran to it to listen and watch.

"It has such pretty black eyes," she cried, "and its little beak is open while it sings!"

Madame Lind rose nervously.

"You are very rude, Jenny, to break off when Mademoiselle is listening to you and I think we had better go now."

She had seen the tears in the dancer's eyes and, not understanding them, was embarrassed and anxious to be away.

Mademoiselle Lundberg rose from her chair slowly. Her state of mind was a good deal like that of Johanna under the window. Had she been carrying a shopping bag it would have fallen to the ground. But when she saw Madame Lind putting the little round hat on Jenny's head and the grandmother getting from the chair slowly and with a good deal of effort she suddenly came to herself and swept down upon Jenny with a rush of silk and enveloping arms.

"This is genius," she cried. "Nothing else. Jenny, little Jenny, this voice of yours will stir the world some day."

"Just as I told them about the bugles, but nobody would listen to me at all," murmured the grandmother, tying her bonnet strings tightly under her chin.

"She must come on the operatic stage," went on the dancer eagerly, turning from one to the other, but at once the smile on Madame Lind's face stiffened and even the grandmother shook her head.

"We must talk, I see," said Mademoiselle with a little frown of battle on her smooth forehead.

(Continued on page 704)



## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

*[Continued from page 664]*

them cold, but either way, they'll be eaten up *long* before they're nine days old!

In our kitchen, we never use a new recipe on a special day; we try it out first so we can be sure we understand it. So we suggest that you make these glacé apples two or three times during December so you can do them easily and perfectly when the great day arrives. But—and this is an important suggestion—do not use any red coloring or red sugar till you make them for Christmas. Save the red for the Christmas surprise.

Now we want to make something for our Christmas candy boxes and for the party at school. For the candy boxes we plan to make fudge and candied peel—both orange and grapefruit—and nut brittle and some small star cookies garnished with candied cherries. Then we shall make some new stuffed dates which we think you will enjoy.

## MARSHMALLOW DATES

Wash and drain a pound of fine dates.

Remove the pits, being very careful to keep the shape of each date.

Cut fine large marshmallows into quarters.

Have ready a dish of freshly grated coconut.

Put a quarter of a marshmallow into a date in place of the pit, being careful to keep the cut side of the marshmallow to the outside. This is important.

Firm the date back into shape till a narrow rim of the marshmallow shows.

Roll in fresh coconut. The coconut will stick to the date and to the cut surface of the marshmallow and the flavors combine beautifully.

Arrange neatly on paraffin paper till ready to pack into boxes.

And now for our last recipe—are n't we having a good time this month?

## CHRISTMAS POP-CORN BALLS

Pop enough corn to make about three quarts.

Pick over and remove all defective pieces and the kernels that did not pop.

Put the selected corn into a large mixing bowl.

Into a saucepan put  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 tablespoonfuls of red vegetable coloring. (As we said in the other recipe, you will have to test the color yourself. Use enough to make the syrup a bright, bright red so that it will show well when spread over the corn.)

Boil to 270 degrees by your candy thermometer or till a drop tests brittle when dropped into a cupful of cold water.

Pour over the pop corn, stirring all the while till every kernel of corn is covered. Hold the saucepan in your left hand and pour while stirring with your right hand. After all the syrup is poured out, set the saucepan aside and hold the bowl with your left hand and stir the corn thoroughly.

As soon as the mixture is cool enough to touch, butter your hands a bit and mold the corn into balls about the size of a very small orange. Small balls are easier to serve and to eat than large ones.

If the balls are to be kept two or three days, wrap them at once in paraffin paper, twisting the ends tightly to exclude the air. Make them the day they will be used, if possible.

If you are making a large quantity of pop-corn balls for a party, make one recipe with red syrup and one with green, using green coloring. Generally the green vegetable coloring is more intense than the red, so use just half the amount till you are sure of the strength of the dye. The red and green balls piled on a white platter and decorated with holly make a very attractive service.

*[See next page]*



## Baby-Nan meets Mrs. Santa Claus

IT WAS Christmas Eve.

"Close your eyes tight," Mother whispered, "for Santa won't come, unless you're *asleep!*"

And Baby-Nan *did* go to sleep, the very next instant!

But several hours later, Baby-Nan awoke with a start! Someone . . . *someone* was in her room!

"It's Mrs. Santa Claus," said a sweet voice. "Santa Claus told me to ask you whether you've been an *awfully* good girl?"

"I'm very good," Baby-Nan answered, "*most* of the time. It's only that I don't drink *all my milk*."

"In *that* case," said Mrs. Santa, "I'm glad I came. I'll speak to your Aunt Jane when she comes over from Grandma's and get *her* to fix you a *new* kind of milk—you'll love it—Postum-made-with-milk." And, kissing Baby-Nan, Mrs. Santa Claus left her.

Next morning, Baby-Nan was up bright and early. And the first person she saw was Aunt Jane.

"Baby-Nan," Aunt Jane said, at the breakfast table, "I ran into Mrs. Santa Claus, just as I arrived here last night. And she told me about a brand-new way to fix your milk—Postum-made-with-milk. Here it is."

And before Baby-Nan could say a word about how *she* had seen Mrs. Santa, too, she had drunk up a whole cupful of the nicest, warmest, loveliest drink she ever had tasted!

"No wonder Mrs. Santa said it was good," said Baby-Nan, happily.

And when Mother and Dad and Aunt Jane had heard about Mrs. Santa, they all were smiling happily, too.

### THE POSTUM STORY-BOOK



MOTHERS: Write for Free "Postum Story Book" and free sample of Instant Postum

The booklet . . . full of delightful stories, charmingly illustrated . . . will brighten many a story hour. And the generous sample—a week's supply of Instant Postum—will permit you to try this

delicious new way of converting "plain milk" into a "grown-up," hot drink that children love.

Postum is, in itself, a wholesome drink. Made of whole wheat and bran, it adds to the rich nourishment of milk its own quota of wholesomeness.

Send for booklet and sample.

©1929, G. F. Corp.

FREE!  
NEW STORY  
BOOK

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Please send us, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of Instant Postum and the new Postum Story Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address  
CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.  
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

## JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 668)

the island of Java with its tropical palms (where monkeys hang by their tails) and its wonderful ferns and flowers and fruits and temples. And then after the Straits Settlement appeared India—mysterious India with its pink palaces, its snake charm-ers, its camel drivers, and its exciting jungles! After Egypt with its pyramids came beautiful Greece and Italy, then Monte Carlo and the great Rock of Gibraltar and back across the blue Atlan-tic to New York.

"It takes 133 days to make the real trip," re-peated the invisible elf, "for you see the real ship travels 28,000 miles!"

Robert gasped.

"And you noticed the other wonderful ships sailing to their ports on the globe," went on the little voice. "Captain Jones takes 'The Lapland' to the West Indies and visits Havana and quaint Nassau and Bermuda. Captain Smith of the 'Laurentic' takes a cruise on the sparkling blue Mediterranean. Captain Stokes of the 'Adriatic' and the captains of the 'Majestic,' the biggest ship in the world, the 'Olympic,' 'Homeric' and many, many more, sail regularly between the United States and Europe and visit many fascinating far-off lands."

"I want to visit them, too!" shouted Robert. It was the first time he had spoken aloud.

The little ship, backing out from her pier, tooted softly and then vanished. The globe whirled around and around and also faded away. Then Captain Wells, too, was gone.

Robert sat up with a start and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, Ruth!" he exclaimed. "I've just had a wonderful dream about a magic globe and Cap-tain Wells' trip around the world!"

"Well, the trip is real enough," said Ruth as she listened to his story, "and so are those big ships. I remember the address to write to for more information about the famous cruises of the International Mercantile Marine Company."

"So do I!" laughed Robert. "For all the White Star, Red Star and Atlantic Transport Lines, you address No. 1 Broadway, New York. Let's get the folders and ask Daddy to really take us on one of the trips so we can see all these wonder-ful sights ourselves!"

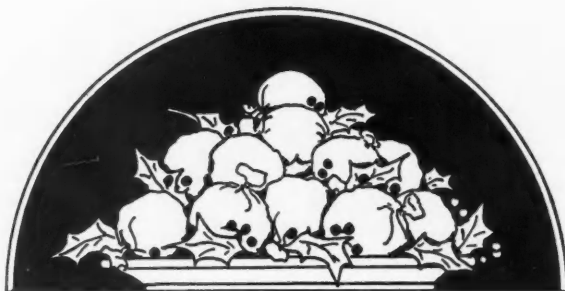
And you can do that, too!

(Advertisement)

## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

### CHRISTMAS SUPPER

Omelet with tomato sauce  
Whole wheat bread and butter sandwiches  
Baked Apple Glacé  
Hot milk with a garnish of whipped cream  
topped with red sugar  
Christmas cookies



## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 662)

in the spirit of love and self-sacrifice, was the great-est of all gifts made to the Christ Child. *The Shepherd of Jerusalem* is a story of Bethlehem and the first Christmas. *Christmas Light* is a more familiar story of little Naomi who is taken to see the Christ Child in his manger. Naomi gives her pet donkey to Naomi for the flight into Egypt.

*When Jesus was Born* is the story of Christmas retold for little children. Walter de la Mare has brought his rare imagination to *Stories From The Bible*. James Daugherty, who made Daniel Boone come alive, who, this fall, illustrated *Three Comedies of Shakespeare*, has selected and decorated a book of Old Testament stories called *The Kingdom and The Power and The Glory*. *The Little Children's Bible* and *The Older Children's Bible*, selected by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and others, are among the most satisfactory Bible stories to be had. *The Bible for Young People*, arranged by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder, is now issued in an edition with full-page illustrations from old masters. The stories are told in Bible language. In discussing Bible stories, Clara W. Hunt says, "Poetry and pathos, grandeur and tender beauty, all thoughts of the human heart and the glory of earth and heaven are expressed in language matchlessly vivid and simple. Will anyone give a good reason why this language should be turned into commonplace English for children who particularly delight in rhythmical, poetic sound?"

Readers have shown their gratefulness for such little Christmas books as *Why The Chimes Rang*, *The Dog of Flanders*, *'Twas the Night Before Christ-mas*, and the *First Christmas Tree*. More recently have we made friends with *Come Christmas*, by Eleanor Farjeon, and two books of Rachel Field—*A Little Book of Days* and *Pocket Handkerchief Park*.

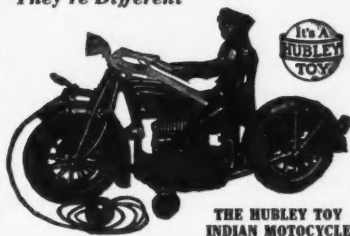
(Continued on page 696)



## Write to Santa Claus' Helpers

### HUBLEY TOYS

"They're Different"



THE HUBLEY TOY INDIAN MOTORCYCLE

HERE it is—the ideal toy—a realistic little motorcycle, nine inches long, that looks exactly like the big Indian. Your choice of three snappy colors—red, yellow, or green, with name on side in gold. Real rubber tires, removable rider, and a noise like a motor when you pull it along. Ask your dealer to show it to you today and be sure to ask for it by name. Look for the name HUBLEY and the blue slogan tag. This is a HUBLEY "Exclusive Right" toy, made only by HUBLEY. If your dealer cannot supply you send us \$1.25 and his name and we will send the toy promptly. (If West of the Mississippi send \$1.50).

THE HUBLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Established 1894  
Dept. D, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Clip this ad and take it to your dealer. Ask him to show you HUBLEY TOYS—"Lindy" Airplanes, Maytag Washers, G-E Refrigerators and many others. He will gladly demonstrate them for you.

"EXCLUSIVE RIGHT"

### HUBLEY TOYS



This

#### FREE

Send the coupon for the attractive folder telling about the many different models.

#### Wonderful Electric Range

Think of the fun you can have Christmas morning—and throughout the year—with this wonderful Empire Miniature Electric Range. It's a beauty to look at—with colored panels and switches—heavy nickel-plated trimmings—black japanned body. And it cooks and bakes as efficiently as mother's big kitchen range. Operates on any standard light socket. Price \$5.00 to \$25.00.



**METAL WARE CORPORATION**  
General Offices and Factory: Two Rivers, Wisconsin  
Branch Offices: Chicago, New York, San Francisco  
Export Distributors: International General Electric Company and John H. Graham & Co., Inc.

**METAL WARE CORPORATION**  
1704 Monroe St., Two Rivers, Wisconsin  
Send me the new Miniature Range folder. Free.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

SANTA Claus never had so many willing helpers as he has this year. Surely this page will prove the key to happiness for thousands of children on Christmas morning. If your dealer cannot supply you—your order will be promptly filled by mail.

### DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFTS

NAME stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case—FREE.  
Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all Sets

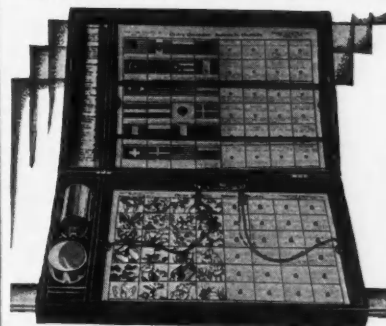


No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted polishes) in genuine Leather Coin Pocket Case with NAME engraved on each pencil and Case 75 cents.

No. H—Three Pencils (fancy polishes) Name Engraved—Xmas box 25 cents.

No. 6—Box of Six Pencils—45 cents; No. 12—Box of Twelve—85 cents.

Order by No. Print out Names. Send Check or Money Order Prices include Parcel Post. For Guaranteed Delivery add 10 cents.  
**BALLARD PENCIL CO.** Dept. C, 250 W. 54 St. New York, N. Y.



### Will you be the Lucky Boy or Girl

—this Christmas to find a Knapp Electric Questioner by the tree?

—a mysterious buzzing sound tells you when the answer is correct. Side splitting riddles—the World a million years ago—queer reptiles—in the inky depths of the sea—many others—the most fascinating of all games. Any number can play. May be kept always up to date. Operates from a flash light battery (furnished).

Have Mother or Dad put the Questioner on your list for Christmas. If the dealer is sold out have them send \$3.50 (\$3.75 Denver and West) and we will send the Questioner, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Ask for circular No. 28.

**KNAPP ELECTRIC, Inc.**

ESTABLISHED 1890

Division of P. R. Mallory & Co., Inc.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

**KNAPP ELECTRIC QUESTIONER**

### Santa's Loveliest Doll "IT"

The DOLL with a BODY TWIST all, all its own!

Durable, all composition ball-jointed head, arms, legs and center of body. 14"—Fully Dressed in organdie or print. Each with Pup on leash.

An Amberg 50th Anniversary Achievement

At your Dealer—or write to Louis Amberg & Son 869 Broadway, New York For enclosed \$3 have Dealer send me "IT".

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



### FOR THE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS

A Lifesize Bunny!

Indestructible cast iron, beautiful white enamel, pink eyes and ears. 12" tall, 20 lbs. packed. Use it also as a door stop in nursery, or a pair as lawn or porch ornaments.

Postpaid, \$4.00

**A. H. PATCH**  
Dept. C Clarksville, Tenn.  
Since 1885



Ask for Catalog of Iron Ornaments

### GERLING'S DANCING DOLLIES

(PAT. PENDING—TRADE MARK)



They Dance  
They Shimmy  
They Tango

Something entirely new—loads of fun for the Kiddies.

Put some lively dance music on the phonograph or radio, hold the ball on the end of the string, drop the dolls so that their feet touch the floor and then move your hand to the tune of the music. You will all be delighted with the dollies' dancing and will laugh heartily at their comic antics.

Although firmly joined together with strong fasteners, the dolls can be easily separated. Unbreakable composition heads, beautifully finished. Dressed in fine quality and washable materials.

If these Dancing Dolls are not for sale at your dealer's, mail coupon with \$2.95 to

**THE GERLING TOY COMPANY**  
12 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is.....for the Gerling Dancing Dolls.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

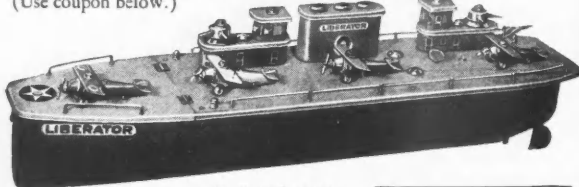




**W**HILE Premier MacDonald of England and President Hoover of the U. S. A. are deciding how many navy boats to build, any boy can build a ready-made navy of his own.

From the famous Liberty Line of toy boats, he can get the Seaplane shown above, 22 inch wing spread, driven from 100 to 200 feet through the water by twin-propellers, powered by two strong spring motors. Price, \$5.00. (Use coupon below.)

Or you can get the big, stalwart Liberty Destroyer—"Watch-Dog of the Seas"—a perfect miniature of a real submarine destroyer, with revolving gun turrets and four funnels, indicating great speed. All wood hull, nonsinkable—uncrushable. Price, \$8.50. (Use coupon below.)



Here's another joy-toy for the boy's navy! A Liberty Airplane Carrier, modeled after the Lexington. Cabins, stacks and gun turrets set to one side to allow airplane take-off space full length of deck. Four detachable airplanes! Twin propellers, powered by two big motors. Speedy and graceful! Length 27 inches—a big brute. Price, \$10.



#### BIG \$3.50 VALUE:

Liberty Tug and Scow. Two separate boats. Hook together or run separately. Great fun! Load the scow with sand, stones, anything—wind the powerful motor of the Tug—and away they go! Only \$3.50. (Two boats.) Each boat 12 inches long.

**Liberty Playthings, Inc., Dept. CL**  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

#### BIG DOUBLE GIFT

Send your order NOW! Get this Junior Admiral's Cap absolutely FREE—and as an Extra Gift, a detachable Under-Carriage and Wheels which slips onto the boat, changing it into a pull-toy for use indoors or on the sidewalk. But you must send quickly!

**Mail Coupon Today!**

## Jr. Admiral's Cap FREE!



**LIBERTY PLAYTHINGS, Inc., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Dept. CL.**

Please send me immediately the following Liberty Boats, and include, as per your Introductory Offer, the FREE Double Gift of Jr. Admiral's Cap and Under-Carriage with Wheels. I will pay the postman the stated price for each boat ordered, plus a few cents postage.

Check Those	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 22 Liberty Seaplane, 22 in. wings	\$ 5.00
You Are	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 8 Liberty Destroyer, 25 in. long	8.50
Ordering	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 6 Liberty Airplane Carrier, 27 in. long	10.00
	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 2 Liberty Tug and Scow (2 boats)	3.50

Give head size for cap \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(If Cash accompanies Order we PREPAY Postage)

# Liberty Playthings

## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 694]

Toys and animals have a part in the celebration of Christmas quite as much as have boys and girls. There are "hearts of oak in the toy cupboard." Margery Bianco has given us *The Little Wooden Doll*, *Poor Cecco*, and *The Skin Horse*. We could not forget her other memorable stories, *The Adventures of Andy* and *The Velveteen Rabbit*. To *Pinocchio* and *The Little Blue Man* we this year add a new story, *Kasperle's Adventures*. Here is another wooden boy who comes alive and has many humorous adventures. *Pinocchio for The Stage* gives all the directions for producing, as a children's play or as a marionette show, the delightful Italian story by that name. *Twistum Tales* are about some other jolly wooden playmates—a cat, a pig and a rabbit.

So long is the procession of animal stories that we hesitate to mention one part of the parade lest we lose sight of other favorites. We cannot even mention all the new stories without showing partiality. The newest books, giving personal history of animals, are *The Circus Menagerie*, *In the Zoo*; and *Karoo*, *The Kangaroo*, *The Toys' Adventures at the Zoo* and *The Fun-Craft Book* are about animals who are more or less alive. Other very good animal stories are *The Christopher Robin Story Book*, *Tim Towser*, *Bing*, *American Animals*, *The Vain Pussy Cat*, *Raggle Taggle Bear*, *The Runaway Sardine*, *The Rootabaga Country* and *The Chief of the Herd*.

"How much does a dream cost?" asked Peter. The Seller of Dreams had all kinds for sale, he said—good, bad, true, false—even a few thrilling nightmares. Here, spread before you, are many dreams as well as other things about which you want to know. May you find delight in these gay books! They are bursting full of all the joys of Christmas. May a Christmas glory shine through them and through all the days which are to follow!

## CHRISTMAS IN 1929

### THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Christ Legends - HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK - Selma Lagerlof  
The Kingdom, The Power, and The Glory - Edited by James Daugherty  
ALFRED A. KNOPP, NEW YORK  
The Little Children's Bible - Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Others  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK  
The Older Children's Bible - Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Others  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK  
The Shepherd of Jerusalem - Edited by Morris H. Turk  
MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY, NEW YORK  
Stories From the Bible - Edited by Walter de la Mare  
COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION, NEW YORK

### PICTURE BOOKS

American Animals - P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY, CHICAGO - David Newell  
Fishes and Sea Animals - WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY, NEW YORK - Eric F. Daglish  
Pocket Handkerchief Park - DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK - Rachel Field  
Reptiles - WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY, NEW YORK - Eric F. Daglish  
The Joyous Aztecs - THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK - J. G. Francis  
Miki - DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK - Maud and Misha Petersham  
Noisy Nora - FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK - Hugh Lofting  
Queenie - FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK - Helen F. Orion



## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

- The Runaway Sardine - Emma L. Brock  
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
- The Story of Woolin-Poolin - Marguerite Buller  
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Tomson's Halloween - Margaret Baker  
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Vain Pussy Cat and Other Stories - Louis Moe  
COWARD-McCANN COMPANY, NEW YORK

## FOR CHILDREN UNDER TEN

- The Adventures of Andris - Elizabeth P. Jacobi  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Children Sing in the Far West - Mary Austin  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Christopher Robin Story Book - A. A. Milne  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Circus Menagerie - Edwin P. Norwood  
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- Fairy Tales, by Hans Christian Andersen - Selected by Elizabeth MacKinty  
COWARD-McCANN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Fun-Craft Book - Rachel Taft and Marjorie Hartwell  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Fun With Paper Folding - William D. Murray and Francis J. Rigney  
FLEMING H. REVELL & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Hitty - Rachel Field  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- In the Zoo - W. Reid Blair  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Jolly Jungle Jingles - Otilie Amend  
P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Karoo, the Kangaroo - Kurt Wiese  
COWARD-McCANN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Kasperle's Adventures - Josephine Siebe  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The King's Christmas Pudding - Grace Gilkison  
COWARD-McCANN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Little Blacknose - Hildegard H. Swift  
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



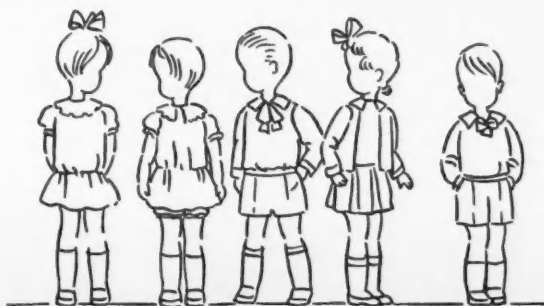
## WHAT SANTA IS BRINGING

A Game

BY HARVEY M. HAEBERLE

The players stand in a row. The first player says, "Santa is coming and he's bringing me a gift," and then gives the name of a gift beginning with the letter *a*—apple, for instance. The next player gives the name of the gift beginning with a letter *b*, such as *ball*. Thus the game continues until the alphabet is exhausted. If a player fails to give the name of a gift starting with his particular letter, he drops out of the game. The one who remains standing the longest wins the game.

This game can also be played in another way. The leader names a certain letter, and everyone in naming his gift uses that letter to begin his word, until another letter is named. As in the foregoing game, those failing to do this, drop out; and the one who remains standing the longest is the winner of the game.



## Thrilling Toys for Christmas

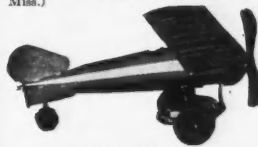
KINGSBURY  
"SILVER ARROW"

Launches by hand and also "taxies" over the ground and "takes off". Flies over housetops, diving and banking in long, continuous flight. Not a construction toy but a fully built plane. A few moments to assemble and she's ready to fly. Made of light Balsam wood. Aluminum reinforcements. Aluminum propeller. Strong elastic motor. Model 21, Cabin Type, 22 inch wing spread, \$2.50 (West of Miss. \$2.75.) Racing models No. 1, 18 inch wing spread, \$1.00. No. 2, 26 inch wing spread, \$2.00 (\$1.10 and \$2.20 West of Miss.).



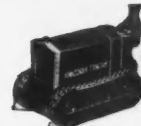
KINGSBURY "GOLDEN ARROW"

Exact 21 inch copy of Major Segrave's famous car that broke the world's record at 231.5 miles per hour. Approved and autographed by the driver himself. Life-like in every detail. Built all of steel. Bright gold bronze finish like original. Extra powerful clock-steel racing motor. Real Dunlop Rubber Tires. \$3.00. (West of Miss. \$3.20.) Sunbeam and bluebird racers also \$3.00 each.



KINGSBURY MONOPLANE

This 12 inch plane is equipped with a strong clock spring motor that sends it swiftly "taxi-ing" round and round the floor with propeller spinning. Bright gold body and gleaming silver wing, blue propeller and bright red disc wheels with rubber tires. Built of metal to stand knocks. \$1.25 (West of Miss. \$1.40).



KINGSBURY TRACTOR

A toy "caterpillar" tractor that acts for all the world like a real one. Powerful clock spring motor sends it over all sorts of obstacles, even when hauling heavy loads. Built of steel and handsomely finished in colored enamel. Length 8 inches, \$2.75. Equipped with trailer, total length 18 inches, \$3.00. (West of Miss. 10% higher.)

Toys so life-like they seem turned small by magic. Toys that act like the real thing come to life. Toys that last. Good toys. Kingsbury Toys. If your dealer hasn't got them, order direct. Kingsbury Mfg. Co., 80 M Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.



ONLY 10c

Send 10c for this novel eraser. It's a steel disc wheel from a Kingsbury toy with a "balloon" tire of solid eraser rubber. Set of four, 35c.

FREE! New Catalog

showing more than 40 of the most interesting toys for boys and girls ever made. Send for your copy today.



## KINGSBURY MOTOR TOYS

T WAS THE DAY  
AFTER CHRISTMAS

It was the day after Christmas, and there 'round the tree  
The children were playing as gay as could be.  
The gift the most pleasing and just the best fun,  
Was an "Old Faithful" Play Set - a wonderful one!

Said Mother to Daddy, "I never did see  
A gift more alluring. It's charmed them - all three!"  
So hang up your stocking by the chimney with care  
And ask for a Play Set - Santa has them to spare!

Ask your dealer to show you  
"OLD FAITHFUL" PLAY SETS

THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY  
HOME OFFICE AND FACTORIES 740-848 HAYES AVE. SANBURY, OHIO

NEW YORK OFFICE: 120 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO: 116 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET  
DALLAS, TEXAS: SANTA FE BUILDING

"Old Faithful" Play Sets

## The PERFECT Gift for Mother and Baby

# The Kozekar



The most useable baby carriage ever invented. Its compact construction takes less room in the bedroom and living room. Always ready for use in the home, on the street and when motoring. Take baby anywhere—hotel, camping or motoring—has a full sized bed and a good one. Running gear removable and collapsible. Detachable runners supplied for winter use.

Kozekars finished in rich velours, tapes, tries and repps. Sold by department furni-

ture and juvenile stores. We want you to know all about Kozekars.

**WRITE:** Beautiful Catalogue and Illustrated Folder showing the KOZEKAR in its rich harmonious coloring. Also samples of materials mailed free.

### THE KOZEKAR, INC.

912 - 13th Avenue S. E.

Minneapolis, Minn.

"Remember there's only one Kozekar"



### New Series No. 3. DOLLY DINGLE CUTOUTS THE WORLD'S BEST by Grace G. Drayton Printed in Beautiful Colors on Heavy Cardboard

IN this series Dolly Dingle travels by airplane to Mexico, Honolulu, China, Spain, Scotland, Belgium and Holland; includes her aviation costumes and the native costumes of her friends in these countries, and her American friends. Series No. 3 consists of 3 large folders; each folder consists of 3 leaves; size of each page 11 1/4 x 16 inches; containing in all 9 series of cutouts; 13 dolls with costumes, etc.; they are printed in beautiful colors on the front, and on the back of most of the pieces are little travel stories with pictures, and after you cut the pieces out you will always have the little stories on the back. The 3 folders are tied with handsome ribbon and put up in glassine envelope in which you may keep your cutouts clean.

With this special offer we will also send you a sheet of four travel stories about Dolly Dingle with instructions for making into four little books, and 4 beautiful Christmas Booklets size 3 x 4 inches, printed in brilliant colors throughout.

### These Make Wonderful Christmas Gifts

Send 50 cents in check, money order, coin or stamps, and all the above will be mailed to you postage prepaid.

JOHN H. EGGERS CO. INC. Dept. CL. 471 Fourth Avenue, New York City



## OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 678]

the hardware store, and tack one part to the trunk box, the other to the cover.

One of my favorites among things to make, when I was of your age, was a solitary puzzle board. It was easy to prepare, and everybody to whom I gave one enjoyed working the puzzle. Daddy and Grandfather would appreciate one, I am sure. Mark it down upon your Christmas list.

Figure 11 shows the completed board. It is square, and it may be a 7-inch board like that in the pattern of Figure 12, or larger, or smaller, according to what material you can get. The thick end of a grocery box will do, if it is not warped, and its surface is smooth or you can smooth it. Lacking a box, ask a carpenter for a square piece of board. He will have one in his waste pile.

When you have cut the board of the right size, and planed and sandpapered its surfaces, plane a slight bevel on the upper edges (Figure 1), or round them with sandpaper, to remove their sharpness. Then lay out the positions for the peg holes. Divide the edges of the board into equal spaces. If the board is 7 inches wide, make the spaces 7/8 inch wide; if 8 inches wide, make them 1 inch wide; if 6 inches wide, make them 3/4 inch wide. When you have divided the edges, connect the points upon opposite edges with lines ruled with ruler and pencil. The hole centers will be where the lines cross, but notice that four holes are omitted in each corner. Draw circles around the centers that are to be used. I have indicated the holes with black dots in Figure 12.

Bore the peg holes with a 1/4-inch bit, 1/4 inch deep. Use a match stick to measure by, so that you will get them of equal depth. Start the holes with the point of a nail, so that it will be easy to place the point of the bit at the centers. If you have no bit or drill, make small holes by driving a nail into the board at each point, then withdrawing it.

Cut pegs from a dowel-stick (Figure 13) for the 1/4-inch holes. Buy a dowel-stick to fit the holes at a hardware store. Saw it into pegs 1 inch long, whittle or file the peg ends round, as shown, and sandpaper them smooth. Or, if you have made nail holes, instead of boring holes, make pegs of match sticks. There are thirty-three holes, but cut several extra pegs, to replace lost ones.

Finish the solitary board and pegs with lacquer. Lacquer will be better than enamel, because it will not clog the holes.

This is the puzzle to work on the solitary board. Stick the pegs into all of the holes but one, then jump one peg over another, crosswise or lengthwise of the board, and remove each peg jumped over, until all of the pegs but one have been removed. To make the solution clear, I have numbered the holes on the diagram of Figure 12. Stick the pegs

[Continued on page 702]



## Write to Santa Claus' Helpers



### PETERS' SKI SKATES

No. 601—Price \$1.25

No Need of Ice—No Danger of Drowning  
Used Wherever There Is Even A Light Snow



Adjustable to more than 10 years variation in ages  
**Safe—Fascinating—Healthful**

### ALSO PETERS' SKI and POLE SETS

No. 651—Price \$1.25

Consists of 2 Skis and 2 Ski Poles  
For Young Children

At dealers everywhere—or  
send us his name and your  
check or money order and  
either or both sets will be  
sent you postpaid.



Manufactured only by

**F. D. PETERS & CO.** Gloversville, N. Y.  
U. S. A.

**N**EARLY every gift featured  
on this page can be found at  
your favorite local store. If not,  
the manufacturers will gladly fill  
your order the same day it is re-  
ceived. Do not hesitate to order  
by mail for CHILD LIFE adver-  
tisers are reliable.



### POSTER CRAFT

\$2.00 SIZE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE

HOURS OF FUN AND INSTRUCTIVE ENTERTAINMENT CAN BE GOTTEN OUT OF THESE SETS. SENT PREPAID ON RECEIPT OF \$2.00 OR \$1.00 FOR JUNIOR SIZE POSTER CRAFT.

THE MARTINI ARTISTS COLOR LABORATORIES  
57 HARRIS AVE., L. I. CITY, N. Y.



Both sets approved by Child Life.

### FLYING SQUADRON for \$2.00



**Five (5) Flying Airplanes for \$2.00 That Perform Like the Real Thing!**

Not construction sets but nearly assembled planes.

Guaranteed to fly.

1) **LONE EAGLE BOMBER**—28 inch non-breakable Wing—7 inch aluminum Propeller—shock absorbing Landing Gear—300 ft. flight—weight 3 1/4 oz.

2) **LONE EAGLE SCOUT**—20 inch non-breakable Wing—5 1/4 inch aluminum Propeller—Flexible Landing Gear—150 ft. flight—weight 2 1/4 oz.

3) **LONE EAGLE MOBY**—16 inch Balsa Wood Wing—4 1/4 inch metal Propeller—150 ft. flight—weight 1 1/2 oz.

4) **GREAT EAGLE GLIDER**—16 inch non-breakable Wing—cabin type Fuselage—Big Value.

5) **LONE EAGLE STUNT GLIDER**—12 inch Balsa Wood Wing—cabin type Fuselage—Does All Stunts.

Each set in individual Box; all packed in one shipping carton. Complete with interesting Instruction Booklet.

All Five (5) for \$2.00

Postage Paid

Aircraft Model Div.—Wilder Mfg. Co.



717 N. Main St.

St. Louis Mo. U.S.A.

Six  
1.00

Doz.  
1.75



### "JO-JO" DOLL BLOCK

Single Set

**Erects in Thousands  
of Ways**

Entertaining to children of all ages—  
boon to kindergartens—hostesses use  
them too, as gifts and for entertaining.

If not found at dealers we mail post-  
paid in United States upon receipt of  
price—returnable if not satisfied.

Descriptive Literature

**JO-JO TOY COMPANY**  
San Francisco, California

### LEAD SOLDIERS



We specialize in the unusual Christmas  
items such as: unbreakable tree orna-  
ments, garden toys, zoo animals, mini-  
ature dolls, snow, tinsel, electric shades,  
tree toppers, surprise packages, etc.

Send 5c in stamps for illustrated sheets

**KINDERMART IMPORTING COMPANY**

1411 W. 36th St.

Baltimore, Md.



### "TEE-WEE"

If you have a little girl on your Christ-  
mas list give her this unique Living Doll.

The "Tee-Wee" Hand Babe has been  
approved by CHILD LIFE and carries  
the CHILD LIFE Seal of Approval.

It throws a kiss! It says Good Bye!  
It moves! It coos! It does everything  
a living baby can do, and it only costs  
\$2.00.

It will help you solve your Christmas  
problem. Every little girl and grown up  
will be delighted to have one of these  
marvelous Living Dolls. If your local  
dealer cannot supply you use coupon  
below.

### S. & H. NOVELTY COMPANY

13 No. Bellevue Ave. Atlantic City, N. J.

S. & H. NOVELTY CO.

13 North Bellevue Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

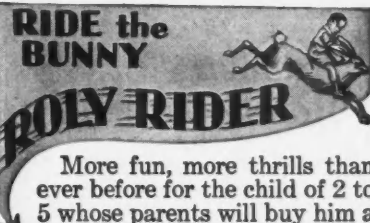
Enclosed find \$..... for "TEE-WEE" Hand

Babes ☐ Will pay postman on delivery ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



More fun, more thrills than  
ever before for the child of 2 to  
5 whose parents will buy him a

### "Jacky Rabbit"



—the new kind of spring-action  
**ROLY RIDER** with soft, smooth,  
wavy motion just like riding a  
flying bunny. Easy to mount  
and stay on; balanced so  
nicely that the thrilling motion  
is easily kept up; light and  
easy to move about; will not  
mar finest floor.

Pat. Appl'd for

**SENT POSTPAID \$4.75  
FOR ONLY**

A wonderful Christmas gift that will  
give the kiddies hours of safe, body-build-  
ing play every day. Other models, Buckee  
Horse, Go-Goosey, same price, also Wingy  
Plane model, \$5.75 postpaid, or at dealer's.  
Order direct, or request circular giving  
name of nearest dealer.

**JANESVILLE PRODUCTS CO.**

Dept. 22, Janesville, Wis.

Makers of Janesville Ball Bearing  
Coaster Wagons—World's Finest.

Please send me items checked: **Fill Out  
and Mail**

☐ Catalog only.

☐ Buckee Horse, \$4.75 ☐ Go-Goosey, \$4.75

☐ Jacky Rabbit, \$4.75 ☐ Wingy Plane, \$5.75

Amount enclosed \$.....

Name.....

Address.....



## GIFT BOOKS

### Smoky

by WILL JAMES

author of "Sand," etc.

An animal story with an irresistible appeal. The latest addition to the famous series, "The Scribner \$2.50 Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers," with new James color illustrations, it is more than ever the perfect gift book for younger readers.

With full-page illustrations in color and black and white by the author. \$2.50

### American Folk and Fairy Tales

Selected by RACHEL FIELD

A host of amusing folk-tales, culled from Indian lore, colonial legends, and the best negro animal stories, are in this beautiful gift book, a refreshing novelty in fairy and folk books.

With about 50 illustrations (8 in color) by Margaret Freeman. \$3.00



from "Smoky" by Will James

### Arabian Romances

by H. I. KATIBAH

author of "Other Arabian Nights"

The spirit of the East lives in every colorful story in this book, composed of delightful romances, fables, and folk-lore heard by the author in his boyhood days in Syria.

With illustrations in color and line by W. M. Berger. \$2.00

### Toad of Toad Hall

by A. A. MILNE

author of "When We Were Very Young"

A play from Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."

The creator of "Winnie the Pooh" has taken in hand that delicious braggart, Mr. Toad, his friends and persecutors, and woven their delightful antics into a play that will be a joy to children of all ages. Boards. \$1.25

### In the Zoo

by W. REID BLAIR, D.V.Sc., LL.D.

Director and General Curator, New York Zoological Park

This book tells how animals are cared for in the zoo, how they are fed, how they are treated when they are sick, etc., with scores of interesting and amusing anecdotes of the wild creatures.

Profusely illustrated from photographs. \$2.50

at all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons  
597 Fifth Avenue New York

## A KNIGHT CAME FLYING

[Continued from page 657]

does a small chap like you happen to be here all alone?"

At that, Ned told the whole story. Never did a boy have a more sympathetic audience. The new suit was brought out and duly admired. "I'm afraid though," Ned said, "it isn't as nice as yours." He eyed his suit ruefully. It didn't look half so fine to him since he had seen the rig of his new friend.

After they had become very well acquainted, the aviator asked, "How about something to eat? I'm afraid I'm starved. Flying is pretty hungry work." Such a supper as the two got! The man could and did make himself a pot of coffee, and with the generous supply of food in Mother's pantry, they made out as good a meal as either of them had ever eaten.

Billy Jones, who had come to milk the cows and spend the night with Ned, joined him and Rover when they watched the departure of the guest, an hour or so after the storm had passed. "You'll hear from me again some day," the aviator shouted to the boy after he had started the motor and climbed into the car. Ned wasn't quite sure that he understood him, for the motor was making such an uproar, but even if he never saw Jack Picard again, it had been the greatest thing that had ever happened in his life.

Mother, Dad, Uncle Tom and the new cow came the next day. Ned could hardly wait to tell his story. It was such a wonderful thing to happen to any boy! Surely no one in Clay County had ever had such a marvelous adventure. News of it even reached Central City, and reporters came to the farm to interview the boy who had entertained the great hero of the day. Nothing to do, but Ned must have his picture taken in the new aviator suit, and it was published all over the country under the heading, "Farmer boy entertains Jack Picard who was forced down because of storm." Even old Rover

[Continued on page 704]

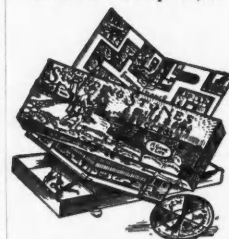
# Christmas GAMES

Select from this list for Girls, Boys and Adults

### ROCK-A-BYE BIRDIES

A Beautiful Game for Little Children

Attractive color treatments and a dearly loved subject. Each child is the proud owner of a bird's nest and must gather eggs for the Basket, the play being directed by a most amusing method. Simplicity, beauty and entertainment are combined for little children. Complete, \$1.00.



### STEPPING STONES

The Game for Ambitious American Youth

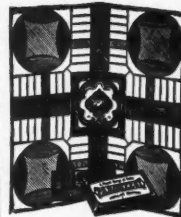
Players journey toward success in life by way

of Stepping Stones, meeting and overcoming the obstacles found in real life. Very interesting and suggests wholesome lessons in an understandable way. Popular Edition, \$1.00; DeLux Gift Edition, \$2.00.

### DOODLE-BUG RACE

Fun and Excitement for All Children

Six comical Doodle-Bugs tumble their way around a country race track to the accompaniment of laughter by the players. Action and unlimited amusement abound in this game. Everything complete, \$1.00.



### PARCHEESI

The Game Everybody Loves

The game of unique charm for young and old. Board, Counters, Dice, Cups and Directions: Standard Edition, \$1.00; DeLuxe Edition, \$2.00; Morocco Gift Edition, \$3.50.

### "IT?"

— a card game for Adults

To make a "hit" in any group, play "IT"! This is the liveliest and funniest game introduced in a long time. Cards, playing disks and directions, all complete for \$1.00.

Ask for these games by name at your favorite store. If unobtainable, send money order or check for those you desire and we will forward them promptly, and fully prepaid.

### SELCHOW & RIGHTER CO.

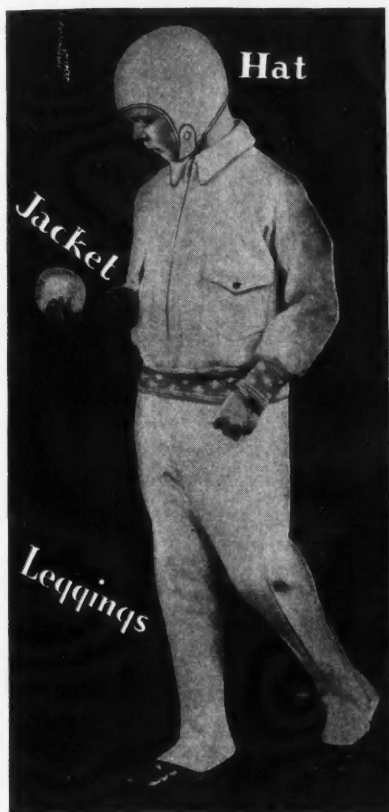
GAME DEPARTMENT

5th Ave. Bldg., 200 5th Ave., New York City





## ZIP FASTENER SETS

Warm and Dry  
in any Weather

WITH Jack Frost getting ready to blow his hardest, the wise mother chooses Standard Sets for her children. She knows she's certain of getting out-door garments that are really warm, comfy and expertly tailored for smartness and freedom of movement.

Standard Sets are fashioned of

**RAUTEX**  
(100%) PURE VIRGIN WOOL

**DURTEX**  
(80%) PURE VIRGIN WOOL

... two exclusive fabrics that help make STANDARDS the finest sets you can buy.

Sizes 1 to 10. In Camel, Brown, Navy, Powder Blue, Grey, Beaver, Poppy, Green, Rust, Red Pepper and Tweed combinations.

If you cannot obtain Standard Sets in your favorite store, write us mentioning size and color desired and your store's name. We will see that your order is filled immediately.

**S. RAUH & CO.**

650 Sixth Avenue - New York

BE SURE THEY'RE "STANDARD"

CHRISTMAS IN  
CAROL AND SONG

(Continued from page 680)

and men, who were called "waits" (meaning watchmen) became the custom and I hope many of you will become "waits" during the coming holiday and do this pleasant thing in the town in which you live.

You won't be caroling alone, for a multitude of Americans will soon be singing such famous carols as "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "The First Nowell," "Silent Night," "I Saw Three Ships Come sailing In" and many other Christmas folk-songs. And there will be thousands of American boys and girls who will go to homes where sickness and loneliness may be, as well as to the houses of health and wealth, and standing outside on the lawn, they will sing, "O, Come All Ye Faithful," "Good Christian Men, Rejoice," "Good King Wenceslas" and other carols.

Begin now to gather your friends together, and to learn both the words and the music to at least six old Christmas carols. If you will write to the National Bureau For the Advancement of Music, at 45 West 45th Street, New York City, you will be sent free, information about carols and costumes, and the printed carols themselves will cost you but a few pennies.

You will have twice the fun on Christmas Day if you have gone out in your neighborhood on Christmas Eve (all dressed up in your picturesque red cambric caps and pointed hoods) and sung beautiful carols that the whole world loves to hear. Caroling, bell-ringing, and erecting a community Christmas tree are three helpful and happy customs to keep alive. Christmas is the golden event of the year in the lives of children—little and big—and they should be the ones to urge that the custom of caroling, of bell-chiming and of setting up a big, blazing community Christmas tree be kept up. Your parents and teachers will help you make this Yuletide a festival of song.

Now for the fourth year I wish you, Child Life readers, and my many young friends, a very merry and musical Christmas!

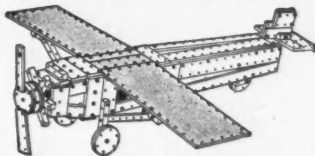
A "Magic Box"  
filled with Toys  
without Number!

Sturdy, realistic, toys of endless variety—airplanes, motor trucks, bridges, tractors, swings, doll furniture—all "made to order" out of a box of Arkitoys Play Lumber.

Here is an amazing new wood construction set that makes every boy and girl a "toy architect"—designers and builders of their own toys. Teaches children to think as they play—stimulates creative thought and ingenuity. No hammering or sawing. The accurately made, mathematically calculated materials are cut to standard sizes, ready to put together. Complete plan book with every set shows great variety of models that can be built. Here is the answer to your "toy problem"!

Four sizes: \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00. At leading stores—or shipped direct, prepaid express or parcel post, if your dealer cannot supply you. Free descriptive circular.

**G. B. LEWIS COMPANY**  
Dept. B-12 Watertown, Wis.



## MAIL THE COUPON!

G. B. LEWIS CO., Dept. B-12, Watertown, Wis.  
☐ 10c enclosed for which send me 32-page Arkitoys Plan Book (included free with every set).  
☐ Send free descriptive circular.

Enter my order for  
... No. 1 Set (\$1.00) ... No. 2 Set (\$2.00)  
... No. 3 Set (\$3.50) ... No. 4 Set (\$5.00)  
to be shipped postage or express prepaid. Full amount of remittance enclosed with this order.




Name.....  
Address.....  
.....






# The LUCKIEST CHILD



Eleanor Hammond

The 's child has  
of red. The 's a  
of blue. The 's son is  
a fortunate one with  
s and s and !

It must be very fine to be  
The child of a   
.....To nibble  and  
 As many  
as ever you can!

The 's child has a  
happy life with things  
that his Daddy bakes....  
with  and hot  
cross  And  and  
 s and  s!

But if I could choose  
my father's trade.....  
The very jolliest one...  
I'd have it Christsms every  
day And be 's son!



## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1929.

STATE OF ILLINOIS }  
COUNTY OF COOK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Rand McNally & Company, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, a corporation of which the following are the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock: Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Clow, 60 Scott St., Chicago, Ill.; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James McNally, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchsack, 518 Centre St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Clara M. Hohl, 5 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. June P. M. Chapin, care Whitney Central Trust & Savings Bank, City Bank Branch, New Orleans, La.; E. C. Buchring, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Eleanor V. McNally, 1041 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Julia Hessert, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Gustav Hessert, 536-538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Louise P. Bunts, 550 Surf St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant, has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. McNALLY

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1929.

SEAL

M. J. STANTON

(My commission expires December 8, 1930.)



## OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 698)

in all of the holes except Number 1. Then jump in this order: 9 to 1; 7 to 9; 10 to 8; 21 to 7; 7 to 9; 22 to 8; 8 to 10; 6 to 4; 1 to 9; 18 to 6; 3 to 11; 20 to 18; 18 to 6; 30 to 18; 27 to 25; 24 to 26; 28 to 30; 33 to 25; 18 to 30; 31 to 33; 33 to 25; 26 to 24; 16 to 18; 23 to 25; 25 to 11; 6 to 18; 13 to 11; 18 to 6; 9 to 11; 11 to 3; 3 to 1.

There are six other solutions to the puzzle. See if you can discover them. Learn the solution I have given above, but keep it a secret, and when Daddy or Grandfather finally gives up, as he probably will, and tells you that the puzzle cannot be worked, replace the pegs in their holes, look very wise, and surprise him by jumping as I have shown you.



## Write to Santa Claus' Helpers



Children, if you've dollies dear,  
I hope you'll read this rhyme,  
For now is just the time of year  
To give them a good time.  
Fix up their homes with beds and things  
The size a doll enjoys;  
They'll happy be if Christmas brings  
A lot of TYNIETOYS.

### TYNIETOY DOLL HOUSE FURNITURE

Its small dolls and pleasing little mothers. Dainty, yet serviceable, playing with it is just like "keeping house".

Every Piece a Reproduction of a Genuine Antique Model

Hand Made and Hand Colored

Chippendale, Sheraton and Colonial models all in the same small scale. Illustrations above about 1-10 actual size.

Sold as Complete Rooms or as separate pieces.

**VICTORIAN BED ROOM 8 pieces \$10.00**  
Spool Bed \$3.00 Bureau \$3.25  
2 Chairs (each) 1.10 Candle Stick .25  
Spool Stand 1.35 Rag Rug .35  
Silhouette Picture .45

Complete room or separate pieces sent anywhere on receipt of price.



### TYNIETOY Doll Houses

Replises of real New England Homes Furnished or Unfurnished \$17.50 to \$350.

**Colonial Mansion** 12 Rooms \$400. \$250. Furnished Unfurnished  
with garden and running water.  
Wired for electricity.

**A Modern House** 6 Rooms \$200. \$125  
with an interesting and unusual  
stairway wired for electricity.

**New England Town House** 9 Rooms \$150. \$85.  
wired for electricity.

**Nantucket House** 5 Rooms \$100. \$55.  
with fenced-in yard.

**Village House** 4 Rooms \$60. \$30.  
with Arbor.

**South County Farm House** 2 Rooms \$45. 17.50.  
Front drops & forms yard.

Large photos of Doll Houses sent on request.

**WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG**  
showing 150 pieces of TYNIETOY FURNITURE  
prices from 15c to \$15.00.

### TOY FURNITURE SHOP

Makers of Tynietoys  
29 Market Square Providence, R. I.

### FINE FOR GIFTS, PRIZES, ETC.



"Adjusto" cork-cushioned embroidery hoops, in sets, make fine anniversary, Christmas and other gifts and card prizes.

Rounds—4, 5, 6, 7" 25 cents each  
Ovals—3 x 6, 4 1/2 x 9"

Silvery or gilt finish. At good stores, or from  
THE EMBRO MFG. CO., CANTON, OHIO

HERE are Santa's Helpers—  
ready to do their part toward making Christmas happy.  
A page of delightful gifts to choose from.

Write today to Santa Claus' Helpers  
whose names you will find throughout  
the pages of this Christmas issue of  
CHILD LIFE. Then you'll be sure  
to have a Merry Christmas!



### The "Write" Gift for Children

Individual Name  
**DE LUXE**  
**PENCIL SETS** 1.00  
Post Paid  
Trademark Reg.

Embossed genuine leather case with coin pocket, a fine ruler and a colorful assortment of lead pencils, every piece engraved with name in 18 Kt. Gold. A point protector and sharpener included—Supreme in its class.  
**Junior Set** — Embossed genuine leather case and 3 pencils, name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold. 50c  
Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage  
**IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc.**  
112 C. L. Fourth Ave., New York City

## A Gift That 50,000 Children Helped To Make

SO that your child might learn to love poetry, the boys and girls of twelve great school systems selected, from thousands of poems, the 785 selections in The Poetry Book. They chose the poems they really liked—without help from their elders—and they did a good job. Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Stevenson—these are but a few of the great poets represented.

The Poetry Book appears in nine attractive volumes, consecutively graded for children from the first to ninth grades—the poems in each volume selected by children of the age for which it is made.

### Free On Approval

Let us send these wonderful books to you free for five days. In five days, either return the books at our expense, send us \$9.00 or on our simple partial payment plan. Don't deprive your children of this opportunity to know and truly love the beauties of the world's best poetry!

Rand McNally & Company, Dept. M-36  
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.  
Gentlemen:

Please send me "The Poetry Book." I will either return the nine volumes to you at your expense within five days, or I send \$9.00 in full payment or pay on partial payment plan of 3 monthly payments of \$3.00 each.

Name .....  
Street & Number .....  
City & State .....

## THE FUN-CRAFT BOOK Gives Them Something To Do

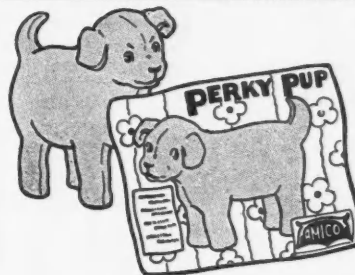
Busy hands make happy hearts—and the Fun-Craft Book provides hours of fascinating fun—tells, by word and picture, how to make delightful things. Toy animals, paper lanterns, transparencies, decorations, woven bags, stenciling, block printing, toys from boxes and paper—all of them so simple the smallest youngster can make them—so much fun to make and use that every boy and girl will want to make them.

### THE FUN-CRAFT BOOK

At your bookstore. . . . . \$1.00  
Or from the publishers send 7c extra for postage.

### RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

New York Chicago San Francisco



## Have You a Perky Pup in Your Home?

Sister claims Perky Pup for her very own, but brother can't resist him for he is so playful and full of fun.

PERKY PUP IS LIFE SIZE made from durable colored flannel brightly trimmed. Fill him full of rags or wool and he is ready for months of play.

**ARMIDON & COMPANY**  
31 S. Frederick Street  
Baltimore, Maryland

Enclosed find 25c for the Perky Pup ☐ Kuddie Kat ☐ L. E. Phant ☐ or 75c for the whole family ☐.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....





## "and when Santa comes—"

FANCIFUL questionings, pretty fairy tales; happy anticipations, desires fulfilled! Toys, of course—all those delightful little creations from the Land of Make-Believe that make young hearts joyous. But there will be needed things, too—Simplex Flexies, for example—for someone else's children if not for your own!

Flexies promote happiness not only now, but in the years to come—for these dainty health shoes safeguard the wearers' heritage of perfect feet. Flexies are designed and built on Nature's plan. They let tender growing feet exercise freely and develop naturally, without harmful restrictions. And yet—they are as dainty as shoes can be!

Add Simplex Flexies to your Christmas shopping list. Ask your shoe dealer for the Simplex Flexies Style Book—it will aid you in your selections.

SIMPLEX SHOE  
MFG. COMPANY  
Dept. E-129, Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of daintier footwear  
for young feet from 1 to 21.



Flexies  
are made in  
both low and  
high styles, in a  
great variety of attrac-  
tive leathers.

# Simplex Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail  
the coupon. It will  
bring you two very  
interesting, nicely  
illustrated booklets  
—one for your in-  
formation and one  
for the children's  
entertainment.



Gentlemen: Send me the name of nearest  
Flexies dealer — also your booklets "The  
Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six  
fundamental features to look for in chil-  
dren's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie  
Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name .....  
Address ..... E-129

## A KNIGHT CAME FLYING

[Continued from page 700]

came in for his share of fame and had his picture published along with his master's.

"You know, Mom," Ned confidentially told his mother, "he was just like us. And he ate—you never saw such an appetite! He ate beans until I thought he'd bust, and he ate half a pumpkin pie, honest he did."

Several weeks later, a letter came to Alfred M. Gaylord, Sr. and a package to Alfred M. Gaylord, Jr. The letter contained tickets for Mother, Dad and Ned to visit Washington and be the guests of a certain great flier, one Jack Picard. In the package was an outfit for the boy, which was just like the one worn by the aviator on his visit at the farm, only many sizes smaller—leather helmet, jacket and leggings. A card came with it which read, "To be worn on your first flight with your friend, Jack."



## WHEN JENNY LIND SANG TO HER CAT

[Continued from page 692]

"Jenny, the bird is yours if you will hang him well out of reach of your cat; so play with him now while I talk to your mother. Do not sing, for then I cannot make plans or do anything but listen."

There is no need to tell about the battle. It was natural that the mother and grandmother had doubts of a great rushing world they knew nothing of, nor could they know that Jenny had such a strong fine nature that she would be able to mingle with the world and influence it and help it. It wasn't an absolute victory but none the less it was a victory, for Mademoiselle Lundberg succeeded in making them promise to have Jenny trained by a leading singing master.

There were years of work for Jenny but when she grew to be a woman the whole world was stirred by her voice. She came across the ocean and sang to America and her voice was still the same beautiful natural voice and her face still was lit with the lovely expression that transformed it.

And the cat? No wonder he was proud.



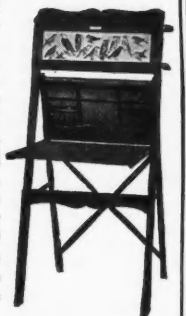
## Litho Plate

### The Blackboard That Teaches

IN ADDITION to the blackboard and desk—the wonderful charts illustrating birds, butterflies, animals, flowers, flags, etc., make a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard the universal favorite of every child.

Gratify, under carefully developed leadership, your children's inclination to express themselves—and relieve yourself of the necessity of finding something for them to do. Let them learn while they play—the ideal system indorsed by many leading juvenile educators.

If your local merchant cannot supply you we will be glad to send you a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard, as illustrated, with 40 educational charts and unbreakable, slatted blackboard, \$4.95, or one having 60 educational charts with 30 charts in color, at \$5.95, f.o.b., Muncie, Indiana.



## RICHMOND

### SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.

Muncie, Indiana





## What a wonderful surprise for them!

The "hard-to-please" age . . . too old for baby toys; too young for the more-advanced articles of youth . . . this "hard-to-please" age is just made for these delightful Savage Play Guns.

Fathers and Mothers, Uncles and Aunts, who have always had difficulty in finding the right Christmas gifts for youngsters aged five to nine—can give no more thrilling, character-building, safe and handsome toys than these.

Here are three amazing toy rifles—a sturdy 15-shot repeater with a fascinating bell-target game, for all the family; a simple, easy-to-operate 7-shot repeater; and a simple little single-shot play gun with handsome red stock, for the very little fellows. One of these should well answer your gift needs.

### "Savage Play Rifle" Model 31

A 15-shot repeating Play Rifle with target scoring game, interesting to parents and youngsters alike. This is not an air rifle—but a harmless, easy-to-work, strongly built toy that shoots a spring-propelled pellet of light composition. Price \$5.00.

### "Western Scout" Model 32

A 7-shot repeater. Easy to cock by the pull-back handle. Simple and well-built. Safe to use indoors or outside. Shoots spring-propelled light wooden balls. Price \$2.50.

### "Indian Chief" Model 33

For those very little chaps . . . here's a single-shot play rifle easy to operate and very safe to use. Its stock is a rich enameled red. Shoots light wood balls. Price \$1.75.

These Three Toy Guns are on display at Your Favorite Department Store or Hardware Store. There's no better Christmas present.

## SAVAGE PLAY GUNS

Manufactured by  
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION  
Toy Division      Utica, N. Y.



## LIGHTING THE TREE

BY CLARA FAHRENBACH

(See next page)

THIS game is played on the open page of the magazine. Lay the magazine open on the table to make a flat game board on which the game is played with buttons.

Before we begin to play, let us look at this tree. It is festooned with tinsel and bedecked with candles, two of which have double rings around them. At the top is a huge star. Let us put a finger on the candle marked one (1), start and trace our tinsel path from one candle to another, so we can see all the different moves.

The object of the game is to travel from one candle to another until all the candles are lighted. We start at the candle marked one on the right-hand side and move along the tinsel path until we reach the large star. Any number of children may play.

A large button, which is used as a counter and a small button or different colored pieces of cardboard for each player, to be used as men, and the lid of a small box are all that are needed to play the game. Colored threads are sewed at the center of the small buttons to tell one person's man from another.

If the counter falls wrong side up into the box cover into which it is tossed, it counts for one move on the game board. If it falls right side up, it counts for two moves. To enter the game the counter must be tossed right side up.

Every ornament and every candle on the tinsel line is a move. The ornaments that are not on the line do not count. The candles that have a double line around the light must be visited twice. A player may skip ornament but not a candle. Each candle must be visited once and two of them twice.

If a player tosses two and there is no ornament between the candles, he has to wait until he tosses one, for each player has to stop at each candle. No two players may occupy the same candle at the same time. Two or more players may occupy the same ornament at the same time. If one man is on an ornament and another one comes to the same ornament, the first man must wait until the second one moves on before he can move.

The first one to reach the large star wins the game.



## What is the best CHRISTMAS GIFT you can give them..

IN the life of everyone some one particular Christmas stands out. And it is always that Christmas at which some gift awakens their minds to the beauty or the wonder or the knowledge of the world.

Christmases of dolls, of trinkets, of toys, come and go in an endless procession. But that one Christmas which opens their minds shines out in their lives forever.

So why not give them that gift that will make that Christmas this year? Give them

### Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

Here is a gift that has already made that kind of a Christmas in hundreds of thousands of homes.

Here in Compton's is all the knowledge in the world written and pictured for children in terms of their own understanding, made more interesting than any stories they read, yet kept in accurate encyclopedic form so that everything they want to know is at their fingers' ends.

Here is the one thing that will inspire them to learn, that will give them better marks in school, that will make them natural leaders amongst their friends, that will bring out the spark of genius so often lost and will make this Christmas stand out in their minds as long as they live. For Compton's is the only thing of its kind that the children have ever had for their very own in the whole six thousand years of written words.

### Special Christmas Offer Only \$3.50 Down

Send this coupon immediately for big, free, sample section and it won't take you a second to see for yourself. Then put Compton's under their tree and this will be the one Christmas of their mind's awakening, the one Christmas that will stand out through all the years, the Christmas that will make the memory of trinkets and toys seem poor and meagre and insignificant.

### Mail This Coupon

Here is the coupon. Mail it now. When you give Compton's, you will be giving the greatest gift you have ever given your children, and yet you will be feeling it less than some ordinary trinket or toy.

For you can pay for Compton's a little at a time each month. And you can have the whole wonderful ten-volume set under your tree this Christmas for a first payment of as little as \$3.50 down. This sample pictured section free will tell the story immediately. Mail this coupon today.

## Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Educational Director  
F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY  
Dept. 11-33, Compton Bldg.  
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, please send me at once your big FREE Pictured Sample Section of COMPTON'S together with your FREE Questionnaire Game which measures the general knowledge of any boy or girl at any age. And also give me full information as to how and where I can get COMPTON'S on the easy terms you have mentioned in this ad.

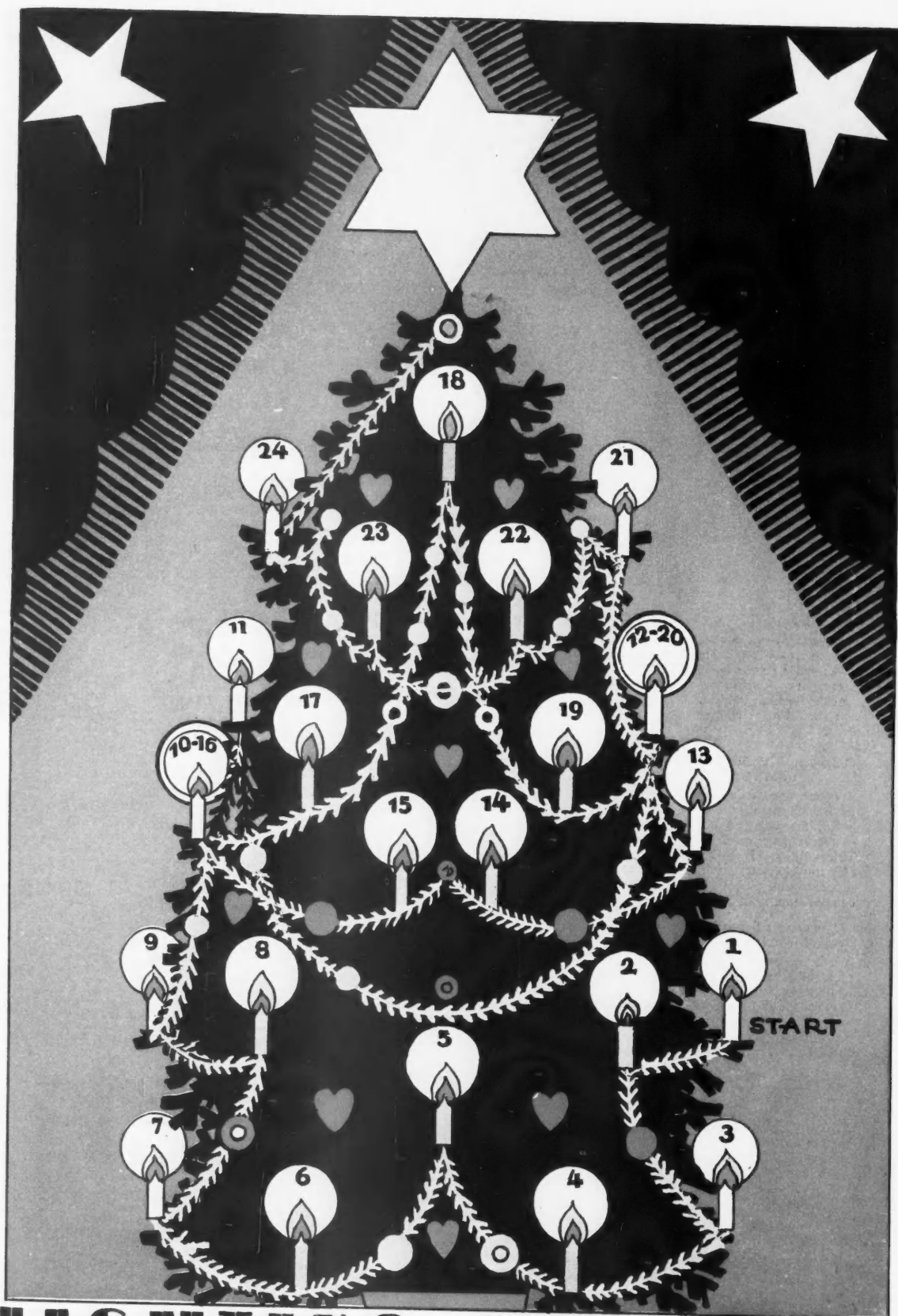
Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School



## •LIGHTING THE TREE.

(See page 705 for directions)

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.*



ANN joyfully lights the Christmas candles and wishes happiness for all.

Certainly three gay little frocks like Ann's would add to any little girl's Christmas cheer. Perhaps Santa will leave some patterns and material for them under your Christmas tree.

Velvet, silk and georgette crepe are just the thing for the festive season.

Pattern No. 6590, 5 sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

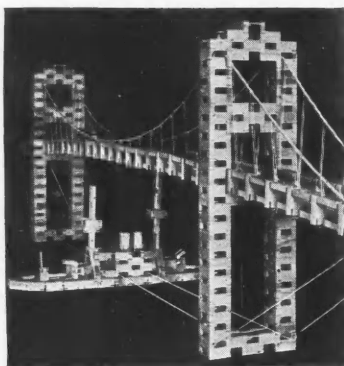
Pattern No. 6591, 5 sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

Pattern No. 6624, 3 sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.



## KIDDIE BLOX

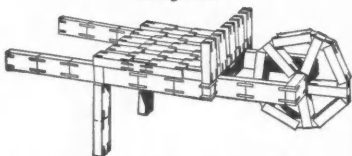
*A Fascinating Building Toy for Boys and Girls*



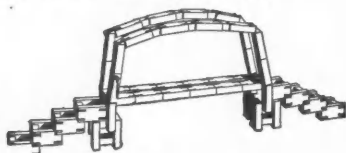
**Slotted and Keyed Construction Blocks of clear white pine**

These interesting Construction Sets simply fire the imagination of Boys and Girls—older children and even “grown-ups” become absorbed in the wonderful possibilities of building which can be worked out with KIDDIE BLOX. Churches, Castles and Fortresses; Houses and Furniture; Bridges and Skyscraper Construction are easily built if you have enough KIDDIE BLOX.

*The great feature of KIDDIE BLOX is the fact that anything built with them “stays built” until the child wants to take it apart. All sets are interchangeable.*



Wouldn't it be fun to make a wheelbarrow like this? and Tables, Chairs, Beds and all kinds of Furniture?



And here's a foot Bridge built with KIDDIE BLOX which shows how you can build the frame work for towering skyscrapers.

*The Children will want KIDDIE BLOX this Christmas. Your Toy Store should have them. If not we will ship prepaid.*

**CROSMAN BROS., Deering Junc., Portland, Maine**  
Please ship prepaid, KIDDIE BLOX as below.

... No. 1 Sets \$1.00      ... No. 2 Sets \$2.00  
... No. 3 Sets \$3.00      ... Extra Large Sets \$4.00

I enclose \$..... money to be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name .....

Address .....



## SANTA CLAUS CAPS THE CLIMAX

*[Continued from page 672]*

flattery. “That Wiggle family ought to be here any minute now. I’m sure I don’t know what’s keeping them. It won’t be safe for you here much longer. They’ll build a fire to warm up the house and smoke you out.”

“It’s quite enough of a Christmas present for me to save my house,” said Father Chimney Swift gratefully as he began packing up. Santa Claus carried the gently loosened nest over to the next empty house. He offered the Chimney Swifts a ride in his sleigh but they rather preferred to fly in the customary way.

While they were putting their belongings to rights again Santa slipped over to the Wiggle house and arranged the gifts for Willy.

“They’ll be cold when they get here,” he said.

So he laid a nice fire all ready to light. All the time his mind was working busily on what to leave the birds.

“I have it!” he cried at length with a great smack of his big hands against his hips. He tore off his ragged cap and looked at it thoughtfully.

“It’s rather worn out anyway,” he decided. “It’s high time that Mrs. Claus made me a new one.”  
Bright and early the next morn-



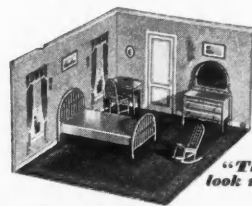
**Fun!—loads of it with these toys**

**T**HERE are so many wonderful games you can play with Arcade Cast Iron Toys—in the house or outdoors. You can play farm with the Arcade set of International Harvester farm toys—tractor, truck, plow, thresher, and others. Or you can play house with the Arcade doll furniture.

Every toy is of cast iron—hard to break. And every toy is exactly like the real grown-up thing.

Mothers and fathers, too, like Arcade Toys for their children. They stimulate the invention of games. They bring hours of wholesome fun.

Arcade Cast Iron Toys are sold at leading department, hardware and toy stores; at moderate prices.



### Other Arcade Toys

Monocoupe	Fordson Tractor & Plow
Airplane	Trailer
Ford Wrecker	A.C.F. Coach
Mack Fire Truck	White Moving Van
Ford Dump Truck	Bowling Alley
Autocrat Road Roller	Living Room Set
Weber Wagon	Dining Room Set
Red Baby Dump Truck	Kitchen Set
Ford Sport Coupe	Laundry Set
	Bathroom Set
	Bedroom Set



**Free!**

A splendid fairy story in jolly rhyme of two children's adventures in the land of the Tiny Arcadians, makers of Arcade Toys. Just send us your name and address—we'll send you the story.

Arcade Manufacturing Company  
1217 Shawnee St., Freeport, Ill.

**ARCADE CAST IRON TOYS**  
made by The Tiny Arcadians

# IVER JOHNSON

## Velocipedes AND Juniorcycles (Sidewalk Cycles)

**For Christmas**  
Untold joy for little  
folks and year after  
year of top-notch  
service. Safest,  
Strongest, Easiest  
Running and  
Handsomest.

**VELOCIPEDES**—4 sizes.  
Finished in Red, Blue or Golden  
Enamel. \$12.50 to \$18.

**JUNIORCYCLES**—Drop  
Frame and Diamond Frame.  
Finished in same colors as the  
Velocipedes. \$25.

Any Iver Johnson agent  
will show you these  
famous products.

Send for Illustrated Catalog



**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**  
10 RIVER STREET FITCHBURG, MASS.  
New York, 151 Chambers Street  
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street  
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

ing the Wiggle family drove up in a sleigh borrowed from a kind farmer who had taken them in over night. A strange sight met their eyes! Right on their own front lawn six chimney swifts were dancing, wing to wing, around a jolly little Christmas tree. It was hung with tiny icicles which caught the morning sunshine in a hundred gleaming colors. It was lighted with thousands of bright fireflies which Santa always carries in his pocket in case his flash light gives out. It was powdered with ground-up candy crumbs and garnished with tidy bits of suet. But in truth Santa had capped the climax, for strewn from limb to limb were red and green balls of fluffiest wool pulled from his own cap. Mother Chimney Swift was wild with joy. What a decoration it would make for their new home! There would even be enough left over to make snug winter bonnets for the whole Chimney Swift family and their relatives, the Nighthawks and the Whippoorwills.

"Hm!" said Willy Wiggle's father thoughtfully when they sat comfortably about the open blaze indoors. "I don't remember laying logs for a fire before we left last fall."

"Santa Claus must have done it, Father," shouted Willy Wiggle as he banged away at his drum. "He never forgets anything—not even the birds."

"He's certainly a great old fellow," admitted Willy Wiggle's father. "There's a bill in the toe of my stocking which says, 'To Buy Mr. and Mrs. Chimney Swift a Bird Bath Next Summer.' Yes, sir, we'll certainly have to look after these birds, if we want to keep on the right side of Mr. Santa Claus!"



## A LITTLE TOWN IN ENGLAND NANCY BYRD TURNER

**T**HERE's a little town in England  
By the name of Christmas Pie.  
If ever I should see it  
I could not pass it by.  
I'd clatter down the cobblestones  
And shout in every corner,  
"Christmas Pie,  
Here am I—  
Where's Jack Horner?"

## A World of Fun for Boys and Girls with **KANGRU-SPRINGSHU** BETTER THAN JUMPING ON THE BED



ALMOST like flying... yet perfectly safe for the tiny tot of four years... KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS add many happy hours the year round. The tens of thousands purchasers are highly pleased with this safe and enjoyable toy.

**A Wonderful Christmas Gift**  
KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS fit on like skates... but go where roller skates cannot. While the child is having fun he is strengthening leg and stomach muscles. A popular addition to any play yard for fun and exercise. Doctors recommend KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS.

### Price

**\$3 the pair**

Add 50c west of the  
Rockies and Canada



Tens of thousands of boys and girls have  
KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS—the out-  
standing Gift for Christmas

Go to your DEALER  
If he can't supply you—SEND COUPON

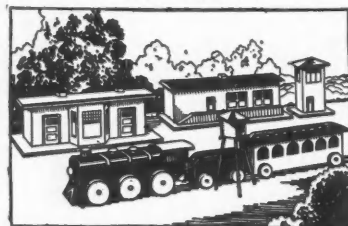
**LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.**  
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois  
Enclosed is P.O. Money Order for \$.....  
Express Money Order for \$.....  
Please send.....pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-  
Springshus with the understanding that this  
money will be refunded if not satisfactory.  
Name.....Age.....  
Address.....Weight.....  
City.....State.....

## falcon toys that last

### The New Falcon "PLAYTOWN SETS"



An entirely new toy—a regular village with solid wood houses in colors—three types of sets—each set different. Children play with them indoors in winter—in the sand pile in summer. In addition to the set buildings there is also a big assortment of cut blocks for building walks and fences. Extra trees and shrubs for landscape effects.



**Falcon Train Set**—Engine, tender, coach, station, freight depot, signal tower and water tower. The station is 10 in. long, 3½ in. wide and 4 in. high; other pieces in proportion. Another of the 3 Playtown Toys.

**3 Sets complete \$9.00 Single Sets \$3.00**



And here we have the "Little Home Builders" building real houses with

### FALCON BUILDING LUMBER

Cut in multiple units so everything "fits"—goes together just like an actual "Ready Cut" house. Architect's Plan Book gives full instructions.

#### Auxiliary Blocks in Bags \$1.00

Interchangeable with the pieces in Falcon Building Lumber Sets

Most Toy Stores sell "Falcon Toys that last"  
If you have any difficulty in getting them

MAIL THE COUPON

AMERICAN MFG. CONCERN, Dept. A D  
Falconer, N. Y.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for the Falcon Toys indicated below—money to be refunded if I wish to return the shipment before Christmas.

- \_\_\_\_\_ Complete Playtown Sets at \$9.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Single Playtown Sets at \$3.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Sets of Building Lumber at \$5.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Sets of Building Lumber at \$3.50.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Bags of Auxiliary Blocks at \$1.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS

(Continued from page 674)

a strip to the other end, so as to make a loop. Pass the next strip through the loop and paste its ends together, so as to make another loop. Continue until the chain is as long as desired.

### CRANBERRY OR LAUREL SEED FESTOONS

Cranberries, when strung, make colorful chains, and so do the red laurel seeds.

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

Cut out red paper bells of different sizes, and either hang them separately on the tree, or at intervals on a string.

### JACK-O'-LANTERNS

Buy a few of the largest, roundest red peppers you can find. Cut a hole in the top and hollow out the pepper. Then cut eyes, nose and mouth in one side for a tiny jack-o'-lantern.

### JAPANESE LANTERNS

Cut a five and a half inch square of plain-colored or figured paper. Fold it in half to make an oblong. Cut lines parallel to the narrow ends, through the folded side to within a half inch of the other side. Make a series of these slits about a fourth of an inch apart. Open, and paste one side overlapping the other. The crease around the middle makes the lantern bulge out in a Japanese effect. Paste a narrow strip of paper from one side of the top to the other for a handle to hang it on the Christmas tree.



## IN JUDEA

MILDRED BOWERS

THE stars that looked on Joseph,  
The moon that Mary knew  
Look down on this Judean town  
The way they used to do.

And this old tree remembers  
The Lad who used to play  
Upon these very shadows  
Where I stand to-day.

# FOR A WINTER REST PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND A CRUISE



LAST year we asked several thousand doctors what they thought of winter vacations, and particularly cruises, in regard to health. Their endorsement was overwhelming. So—if you feel fagged out, in need of a change, take this new health prescription this Winter. It need not be expensive.

**To the West Indies and Bermuda**—6 cruises, 11 days each, to Havana, Nassau, Bermuda. *Red Star liner Lapland*. Fortnightly sailings Dec. 28 to Mar. 8. \$175 (up).

**To the Mediterranean**—4 cruises, 46 days each, to the high spots of the "ancient inland sea," by *White Star Line*, during January, February and March. \$695 (up) First Class, \$420 Tourist Third Cabin, both including shore excursion program.

## TO EUROPE

*White Star, Red Star and Atlantic Transport Lines* maintain regular sailings throughout the year to all principal ports of Europe. A wide range of rates and accommodations, from \$102.50 in Tourist Third Cabin to luxurious First Class on the *Majestic*, world's largest ship, the *Olympic* and *Homeric*.

Let us advise you on your travel problem.



**WHITE STAR LINE**  
RED STAR LINE · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE  
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or any authorized agent.



## One long breathless minute ~

and Santa with his fabulous bag of gifts will be here!

How the children long to watch him fill the bulging stockings and pile high the mysterious packages! They can hardly wait to see the first copy of *Child Life* which he puts under the tree, as he checks off a year's subscription on his gift list.

Santa is such a wise old codger he selects only those gifts which please the children most. That is why he is bringing them *Child Life* for another year.

Like Santa, make sure that the *Child Life* subscription on your gift list is taken care of, because it is the one Christmas present that makes the children happy for a whole year. On the 25th of every month there are new stories of delightful nonsense and adventure, of children in other lands and other times. Games, puzzles, paper dolls, the kitchen and the workshop bring hours of fun and good times.

*Child Life* makes Christmas come the whole year round.



*This is the inside of the colorful Christmas gift card sent when requested.*

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*  
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

**One year \$3**

**Two years \$5**

**2 one year gifts \$5**

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is \$ for gift subscriptions. Please send Christmas gift cards from.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Magazine to:

1. NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

2. NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

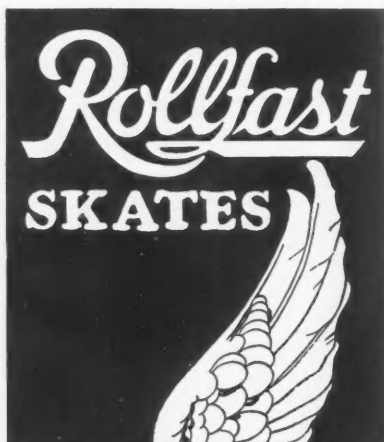
CITY ..... STATE .....

3. NAME .....

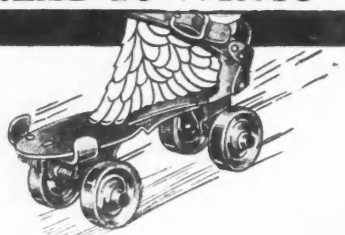
ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....





**NEXT TO WINGS**



## For Gallant Princes and Charming Princesses

**Y**ES, even in America there are many of them... happy, handsome youngsters for whom only the best will do. They lead their gangs on Rollfasts, as wise parents are learning that Rollfasts are truly the finest roller skates.

Without doubt, these skates are faster with their extra-big ball bearings and their smooth-rolling wheels. Easier to learn on, also. And they're safe! Low-built, sturdily made of the best skate steel, they defy the most thoughtless banging, the quickest stops, the dizziest turns.

And their Patented Flexible Reinforcement... found only on Rollfasts... lets them "give" freely without bending even when extended. They're made for long, long service: as nearly rust-proof as can be, and adjustable from 7½ to 10½" so they will never be outgrown.

*Rollfasts come in bright orange boxes... at sporting goods, toy, hardware, bicycle and department stores.*

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY  
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

## JOY GIVERS' CLUB

### A CHRISTMAS POEM

In a manger Christ was born,  
On a cold and frosty morn.  
A pile of hay was his only bed,  
And there he rested his baby head.

All the cattle standing by  
Would have made our baby cry,  
But there the Baby Savior lay,  
Pillowed soft upon the hay.

As he lay upon his bed,  
A heavenly light shone o'er his head.  
His mother, Mary, sitting by,  
Sang to him a lullaby.

"From the East three Wisemen came  
Some from Asia, Egypt, Spain."

Thus the Baby Savior lay,  
Pillowed soft upon the hay.  
His mother, Mary, sitting by,  
Sang to him a lullaby.

HELENA BLOCK,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Age 11



BETTY RICHARDS

My dear Miss Waldo:

Almost every evening my grandpa takes us in his car to Lake Moses, a lovely pleasure place about three miles from here. I can almost swim now.

I have two dogs, a large bird dog, Joe, and a little Airedale pup called Micky.

Here is a picture of myself and family. My doll is one that speaks and sings.

Yours with love,

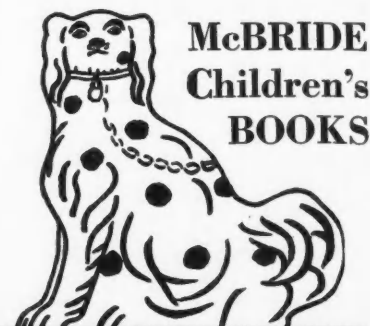
BETTY RICHARDS,  
Benton, Ill.

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas bells  
Go ding-a-ling.  
They make me happy,  
So carols I sing.

RUTH BABB,  
Palestine, Ill.

Age 10



## TODAY'S A B C BOOK

*Written and illustrated by  
Elizabeth King*

An A B C book for the modern child who is interested in all the things he sees about him, such as aeroplanes, taxicabs, tractors, motorcycles, etc. The brief, descriptive text is written clearly and simply and comes easily within a child's understanding. The pictures are printed in four colors.

\$1.50

## THE STORY OF WOOFIN-POOFIN

*By Marguerite Buller*

Woofin-Poofin was a China dog who lived in a London antique shop. When he was purchased one day by an old gentleman his adventures began. Gay and brilliant pictures in color by the author add to the quaint charm of the story.

\$2.00

## ABBY IN THE GOBI

*The Last of the Dinosaurs*

*By Florence Choate and  
Elizabeth Curtis*

A stunning picture book about Abby, the last of the Dinosaurs, and how she took the jungle children on a trip to the sea and lost her egg in the Gobi Desert.

\$2.00

## Other Books for Young Readers

### THE CANDY BOX

*By Anna Bird Stewart*

Drawings by Ruth Hambidge. \$1.25

### THE REAL STORY OF A REAL DOLL

*By Violet Moore Higgins*

Illustrated by the author in color and black and white. \$2.00

### FIRST AIDE TO SANTA CLAUS

*By Hal Garrott*

Illustrated by Mary Ponton Gardner. \$2.00

### NURSERY RHYMES FROM BOHEMIA

Pictured in color by Rudolph Mates. \$2.00

*Write for the attractive illustrated catalog of  
McBride Books for young people, including  
colored picture books and interesting story  
and informational books for older boys  
and girls.*

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY  
7 West 16th Street, New York

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have taken my magazine for two years. I do not think I could get along without it now.

Everybody talks about their interesting experiences—and I think my most interesting experience was when I visited John Burroughs' birthplace in the Catskill Mountains last summer. You know, he just loved nature—and there are wild



flowers growing around his old home and Boyhood rock (beside which he is buried), instead of cultivated ones. The spring where he used to stop and drink when a boy is still there, just as it used to be about seventy years ago.

My pet is a fox terrier dog, named Sport. I am sending his picture with mine.

Sincerely your friend,

SHIRLEY LYLE,  
Toms River, N. J.

Age 11.

#### LOTS OF FUN

I wash my dishes every day  
And try to think it's just like play,  
But when I've dried them every one,  
I go out and have lots of fun.

MARY FLACHSENHAR,  
Mankato, Minn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

It was the first time in my life I had ever seen a snow storm. That night Daddy made a snow man. The next morning my sister, Louise, and I went outdoors and stood by the snow man.

I am sending you our picture.

BARBARA ALLEN,  
Wilmington, N. C.

Age 9



#### SURPRISE FOR SANTA

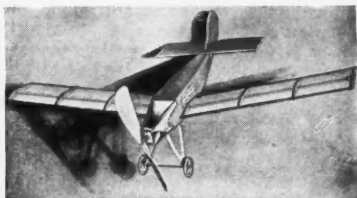
When my mother was a little girl a long time ago,  
Old Santa Claus came in his sled over the snow.

When jolly Santa came down the chimney,  
The light in the dining room was burning dimly.

Santa found a little girl hiding in the dark,  
Hark, guess—it was my mother.

BARBARA ALLEN,  
Wilmington, N. C.

Age 9



### The IDEAL American Eagle —the Newest Development in Flying Model Airplanes

A light-weight, fast-flying Model, Distinctive in appearance, realistic in flight and unique in construction detail. This Model will satisfy every boy's desire for perfect, sustained flight and simplicity of construction. Furnished in beautiful, modern colored decorations. The Construction Set contains everything required for the entire Model; the Assembled Model is ready to fly, equipped with silk-covered wings:

Construction Set ..... \$2.50    Assembled Model ... \$5.00

All IDEAL Model Airplanes are sold by Toy, Sporting Goods and Hardware Stores. Ask for them by name. If unobtainable, we will send prepaid, upon receipt of price.

64 page Catalogue of IDEAL Model Airplanes, Parts, Materials, and Supplies sent for 5 cents.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO., Inc.  
20-22 West 19th Street    New York City

### Now in wood also SIMMONS CRIBS



NOW you can get Simmons Cribs in wood! Enamelled in a choice of dainty colors—several charming designs. Scientifically built for comfort! Safe, washable, durable, adjustable, firm, noiseless. From \$17.00 to \$45.00. Illustrated, No. 21075, \$32.75. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

A perfect gift for baby's Christmas!

© 1929, The Simmons Co.

## Santa Says – "The Newest and Most Popular Gift in My Sack"

### Excel ELECTRIC TOASTOY

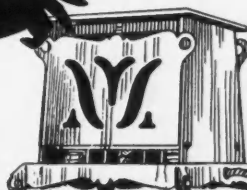
#### Makes Real Toast in a Jiffy!

Every girl wants one! And the boys like it, too, because it makes delicious half-size slices of toast that taste so good at breakfast, after-school lunches or "tea parties." TOASTOY is a toy size electric toaster, but just as neat and durable as mother's full size toaster.

Finished in gleaming nickel. Comes complete with beautiful red silk cord and plug. Safe and practical for any child to operate. Operates from any 110 or 115 volt light socket. BRAND NEW THIS CHRISTMAS. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon below. Money-back guarantee.

Made by the makers of the famous  
EXCEL Electric Corn Popper

only  
**\$1.00**  
West of  
Denver  
\$1.25



THE EXCEL ELECTRIC CO., DEPT. CL-129, MUNCIE, INDIANA, U. S. A.  
Send one Excel TOASTOY postage prepaid, packed in beautifully colored special gift box. Enclosed find one dollar (\$1.25 West of Denver).

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....

## Standard Children's Books at Big Reductions

For almost **HALF A CENTURY** we have been offering our patrons similar bargains to those listed below. When these books were published, you may have passed them up because of a limited book budget. Here is your chance to get them **BRAND NEW IN THEIR ORIGINAL EDITIONS** at only a fraction of the published prices.

Our frequently issued descriptive catalogs contain hundreds of similar bargains. **WRITE FOR FREE COPY** of our 68-page catalog No. 208 CL.

Sincerely yours,

*W. H. B. Barnes*

### ORDER THESE BOOKS ON APPROVAL, DELIVERED POSTPAID AT THESE SPECIAL PRICES

- THE CRADLE BOOK OF VERSE.** An Anthology of Baby Poetry. Chosen by Louise Hovde. 1927. (\$3.00) .85
- DANIEL BOONE: WILDERNESS SCOUT.** Stewart Edward White. Fully illustrated in color and black and white. 1926. (\$3.00) 1.45
- MR. CHICK: HIS TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.** Narrated and profusely illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. 1926. (\$2.00) .78
- DOLLS.** Esther Singleton. Containing 80 full page plates. Boxed. 1927. (\$7.50) 3.45
- THE BOY SCOUTS OWN BOOK.** Edited by Franklin K. Mathews, Chief Scout Librarian, Boy Scouts of America. Profusely illustrated. 1924. (\$1.75) .98
- THE FAIRIES UP TO DATE.** Pictures by Jean de Bosschère, the famous French Artist. England. 1923. (\$3.00) 1.25
- THE STORY OF A DOLL.** The Adventures of Andy. By M. W. Bianco. Profusely illustrated. 1927. (\$3.00) .98
- ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.** Stories and Verse for Children from 6 to 12. Profusely illustrated in color and black and white. 1928. (\$2.50) .85
- BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.** Profusely illustrated with full page reproductions in color of famous paintings. England. 1926. (\$8.00) 3.65
- JACK HEATON SERIES. OIL PROSPECTOR; WIRELESS OPERATOR; GOLD SEEKER.** Each illustrated. A. Frederick Collins. (\$3.75). The set of 3 volumes 1.45
- DADDY'S BEDTIME FAIRY STORIES; BIRD STORIES; OUT-DOOR STORIES.** Mary G. Bonner. Each illustrated. (\$2.25). The set of 3 volumes .98
- THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES.** Charles Lamb. Fully illustrated. 1926. (\$1.25) .58
- A LITTLE BOY LOST.** W. H. Hudson, author of "Green Mansions" etc. Profusely illustrated. 1921. (\$8.00) 3.68
- GOOD MANNERS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** E. C. Learned, author of "Everybody's Complete Etiquette," etc. 1927. (\$1.00) .48
- HAROLD THE KING OF KINGSTON TOWN.** Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. 1927. (\$2.00) .78
- MARTIN LUTHER.** (For Young People) Estelle Rose. Fully illustrated. 1927. (\$1.50) .68
- A CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.** A Study of the Choice Literature for Youth. F. V. Barry. 1923. (\$2.00) .68
- THE GIANT SORCERER: Or The Extraordinary Adventures of Raphael and Cassandra.** Profusely illustrated by Frank Boyd. 1927. (\$2.00) .78
- THE SPY.** James Cooper. (The first American big seller). (\$2.00) .88

Give Books for Christmas

THE UNION LIBRARY ASS'N.

Established 1884

118-120 East 25th St. New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I had a very interesting trip last summer. We went east by automobile. In the Blue Ridge Mountains we stopped to buy some gasoline and the people there had caught a black bear in the surrounding woods. We went through Baltimore and Philadelphia, but we did not stop. The first city where we stayed more than a night was at Washington, D. C. There we saw the Smithsonian Institute. We saw all of it, but best I liked the natural history building. It has dinosaurs and life size figures of Indians, Eskimos, Japanese, Africans, and Chinese. It shows their costumes and they look real. We also saw Lindbergh's plane and the first automobile and locomotive.

We saw the Washington monument, the Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol. We had a nice visit to Mt. Vernon, Washington's old home. I liked the old furniture but especially I liked the kitchen which was a separate building and there is a covered walkway from it to the other part of the house. Washington's Tomb is in the yard. It is not fancy but very colorful.

We visited New York and stayed two days. We saw the Statue of Liberty, sailed across the bay, went under the Holland Tunnel, saw Grant's Tomb, Trinity church yard, and the Metropolitan Museum. Then we visited Niagara Falls and we were very glad to get home.

I like to take trips and have been in a



number of different places. I was born in the Philippines and came across the Pacific Ocean. I have been to Hawaii, China, Japan, and Canada. Also I have been through the United States from Pacific to Atlantic.

I have two brothers both younger than I. I am sending you a picture of my brothers and me. The one on my right is Charles; on my left is Sanford.

I have taken my magazine for two years and love it. I like the stories, especially, "The Jolly Rovers," "A Patriot in Hoops," "Hiltop Castle," and "The Mystery of Miffles." I always read the Joy Givers Club.

Yours respectfully,

ANNA MARIE SINCLAIR,  
Webster Grove, Mo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Hawaii, in a district called North Kona. I am a Japanese but was born here, so am an American, too.

Our chief industry here in Kona is coffee planting and raising. There are many scenic places in Hawaii, and the most beautiful one is where the lava flows.

Well, I guess I shall have to bid adieu to the members of the Joy Givers' Club and stop here.

Farewell.

Cordially yours,

HELEN HILUME KIMURA,  
Box 32, Holualoa, N. Kona,  
Hawaii.

Age 13.



Picture yourself speeding to New York on a transcontinental limited train; on the observation platform; in the club car; and ordering your meals in the diner!

## All Aboard for New York!

### Be one of the winners in the IVES' FREE TRIP RAILWAY CONTEST

**YOU'VE** heard the other fellows talking about the Ives great railroad contest—of the three first prizes of FREE, all-expenses-paid trips from your home anywhere in the United States, to New York City and return.

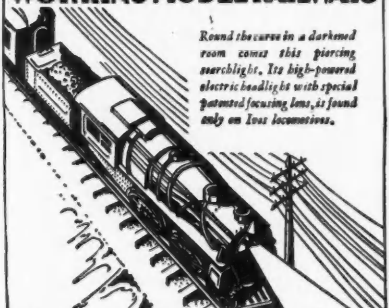
Three lucky boys will have this thrilling experience. Pullman transportation, and a personally conducted tour of the City and its modern wonders including a trip to Bridgeport through the modern IVES Factory. See New York from the top of the Woolworth Building—see the Aquarium and the Brooklyn Bridge. But that's not all!

In addition, there are 50 other FREE wonderful prizes in this great IVES Railway contest.

All aboard! Let's go!

Hurry around now to your favorite store for entry blank and details of this interesting Railroad Contest. Please fill in your name and address on the coupon below, or a copy of it, and present it to your dealer.

## IVES WORKING MODEL RAILWAYS



Round the curve in a darkened room comes this piercing searchlight. Its high-powered electric headlight with special patented focusing lens, is found only on Ives locomotives.

Mr. Ives Train Dealer (in your town)  
Please present to bearer one IVES Railway Contest Entry Blank together with complete details.

Name (print) .....

Address .....

My favorite store for toys is .....

If your dealer has not received his contest blanks mail this coupon or a copy of it to  
The Ives Corporation, Bridgeport, Conn.  
☐ Please send the 1929 illustrated catalogue of IVES Working Model Railways.



**Books! Books! Books!****Sergeant Giggles***By George Mitchell*

Stories of the jolly, merry soldier who lived in a tree with Lassitude the jackass and Gratitude the dog. 4 to 10 years. 46 Illustrations by the author. \$2.00

**The Jolly Tinker***By Leonard Hill*

Little stories of fairies, elves and goblins and the adventures of some jolly little children among them. 4 to 10 years. 47 Illustrations by the author. \$2.00

**Children of the Border***By Ella Shannon Bowles*

Pioneering among the Indians, not in the west, but in early New Hampshire, with a background of authentic history. 8 to 12 years. Illustrated. \$2.00

**Through the Looking Glass***By Lewis Carroll*

A new volume in the Stories All Children Love Series, with all the original Tenniel drawings and 8 color plates by Gertrude A. Kay. \$1.50

**LIPPINCOTT**

Philadelphia

London

**DOGGIE POEMS**

I have a little bull dog  
And he has a great big mug;  
He lies upon the carpet,  
But he snores upon the rug.

I have a little Airedale pup  
And he has a big, big nose,  
And if you are not good to him  
He'll tear up all your clothes.

I had a little doggie  
And he was oh, so nice,  
He ran into my grandpa's barn  
And ate up all the mice.

I have a great big setter,  
No dog could be much better,  
He'll go and bring my dad his shoes  
And he can count to ten, by twos.

I have a little puppy  
And he is very small,  
He runs into the garden  
And hides behind the wall  
So when I come to look for him  
I can't find him at all:  
For he is *very* small.

Age 8

BETH FISHER,  
Iron River, Mich.

BETH FISHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live out in Africa close to the cataracts in the Congo River. I like Congo very much and I love "Child Life."

Now I am going to tell about the airplane that some of my friends went in to my old home on the equator. Daddy, Mother, my little sister, my brother and myself, went to see them off. It was just lovely and exciting. Daddy let us sit in one of the airplanes. Then my friend went in another plane. As they flew they went over the jungle where the wild animals live. Then over the river they went where the hippos live, then over the native villages with the mud houses and thatched roofs.

When we were down at the flying field we saw Lady Bailey's airplane. It was a biplane. She has flown all alone all over Africa. Her airplane looks like a toy plane almost.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCES ELIZABETH ROSS,  
Care Conseil Protestant de Congo,  
Leopoldville, Congo Belge,  
West Central Africa.

Age 10.

**A TREE**

I would like to be a tree  
With branches reaching to the sky,  
To listen to the birds singing  
And watch the clouds go drifting by.

Age 10.

SHIRLEY SLONIN,  
New Brunswick, N. J.**AMUSEMENT and INSTRUCTION***throughout the year***in these unusual Christmas Gifts**

Little Gem Microscope.  
Sturdy, accurate. Magnifies  
196 to 1525 areas. Price, \$17.

Artascope. A delightful toy  
that may be used to add interest  
to art studies, etc. Price, \$2.



*If your dealer cannot supply you  
mail coupon now and bring them  
directly to your home. There  
couldn't be a wiser way to "shop  
early" for the children.*

A DELIGHTFUL surprise on Christmas morning, one of these altogether unusual gifts! And after Christmas, a source of exhaustless entertainment and instruction throughout the year!

The Little Gem Microscope is an unflinching means of stimulating interest in nature study. Children learn readily to use it, and are immediately encouraged to investigate and think for themselves. In all sorts of ordinary objects about them they begin to discover new interest, new possibilities for enjoyment. Two specimen slides are furnished.

The Artascope is a fascinating toy for children of all ages. It creates, from scraps of paper, beads, or any other small objects, a variety of colorful and lovely designs. It proves endlessly entertaining and may be used successfully in conjunction with the study of art and design.

One of these novel, well-built toys will prove an investment in year-round happiness for the children. Mail the coupon today, indicating whether you want the Microscope, the Artascope, or both. There couldn't be a better way to "do your shopping early."

**BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.**

731 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.  
Rochester, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$..... or which send me at once  
postpaid the { Little Gem Microscope, \$17.  
Artascope, \$2.

Name.....

Address.....



# HORSMAN DOLLS



**BUY HER ONE**—Baby Dimples or Dolly Rosebud. To her it won't be a season's toy, but a cuddly, kissable playmate to take for a ride or a walk—and to tea with childfolk talk—then to bed to answer lisp-ing dreams with an understanding "Ma-ma." Because it's a Horsman she'll have it when she's too big to play with it. But she'll never be too big to remember you bought it.

*On Sale Wherever  
Fine Dolls are Sold*

DOLLY ROSEBUD      BABY DIMPLES

**Ell Horsman Co., Inc. 200 Fifth Ave. N.Y.**

## A Boon for Mothers— LIBERTY Paper BABY BIBS



New, sanitary, labor saving, mother's helper. Made of special absorbent paper to keep liquids and stains from baby's clothes. Comfortable to wear—made to fit. Adjustable neck band attached with staker. No more scrubbing fruit stains. No more bits in the wash. Mention your dealer's name when ordering this generous package.

In sealed envelope.      225 BIBS      \$1 postpaid

*Another Labor Saver*

## LIBERTY PAPER BAKING CUPS

**and Paper Table Decorations**  
In this Household Utility Package—contains 428 pieces, 2 sizes paper baking cups, withstand heat, no greasing, no time to wash, keep cakes fresh—also pie collars, crowning touch for meat pies, etc., chop frills, croquette skewers, and dainty paper dollies. A sample of Liberty Paper Baby Bibs in every package. Price \$1 postpaid, complete with recipe book.

*The Ideal Christmas gift. Every box wrapped in Holly Paper*

**WM. W. BEVAN CO.**      Agents  
Dept. 72, Everett, Mass.      Wanted



## CAN YOU IMAGINE

... how unhappy dear old Santa Claus would be if he hadn't a jolly red suit to wear on his Christmas world-wide trip? Here he is all in white ready to color with CRAYOLA Wax Crayons. Color his suit bright red, his boots black, and his



toy-bag green. Doesn't he look more like his merry old self?



It's great fun to make pretty things with CRAYOLA... Christmas cards, calendars, book marks, and other gifts. Buy CRAYOLA Wax Crayons at drug, stationery, department, or chain stores... eight bright colors for only ten cents.

**BINNEY & SMITH CO.**  
41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



**NEXT** month, in the January issue of Child Life, the Joy Givers' Club will publish the contributions of honorary members between the ages of thirteen and fifteen.

## Notice to Joy Givers

**CONTRIBUTIONS** intended for the Joy Givers' department of the March issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than December 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, pets, etc. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Switzerland. We came here in October. I have five brothers. Two stayed in America—the two eldest.

My grandmother has given me my magazine for two years. I like especially the mystery stories. My brothers read my magazine as soon as they can get it.

I go to a French school. I could not speak any French when I came over here, but I am getting along all right. We have school Saturdays here. We have it in the afternoons every day except Thursday and Saturday.

We went up to the Alps for Christmas. We hired skis and skied a lot. Where we went they speak English and German.

We were near the lake of Neuchâtel. The people here use bicycles much more than people in America. They have hand brakes. The people dress just like us. All the boys wear short trousers.

Sincerely,

RUTH LITTLE,  
1 Rue Pourtalès,  
Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

Age 12.

Dear Miss Waldo:

On this Saturday, I am going to give a party to a home for crippled children. I was going to have my own party and this party, too, but Grandma said that it would be too many parties, so I am only having the crippled children's one. Mummy says that I will have just as much pleasure in seeing the crippled children enjoying themselves as I would have at a party myself.

Thank you very much for your letter. Though it is very hard to tell what I like best in "Child Life," I think I like the serial stories best. They are so exciting just at the end where it says, "It will be continued next month," and then next month it finishes the first exciting bit and goes to another.

I am afraid I have explained it rather in a jumble but I hope you will understand what I mean.

Yours sincerely,

LOUISE HURST,  
18 Lauder Road,  
Edinburgh, Scotland.

## THE CLOUDS

Here am I, here am I,  
Watching the snowy white clouds go by.  
I softly lie upon the grass,  
And hear the whispering breezes pass.

CATHERINE STETA,  
New York, N. Y.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Grace had begged so hard that she might sleep downstairs the night before Christmas that her mother finally consented to let her do it, as Grace did so want to get a glimpse of Santa Claus. About twelve o'clock that night Grace awoke, and what do you think she saw?

The room was very bright and among many little gnomes stood Santa Claus very busy filling up Grace's stocking. "Oh!" she exclaimed very softly. "I must be dreaming."

But she looked again and even pinched herself to make sure she was awake. It was really Santa Claus.

When she recovered from her surprise she remembered she must be polite, so she said, "How do you do, Santa Claus."

Santa Claus turned around very quickly, and, looking at Grace through his broad-rimmed spectacles, said, "Oh, so you are awake. Have you been a good girl and minded your mother well?"

"Yes, sir, I have tried to mind Mother and be good," the little girl answered.

"Well, I am very glad of that, because now I can leave what I brought for you." Santa Claus went on filling her stocking. In another moment, however, he whistled and all the little gnomes disappeared up through the chimney. Santa Claus then turned to Grace and said, "I hope you have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." With the last word he also vanished up the chimney, leaving a very sleepy but happy little girl behind him.

Grace soon dropped off to sleep and when she awoke the next morning there was her stocking just as Santa Claus had left it. When she told her mother what had happened she said Grace had been dreaming, but Grace believed she had really seen Santa Claus.

Age 12

MAGDALEN BURK,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

BARBARA ANN PEMBERTON  
AND HER BROTHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like my magazine. The page I like best is the kitchen, 'cause I like to make desserts and cook, too. The story I liked best was "The Secret of Belden Place."

I have six cats and a cow. My father has about fifty cattle and five colts, and about ten horses. I have a pony, too. His name is Billy.

Sincerely yours,

BARBARA ANN PEMBERTON,  
Ipswich, S. D.

Age 8

## THE BROOK

Oh, you pretty little brook,  
Flowing through the meadow nook,  
Jumping up and down with glee,  
Going to the deep blue sea!

GRACE ROBERTS,  
Sea Cliff, N. Y.



# An electrical gift... that's new and different

## — A MORE POWERFUL DE LUXE MODEL OF THE FAMOUS Dormeyer ELECTRIC FOOD MIXER ♦ ♦ ♦

This marvelous mixer stands up by itself, and operates alone in the bowl.

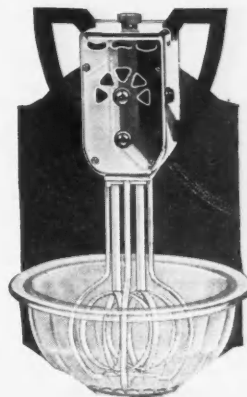
It's an all-purpose mixer, for everything including liquids, cake batters, mashed potatoes.

This wonderful electrical servant helps to prepare almost every meal; ends the drudgery of aching arms, numbed wrists, bruised hands.

Hard-to-mix foods are prepared in one-tenth the time. Good cooks become better cooks, because mixing is so much more thorough and even.

The Dormeyer is beautiful in appearance—chromium plated. The price is but a fraction of what cleaners and washers cost, yet it is built for a lifetime's service and guaranteed electrically and mechanically.

Here's the something new and different you're looking for in a gift. If not at your electrical dealer's, write us quickly.



A. F. DORMEYER MFG. CO., Dept. M  
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Illinois  
Please send folder and prices of the new Dormeyer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## The New Improved Dormeyer Electric Food Mixer



**Double-Tipped  
Safety Swabs**

Like rows of Health Soldiers, Q-TIPS come to you clean and white in their dainty dust-proof box. Uniform, expertly made, tipped at each end with boric-dipped twists of soft, sterilized cotton. Safe, handy. Recommended for cleansing baby's nostrils, eyes, ears, navel. 25c and 50c everywhere—or write

Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc.  
32 East 31st Street, New York

**Q-TIPS**  
BABY GAYS

Ask for

**Century  
Sheet Music**

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

**Century Music Publishing Co.**  
232 West 40th Street  
New York City

**15¢**

The richest child is poor without Musical Training

## PEKINGESE

Largest and best appointed Kennels in world. Puppies—all ages, colors. Will send C. O. D. \$25 up.

Send for pictures. Also dog remedies.

**MABEL BAXTER**

Telephone 418 Great Neck, L. I.

## SCOTTISH TERRIER

The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

**LOGANBRAE KENNELS**  
Rutland, Vt.





"PILOT" WONDER WALKER—No. 935. \$6.95.  
(Note the built-in steering or pilot wheel.)

## New-Beautiful-Safe!

### "Wonder-Walker"

Your baby will enjoy a WONDER WALKER every day in the year for years to come—because, by means of a simple device (Patent pending) it is adjustable to three heights. Beautifully finished in pastel shades—ivory and Nile green, ivory and light brown.

#### For Baby's Comfort, Pleasure, Safety, Health

The PILOT (above) has a "Pilot" fifth wheel under steering handle to minimize tipping. May be used as a walker, stroller, go-cart or five-wheel safety baby car. The PULLMAN (below)—deluxe model—has adjustable back. Upright for playtime—drops back for reclining position. No other walkers have these improvements.

Other WONDER WALKER features are: White rubber teething surface on handle bar; strong, steel reversible handle for pushing or pulling; Bassick pin bearing casters; heavy rubber bumpers front and rear, clincher, solid rubber tires; smoothly rounded seat edges. Guaranteed.

We also make Walkers for \$5.95, \$4.95, \$3.95. If your favorite department, hardware or toy store does not have the WONDER, write to

THE WONDER MFG. CO.  
Middletown, Ohio



"PULLMAN" WONDER WALKER—No. 940. \$6.95.

## A RIDDLE BOOK



Every boy and girl loves riddles. Here's a whole book of them—with pictures for each one, to help little tots guess the answers.

**\$1.25**

at your bookstore

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
Publishers

Dear Miss Waldo:

Daddy promised me a horse when I am fourteen years of age, but I have three years to wait, so I linger over the pictures of the boys and girls with their ponies and horses more than I do the others, although they are just as nice.

I have a fox terrier dog about nine months old, and his name is Tim. When he was given to me he was so small that we named him Tiny Tim. He is full grown now, so we leave out the Tiny and only Tim remains.

Sincerely yours,

DORIS MALONEY,  
Honolulu, T. H.

Age 11

### MARSHMALLOW LAND

On the night of the marshmallow toast, I was very excited. I hopped around on one foot exclaiming, "When are we going? Hurry up! We'll be late!" Finally we were started. Every minute seemed an hour to me. Then we arrived. To my surprise and disappointment we were the first ones there! After a wait of perhaps half an hour the company was assembled. Then came the marshmallow part. "Yum—good!" or "Boy, this is good!" was all that was heard for the next two hours.

That night I was rudely awakened by the queerest creature imaginable. It was made entirely of marshmallows. Its arms and legs were made of long sticks of marshmallow; its head was a huge lump of marshmallow, entirely too big for its body, which was made of the same material, being oblong in shape. It was shouting "Get up! Get up! All aboard for Marshmallow Land!" I saw a funny train, which of course, was made of marshmallows. It was hardly up to my waist. The marshmallow man was telling me to hurry and get into the train. I was puzzled for a moment, then I asked him how I could get in it. "Get in, of course! Hurry up! Hurry up! It will soon start!" screamed the marshmallow man. I followed his advice (though I don't know how I did it) and found myself in a train similar to our trains, except this train was made of marshmallows. The train gave a jerk; and at last we were started for Marshmallow Land.

We went through a long, dark tunnel. When we came out of it I saw trees of marshmallow, so of course, I knew I was in Marshmallow Land. Here all the houses, gardens, trees, food, and even people were made of that sticky substance. The train stopped at the station and I got off.

Then the little marshmallow man conducted me to the royal palace. Here the floor was stained light brown. Then I met the monarch of Marshmallow Land. He was a jolly fat man just suited to reign in that delightful land. Then I got hungry. The king must have known I was hungry because he had a table brought in, and on it were many good things to eat. I ate those, but as there was no dessert, I dug up a few pieces of the floor and ate them. This act enraged the king, so he ordered his soldiers to put me in a prison and keep me there. But I ate my way out, as the walls were marshmallow. Then the king told his soldiers to put me in a hole in the ground, which they did. The hole was very deep, and I thought I'd never stop falling. At last my fall ended with a thud. Here I was at home in my own bed, with the daylight streaming through the window. After that I never wanted to visit Marshmallow Land again.

MARION GODSHALL,  
Lansdale, Pa.

Age 11.



## A Boy Scout in the Grizzly Country

By Robert Dick Douglas, Jr.

The true story of Dick Douglas' experiences last summer in the land of the Midnight Sun and the giant grizzlies. Dick is one of the three famous authors of *Three Boy Scouts in Africa*.

24 illustrations. \$1.75

## Lincoln's Boy Spy

By Louis A. Newcome

The amazing adventures of a boy who acted as a spy in the Union Army and who held the affection of Abraham Lincoln.

\$1.75

## Bob North with Dog Team and Indians

By Robert Carver North

Fourteen year old Bob and his father are the first white people to explore parts of the Northern Ontario wilds. Here is the story. 24 illus. \$1.75

## PUTNAM'S, New York



### SPECIALS FOR SCHOOL WEAR

Gym Bloomers (Serge) \$4.50  
Gym Middies (White) 1.50

JUNIOR SPORT SHOP, Inc.  
424 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send for Booklet

## SLINGS AND SANDALS

By Hubert Whitehead

A story of boys who saw Jesus.

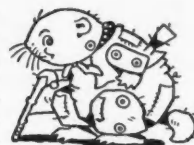
**\$1.00**

At the Better Bookshops

THE ABINGDON PRESS, 150 5th Ave., N. Y.

## THE RAGGEDY ANIMAL BOOK

Lively nonsense jingles and humorous, colorful pictures of the delightful Raggedy Animals make this a joyful book for Christmas time. Rimes by Sherman Ripley, pictures by Harrison Cady.



### THE RAGGEDY ANIMAL BOOK

At your bookstore . . . . . \$1.50

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
Publishers



Dear Miss Waldo:

We went to Miami, Florida last winter and I enjoyed it very much. On our way home we stopped at St. Augustine. We first saw the oldest house in the United States, then we saw the fountain of youth. The man that had charge of it explained the history to us. We drank out of the fountain of youth and saw the place where Ponce de Leon baptized the Indians. We also saw the church the Spanish King told Ponce de Leon to build. Ponce de Leon made a cross with fifteen stones running east and west and thirteen stones running north and south indicating the year of 1513, in which he landed.

Your new subscriber,

VIRGINIA WILSON,

Age 10.

Harrisburg, Pa.

### THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD TRUNK

It was way up in the attic—the old trunk was. No one had touched it for years. But the trunk had seen better days—oh, yes, indeed, and it was thinking of one of those days right now. The trunk was thinking of a time when there were merry voices all over the house, and now and then his mistress would pop up his lid to put in something more.

Just as she had popped it up the hundredth time and shut it something queer happened—very, very queer, the old trunk thought. This time the mistress not only shut the trunk, but locked it. Then they had taken a wonderful voyage over salt water, clear water, plain and dale.

And now here he was, the haunted trunk as people called it. The old trunk had often wondered why it was called that. Do you want to know, too? Well, this is why.

Every night the people of the house heard strange moans and cries from the attic and the trunk was the only thing up there; so of course, everybody thought they came from the trunk.

Mary Jane, the little girl that lived in the house that the old trunk was in, always said she was going up in the attic and look in the old trunk, but never had.

One rainy day as Mary Jane sat reading, her book fell on the floor with a boom! Mary did not tell a soul but went right up to the attic and opened the trunk. And what do you think she saw? On the side of the trunk against the wall were a few holes. At night when the wind crept through the cracks, it made a moaning sound as it went through the holes in the old trunk.

HARRIET HECK,  
California, Mo.

Age 8.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We have a nice tent but thought we would make one out of some blankets. We each have a blanket made by the Indians and also a navy blanket. First, we erected four poles, in a straight line, about four feet from the fence. Then we put the blankets on these poles and the other ends were tied to the fence.

When the tent was finished we put our table, two chairs, bench, couch and deck chair inside. Our playmate that lives next door brought his table and chairs over, so the tent was furnished quite nicely.

We then brought our books and games to play with. When Mother told us to take down the tent, we felt as though we would not be able to put it up as nicely as we had.

Your friends,

MARIE AND FRANCES COOGAN,  
Ages 12 and 9. Hamden, Conn.

## TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD WITH CERESOTA

### The Indian Medicine Man

SOMETHING magic was boiling in the Indian Medicine Man's cauldron. He took the Paleface Man's hat and plunged it in, and when he took it out—But you must read this interesting story yourself in a beautiful book with many colored pictures, that tells all about the travels of Ceresota, the Flour Boy. And it shows you how you can make colored pictures your own self with a set of water colors that comes with the book. When you have read it, you will know Ceresota, the Prize Bread Flour of the World, got its name. Send for the book and paints today.

The Northwestern  
Consolidated Milling Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.

#### CLIP COUPON AND MAIL

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" (48 pages, 12 colored pictures, 12 painting charts) and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL 3

Town.....

R. F. D.....State.....



## Ceresota Flour



MISS MAE E. SCHLOSS  
of Indiana

has a large subscription business, which she handles entirely by telephone. Her profits on CHILD LIFE last December were \$64.00.

**Write us about our  
plan for increasing  
your Christmas  
budget.**

## READY CASH for YOUR CHRISTMAS BUDGET

CHRISTMAS—only four weeks away!! Would you like to add \$40.00 to your budget in order to get those "special Christmas gifts" for your family?

Each year, many busy home-makers have added from \$20.00 to \$50.00 to their Christmas budget by handling the subscriptions to Child Life in their church and neighborhood. This is a friendly, pleasant way to earn money and help make children supremely happy.

*Let Child Life help you to  
add to your budget.*

NAN McCULLOCH, Secretary  
CHILD LIFE SUBSCRIPTION CLUB  
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me how to increase my Christmas budget.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



**A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY**



Every member of the family will partake with gusto when you serve this wheat cereal, so delightfully flavored with caramel malt. It's supremely delicious.

Medical authorities endorse it for infants. Cooks in two minutes. For large free sample send us your name and address together with grocer's name.

**Malt-O-Meal**

CAMPBELL CEREAL CO.  
Northfield Minn.

### FOR THE YOUNG STAMP COLLECTOR

No Christmas or New Year's Gift will be more heartily appreciated than the


#### IMPERIAL COLLECTORS OUTFIT

The famous Imperial Album, 300 different foreign stamps, 1000 stamp mounts, a perforation gauge, and THE GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING an illustrated 48 page instruction book that will help to make stamp collecting worth while and fascinating as well.

\$1.00 postage extra 2 lbs.

(We will send to any address with your card).

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.**  
1 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.



*Milk Alone is not Enough*

DOCTORS say many babies need cod-liver oil daily to help keep them well and happy. Especially in winter when sunshine is scarce and milk less rich. It helps the growth of sturdy bones and sound teeth, and prevents rickets. Give it the easy, pleasant way—Scott's Emulsion. Pure Norwegian cod-liver oil whipped into a cream. This way even tiny infants digest and retain it perfectly.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

SUMMER SUNSHINE FOR BABIES

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-3

### GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[Continued from page 666]

and toys and sent a box to some children in a mountain school," reported Bill.

"I did the same thing for a family of needy children right here in Brocton," said Grace.

"I chopped down little cedar trees, so that each child in the orphans' home might have one," said Russell.

"And I helped trim them," added his sister, Helen.

"I made Christmas cards and sent one to each of the old people in the retreat," said David.

"I put out feeding tables in the back yard and threw out crumbs and seeds and hung suet on the trees, so that the birds might have a Christmas," said Miriam, blushing a little. "I suppose that's not so important as what the rest of you have done, but I thought that they deserved it."

The members applauded Miriam's report as loudly as they had applauded the others.

"This has been a regular Good Citizens' Christmas," David declared fervently. "No wonder it's been more fun than usual."

### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

### Honor Roll for September

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during September:

Betty Arnquist  
Charlene Babbs  
Ethel Barber  
Jean Blundell  
Anna M. Carey  
Fay Clark  
Florence Cook  
Bessie DeBord  
Sara De Ford  
Mary Dewey  
Rhea Doucette  
Stanley Doucette  
Helen Ervin  
Garner Farrell  
Herbert Gandt  
Iva Sue Gatlin  
Kathleen Gatlin  
Alice George  
Vivian Greer  
Phillip Hartzell  
Mildred Heaps  
Margaret Heywood  
Geraldine Higgins  
Wesley Holdorf  
Helen Hungerford  
Mary Ellen Jewell  
Donald Johnson

Dale Kruckman  
Rose Kugler  
Gail Minter  
Agnes Nett  
June Pacey  
Cleda Phillips  
Freda Phillips  
George Phillips  
Mary Phillips  
Robert Phillips  
Frank Rausch  
Robert Richardson  
Kathleen Robinette  
Margaret Rodgers  
Doris Rognien  
Nich Schunk  
William Schunk  
Dorris Scott  
Maxie Scott  
Verna-Dean Scott  
Everett Siedschlag  
Junior Truitt  
Ray Truitt  
James Vance  
Ruth Vance  
Vivian Whitehead  
Maxine Woodliff

### CALVERT— the School for the Youngest Generation



THOUSANDS of mothers are teaching their children the Calvert way . . . in the wholesome surroundings of their own homes.

At the famous Calvert Day School records have been kept for 32 years of methods which best appeal to pupils. These successful methods are used in the home study courses. They make children eager to learn . . . teaching so simple any one can do it. "Mary's progress under the Calvert School has been phenomenal," writes a happy Rhode Island mother.

Starting with the kindergarten, Calvert Courses prepare for high school. They are credited by our best secondary schools. Missionaries, diplomats, particular parents in this country are teaching their children this better way.

Courses are priced as every child can enjoy their advantages. Write for information.

### CALVERT SCHOOL

112 W. Tuscany Road Baltimore, Md.

### COAT TALES FROM THE POCKETS OF THE HAPPY GIANT

By Ethel and Frank Owen

Rollicking tales of a good natured giant and the children he knew.

Illustrated. \$1.00

At the Better Bookshops

THE ABINGDON PRESS, 150 5th Ave., N. Y.

**MOVIES AT HOME**

LET US SEND YOU INTERESTING AND FREE CATALOGUE OF MOVIE MACHINES—AS LOW AS \$5.75 POSTPAID—USE STANDARD 35 mm. SIZE. COMPLETE LINE OF FILM SUBJECTS AVAILABLE WITH EXCHANGE SERVICE—LOWEST PRICES—JANUARY 1930—LAY-WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

**PARAMOUNT NOW!**

**BOSTON DEPT. F-12 MASS.**

WE SHOW EARN EXTRA MONEY!

### The SNUGGLE RUG

An ideal gift for the new baby. Write for circular and name of nearest store.

#### SNUGGLE RUG COMPANY

235 North Seventh St. Goshen, Indiana

**SNUGGLE RUG for Baby**

**Vapo-Cresolene**

**CHILDREN'S COUGHS and COLDS.**

For 50 years mothers have used Vapo-Cresolene to quickly relieve children's coughs, colds, whooping cough and spasmodic croup. Drugless and antiseptic. Booklet No. 5712 Mailed Free

**Vapo-Cresolene Co.**  
62 Cortlandt St., New York

### ADDRESS ENVELOPES

at home. Spare time. \$15-\$25 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Dignified Work. Send 2c stamp for particulars.

#### BROWN CO.

Dept. B-22

Paducah, Ky.

### BRILLIANTLY COLORED DECORATIVE

#### MOORE PUSH-PINS

"To Fasten Up Things"

10c a Block 3 SIZES 6 COLORS All Dealers

*The Perfumed Touch that  
Makes Your Toilet Complete*

### Cuticura

#### Talcum Powder

*Delicately Medicated and Antiseptic*

